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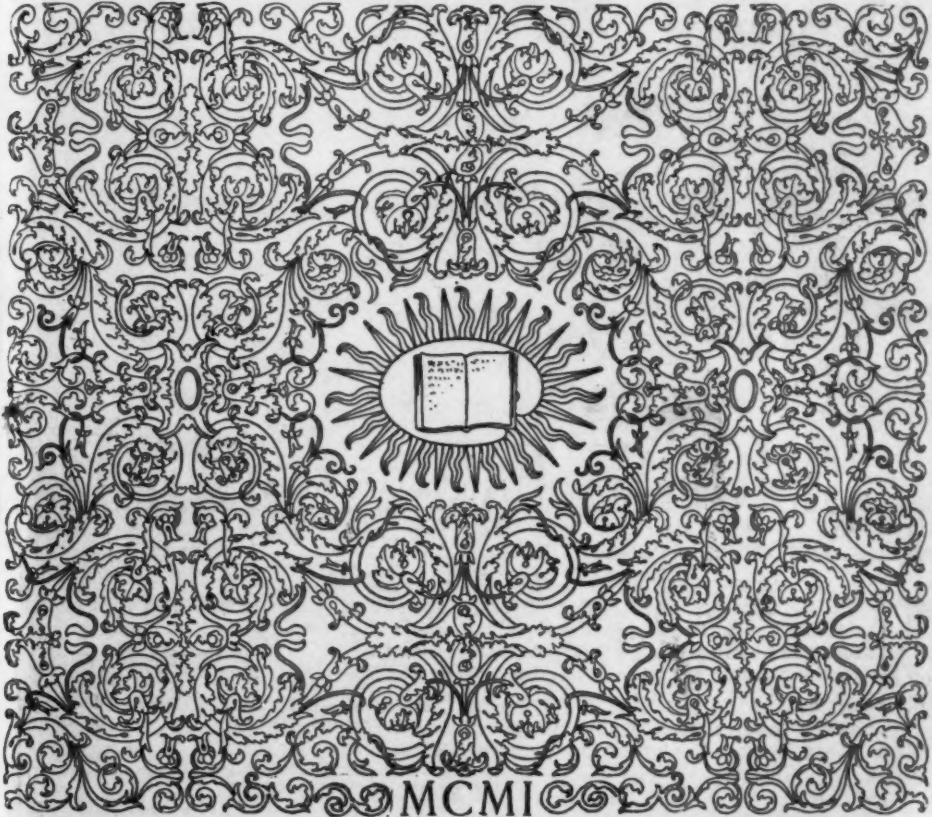
VOL. LXI, No. 6.

APRIL, 1901.

MAR 29 1901

PRICE, 35 CENTS.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED • MONTHLY • MAGAZINE



MACMILLAN AND CO. L^TD ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON
THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE-NEW YORK

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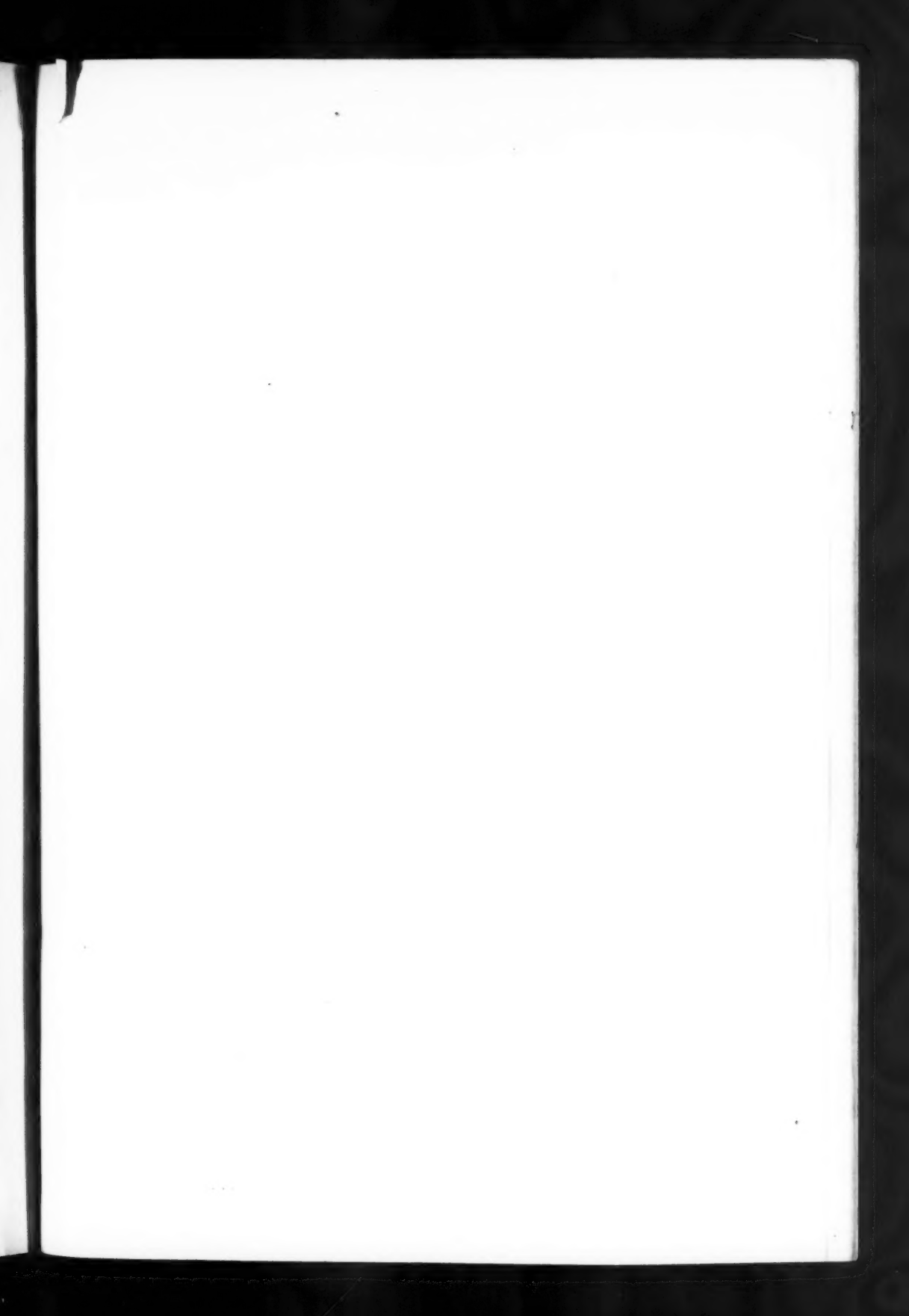
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HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"DOLCE" SAID, "PROCEED WITH YOUR BREAK-FAST, SIGNORE." (SEE PAGE 804.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXI.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 6.



"DOLCE."

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,

Author of "Madame Butterfly," "The Prince of Illusion," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

THE haughty porter from down-stairs seldom deigned to notice Shandon—he was so evidently poor. But now he flung open the door,—it was ten o'clock in the morning,—and said, with offensive parade:

"A lady to see signore!"

To approaches such as these Shandon never responded sweetly. And the porter needed taming.

"Mr. Shandon is *not* at—home!"

Shandon proceeded to light the fire.

"But—"

The porter had been subdued: Shandon was all the more savage.

"Mr. Shandon is *not* at—home!"

He superbly got the pot for the eggs.

Some one behind the man laughed.

"Then it will be perfectly proper for me to come in?"

She did so as she spoke, laughing.

Shandon laughed too—very foolishly.

The haughty porter slunk away.

She who advanced upon the artist held out her hand.

Shandon dropped the pot on the floor.

"Er—the Contessa Cassoli!"

"Yes!" confirmed the young woman.

"Now—will you not—shake the hands?"

He took her proffered fingers.

"I see that your memory is longer than

a night—as they say here in my Italy. And—I am most glad—"

Shandon looked frightened. He felt stonily incapable. She undertook his restoration.

"It is so disagree-able to be not remembered—and to have to—announce one's self— And—when it is a matter of business my aunt prefers to go straight at the spot—as I think they say in your America—"

all to reassure him.

But it did not. He had not another word.

She chose to perceive the pot he had dropped with such clamor.

"Oh!—I have spoiled your break-fast!"

"Oh—no," said Shandon, with desperate untruth.

But he saw her glance from the eggs in his hand to the pot on the floor and the fire in the oil-stove, and blushed.

"Th—that will ki-ki-keep."

"It will *not*!" protested the countess.

"They never do. And they are most horrible when they do. It is a shame. And entirely my fault!"

Then came an evident determination.

"But it shall *not* be interrup-ted—not! It shall go on quite as if I were not here. I can talk while you—cook and—eat—your break-fast. I shall like it."

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"But I shall—"

He had almost said "not!"

She disposed herself upon his divan to do so.

"Proceed with your break-fast, signore."

Nothing could have been more impossible.

"I can nev-never talk so well—after eating—as—as before," he said.

The countess laughed suddenly and tossed her carriage cape on the divan.

"I will make it. I can cook—things."

To Shandon's look of rue she said resolutely:

"Yes!"

She followed the cape with her chiffoned parasol, and that, after a moment of indecision, with her hat. With each her enthusiasm grew. She darted at his painting-blouse and slipped it over her head, making herself perilously disheveled and charming. Then she took the eggs from the nerveless hand of Shandon and secured the pot from the floor.

"But—signore—please do *not* look so shock-ed—frighten-ed—rattled—as you say at America, I think—or I shall have to fancy that you do not wish—"

And she lifted her eyes to Shandon's.

"N-no—no—no!" he declared violently to the eyes. "It is a very—very—hap-happy—occasion."

She looked up at him again, and Shandon put out his arm as one does in sparring.

"Thanks! I like you to say that—and we can talk of the bus-i-ness—of my aunt while I—"

She went about her task with a talent which was admirable. And she found with wondrous instinct every sordid thing which Shandon thought he had so cunningly hidden from the world. Many years of this had taught him that no one was likely to look for salt and pepper behind "The Last Supper," nor for butter in a Roman helmet. But she went straight to each secret spot. And yet he had the exquisite fancy that some brilliant butterfly-thing was doing it—and doing it as a butterfly would. He was receiving the impression of masses of blue hair—eyes like a night with fireflies in it—teeth that flashed through crimson lips—cheeks that flamed—swirling garments—surfs of lace—gleams of varnished leather—perfume—jewels—a spirit that rioted.

He was a painter, you know. He was sentimental.

Shandon did not care if he were *not* awake. He had, for a little, the whimsical fancy that he was not—quite. He did not care if he never woke.

"Poor Shan-don!" she murmured.

He answered with a laugh, but still was not sure.

"I—I shall—help you!" Shandon asseverated bravely. But he only wandered about ineptly, drifting into her way and dancing out of it.

She dropped the flour-duster. Shandon put it timorously into her hand. Their fingers met. He drew his hastily away. He was blushing. She looked at him in wonder.

"I beg—your—your—pardon," Shandon said.

She gave him the wonder look again.

"Oh! *Yes!* The hand!" She looked at it as if to learn why he did not wish to touch it. "Signore, you must not wish with the eyes. Oh, nothing keeps one's secrets so badly. You wish me to go."

"Go!" It was a distinct negative.

As if upon a sudden thought, she looked at his eyes.

"Blue—"

And Shandon fancied she did not approve of blue eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"It is a pity—to spoil one's break-fast!"

"I meant the eyes," murmured Shandon, desperately.

"Oh!" She looked at them again.

"Oh!" observed Shandon.

"And you have taken my spoon!"

But Shandon did not find it in his possession.

"In your coat pocket!"

"I am *not* awake," he laughed.

"No?"

She turned the rocking mirror upon him. Shandon pulled up his collar. When she bent over his little stove, he slipped behind the curtain which hid his bed. But he stopped to catch her profile. He lost time at that—and more, trying to remember what it was he wanted.

"Signore!—"

There was a clatter of cooking-things outside. Then he recollected that it was a collar.

"—I am ready," called the countess.

He heard her low laugh. His own features smiled.

"Yes," he said.

"Shall it be an omelet?"

"Yes."

"If there were another egg?"

"I will send the porter out to—Pantelli's. I often order my meals there—for an omelet. You can't make an omelet in that pot. You need a pan and—"

"I asked you if there was another egg, please!"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. N. WELLINGTON.

"SHE PUT HER ELBOWS ON THE TABLE AND LOOKED ACROSS AT HIM." (SEE PAGE 607.)

Shandon surrendered.

"Under the divan—in the Japanese tea-cozy."

"I suspected every-where but there. Thank you—I have them. Now we shall do splendidly."

"We?"

"Would you turn me out?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Shandon.

"When I am so hungry?"

"Oh, you don't mean it."

"I do."

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

"Such a dreadful death!"

Shandon laughed.

"Wait for my omelet."

He anathematized collars in ecstasy. "Oh, hang the collars!" But then he found it.

"I shall want you to set the table."

Shandon went into a panic—the fault of the collar.

"Is there salt?—and pepper?"

"Behind 'The Last Supper.' It is a small copy."

"Yes! Hurry!"

No omelet had ever smelled so delicious to Shandon. The collar went on the button smoothly. He came forth and set the table.

"Oh, I say," protested Shandon, guiltily, "don't bother so. I don't often eat here. I only keep a few things about—"

She looked up at him. Her eyes shone and her cheeks flamed. Both reproached him poignantly.

"I have made myself horri-bly warm and hungry!"

He was embarrassed by her loveliness.

"—when I sleep too late—I was out very late last night, you know—"

"Of course! Were we not at the same spot?"

Her head, on a voyage of discovery, plunged behind a curtain which concealed a pine box, which in its turn concealed his daily bread. She drew it out, more exquisitely disheveled.

"Fresh rolls!" She bit an end off of one. "I am getting hungrier and hungrier every minute! Oh!—we shall have coffee! Here it is!"

In a steel helmet of the sixteenth century.

"And the pot?"

Shandon found it for her—in the interior of the same suit of armor—with the air of a galley-slave.

"I don't like to wash pots," he defended.

"I do not, too," she comforted. "But this one?"

Shandon washed it.

"It is perfectly lovely!" she said.

Shandon grinned.

"Not the pot?"

"*Perdono*, signore, I am not always sure of my adjectives. Perhaps it is *not* lovely?"

"Yes, it is," said Shandon.

"Oh!"

But just then the other pot boiled over.

"Do you put water in the pot first?"

"Always—when I make an omelet."

"Why, that's j—" He looked smiling up at the only picture of his own in the place.

Then she made the coffee, and he dodged behind the curtain again and put on his red tie.

"Now, then!" she called.

But the tie was obdurate—and he meant to make a particularly fine bow.

"In a minute, *contessa*!"

"Yes," she said with softness; "do not hurry."

He heard her going about the room, fancying that an aureole of joy went with her. She hummed a low tune—something he had heard before. But it eluded him. Then at the piano. First a few soft notes. He meant to call out an apology for the instrument. But then she played—the elusive thing she had hummed. It was something out of the long ago: "When other lips and other hearts—" and so on. And Shandon was dreadfully sentimental. Then "The Persian Garden," which he remembered to have left on the rack. And the piano did not seem a poor one now.

"Yet, ah! that spring should vanish with the rose! That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

The nightingale that in the branches sang—
Ah, whence and whither flown again—who knows!"

He had not suspected such a voice in her—a colorful, yet dainty, emotional mezzo. At the end it was almost a tragic voice.

"And when, like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the guests, star-scattered on the grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass!"

She stopped. There was no more. He listened—there was no more.

Shandon opened the curtain a little. There was something piteous in her eyes—only a small thing. She was reading the words softly. Her arms were on the instrument before her.

"And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made one—"

"Ah!"—Her head drooped for a moment. She rose and went to the little table, picking up and putting down things.

Then she stood before that picture of his and pulled up her skirt a little—disarranged her hair a little—took the awkward pose of it—laughed—sighed.

A moment later, Shandon took his place opposite her. She smiled. Her cheeks flamed royally. But her eyes did not quite match them. They were misty.

"Oh!" she whispered, with a huge look at his tie. Immediately she flung off the blouse and arranged her hair.

"And is it not just like a fairy-story! And I am so horri-bly fond of stories—of all kinds—fairy-stories especially. Horri-bly? Is that not a proper adjective?"

Shandon approved of it.

"And which is the head of it? Oh!—where you are, of course! That is such a fine thing about a man! This *may* have been the head before. But it is the *foot* now—because *you* are at the other end."

She searched a moment for something.

"And I have no fork!"

"I gave you one," said Shandon, in acute distress.

Then he found it—at his own plate.

"Oh!—*you* gave it back to me. There is only one. The other one was lost." They stopped to laugh together.

"But there are two knives!"

She showed an immediate interest in this triumphant announcement.

"Yes! We have *plenty* of knives! *You* changed the fork to my place—"

He tried vainly to exchange it for her knife.

"Oh, please! I always eat with a knife. I prefer it."

"Shan-don!" she chided.

"The fact is, there are hygienic reasons—"

"Shan-don!"

"Why, I can eat with chopsticks! I've done it!"

She kept the knife, though.

"Permit me, signore, to help you to the omelet," she said.

"Well—"

She filled his plate. He tasted it timorously.

"How is it?"

"Beautiful!"

"Oh, how badly *you* choose adjectives! I know *some* English. Beau-ti-ful! An omelet is never beau-ti-ful!"

"Pretty?"

"Oh!"

"Lovely?"

"Fright-ful?"

"Perhaps because I'm frightened?"

"Yes—making your break-fast! A perfect stranger! Am I not a perfect stranger? Yes! But—you thought I *could* not make an omelet, and I made you a beau-ti-ful one? or a pretty one? or a lovely one? Which? And—you wish me to go, do you not? Poor Signore Shan-don!"

"No," said Shandon, emphatically.

"Oh! You like my omelet?"

"It is delicious, contessa."

"Deli-ci-ous? Yes, that is proper, I think."

"But *you* are not eating any of it?"

"Behold!"

She took a dainty mouthful from the point of her knife, then put her elbows on the table and looked across at him. She laughed slowly.

"Oh, Shan-don! Signore Shan-don!"

"Perhaps, contessa, you will be so good—"

"As to relieve Signore Shan-don's curiosity? Yes—yes, of course. *But*—not while you eat! You cannot talk while you eat. And—may I not for a little—a very little—enjoy your—your—"

"Bewilderment?"

"What is your other name? Americans have several names, have they not?"

"Yes," answered Shandon.

"I know one—George Wash-ing-ton. And, oh, another! Mister John L. Sul-li-van. Are you a Mister?"

"I am afraid I am—over there."

"Everybody is?"

"Yes."

"You have not told me."

"What?"

"Your other names."

He understood her sparring now and sparred a little himself. For revenge was sweet—*this* revenge.

"I thought I had told you."

"Yes—but you did not."

"I beg your pardon."

But now she understood and laughed joyously.

"Oh, Shan-don! Last night you were so serious! So!"

She showed him his pose.

"And every word was so fine! Oh, I did not *think* you could be as you are—to-day!"

The movement of her head said that this was distressing.

"Ah!—think of the difference in the circumstances!"

"You were in evening dress then."

Shandon blushed uncomfortably.

"And you looked very well."

He felt worse.

"My aunt said you looked better than—any one else!"

She saw his face sadden.

"Oh, I do not know. Me? I do *not* know when a gentleman looks better than any one else. But my aunt! She knows! She is so wise! Me? I am fool-ish!"

"Thanks."

"That I am foolish?"

Shandon laughed.

"No. I know very little about—anything. You see, I just came from the convent a little while ago. Shan-don—I *like* a red tie."

He had the sense that they were quite even. She that they were more than even—that she could be generous. So she leaned her elbows again bewitchingly on the table, and said:

"Shan-don—what is it?"

"Griscom."

"Oh, I like that!—I like that very much."

It is una-vailing—no, no, no! I mean uncommon—unusual—yes! And what do they call you?—your very, very intimate friends?—for 'short'—as I think you say over there? No one is called by their formal name—is it not so?"

"Griz," smiled the artist.

"I like that, too—Griz-z-z!"

She buzzed it.

"What is yours?"

After a moment she said, with halting softness:

"Dolce."

"Dolce!"

They were silent. The name filtered through Shandon ineffably. Then his eyes frankly confessed and honestly begged. She understood.

"Signore—" she said it sincerely—"last night you saw no—no evidences of aberration in me? You only remember-ed that I spoke English imperfect-ly and comforted you in all the chatter at my dear aunt's—did you not?"

"Yes—yes!—comfort!"

Shandon had had exactly that sensation.

"And, therefore, you are trusting me to unfold my bus-i-ness—excuse me! the bus-i-ness of my aunt!—as soon—as—the occasion arrives?"

"Certainly," protested Shandon, with instant gallantry.

"And I remem-ber that you said you could not talk till *after* you had eaten—"

Shandon laughed, and the situation was again effervescent.

"Will you not have some more of the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS.

THE PICTURE IN REGARD TO WHICH "DOLCE" INQUIRED, "SHAN-DON—IS THAT SHE?"
(SEE PAGE 810.)

omelet? Yes? And the bread? Yes? See how I can cut bread."

She illustrated this accomplishment elaborately.

"And do not forget yourself," said her host.

"Oh, I do not!"

She again pecked at the bits on her plate.

"Shall I send the poor footman down to report to my aunt concerning my health and safety?"

She did this with some directions in Italian, of which he could understand only that some one did *not* comprehend. Her demeanor took on something hopeless as she gave them.

When she turned she caught Shandon wondering.

"And for that one night—" she smiled divinely—"we were such good friends! Almost com-rades! Do you not remember how you told me all about your America? Oh, so dear—so dear—to you! Is it not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Shandon, with no patriotic enthusiasm.

"But it is dear to you! Yes! It *must* be! Just as Italy is dear to me."

"Yes—yes, of course," agreed Shandon, in disgraceful haste.

"And how I had nothing to tell you," she resumed with instant sweetness, "about lovely Italy because I knew so little? I told you I was in a convent, oh, so long, so long! It seemed ages! And only a little while ago my dear aunt came with a carriage and took me out. Shan-don—do you know *why* she took me out?"

Shandon shook his head.

"Oh, not because I had to be taught manners! No! I have *some* manners. But today—signore, I do not know the manners of the world, perhaps, but only those of the convent. That is why."

"But I did n't say a word about your manners! I—I *like* them!"

She ignored this with subtlety. But it made her breathless. She hurried away.

"And it was very beautiful—at my aunt's last night—it is always that way. At my aunt's it is always beautiful. Everybody is charming—and they chatter in all the languages of the world—and they always wish to come again. So there are always more and more."

"Yes—it was very beautiful. But you have n't told me why your aunt took you out of the convent."

"No." She mourned a moment. "She said it was time for me—to be—married. So she told the mother superior—and they—laughed! I listened—I heard them—laugh!"

Shandon laughed too.

"And I have not the slightest wish—" she halted.

"I should think not!"

"And no one wishes—" Again she did not finish.

"Certainly not!"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"I meant—ha, ha—of course—I meant—unless *you* should wish!"

"Did you wonder, perhaps, how my aunt found *you* out? Oh, she finds *all* Americans. She loves them—every one of them—no matter how—undeserving."

She smiled like a child over at Shandon.

"Some of them she loves very much—because they are—sweet. She adores *sweetness* in a man. She sent me to see you because—Shan-don—you are not rich, are you?"

She looked up at the splendid tapestry which lit the other wall.

"I am very poor," said Shandon, with something beautiful in his blue eyes as he let them rest a moment on hers. "That was given to me since I came to Florence—I do not know by whom. I did not think I had a friend—here."

She drooped her eyes to her plate and took up the knife. Her hand was not quite steady.

"Something she loved very much was lost over there—long, long, long ago! And the moment they knew it they all helped—oh, helped till it was found! Did she tell you about it?"

"No," said Shandon. "She told me something. But I had not you at the time for interpreter,—I thought you forsook me at that most critical of moments!—and I do not now know what it was. I am afraid she thinks I do, and that when we meet again I shall be rather embarrassed. Please tell me."

"No!" said the countess. "She must tell you herself. She always does. She would not forgive me if I did. But I will tell her that you do not understand Italian well and that you did not quite catch her meaning—and the next time I will be your interpreter. I—I *had* to leave you at that moment! Oh, she will not mind telling it again. She will like it. It is my greatest difficulty to keep her from telling it again—to the same person. But Americans! They are so good! They do not mind. Oh, there is none like them—my aunt thinks! She never tires telling it—to Americans. And they never tire of hearing it—Americans. But—she never tells it to any but—Americans! I had forgotten that. It is sacred to them. Like an epitaph. And *most* sacred to artists. You will hear it again. Pray be sweet to her."

"Be sweet to her!"

His inflections told her how impossible it would be to be anything else.

"And, signore, are you yet able to talk bus-i-ness?"

"Hang business!"

She pretended she had not heard it. He regretted it.

"You must see, signore," she went on contritely, "that the circum-stan-ces— You were hungry. So was I. There were eggs; in your hand—a pot; on the floor—a fire—a cook. Well, shall one—*two*!—go hungry? And I make beauti-ful omelets—do I not?"

"You do. Choose your own adjective."

"And you are not hungry now, signore?"

"No."

"And yet you have eaten only a little."

"Oh!"

"Shan-don—did you think you had eaten much?"

"Yes!" laughed Shandon.

"I think you are only happier—a little happier—Signore Shan-don—that is perhaps all?"

Shandon gave her again the joyous monosyllable.

"And you are all dressed up—quite as if it were a dinner—perhaps on Sunday."

"I am sorry I was not when you came."

"I do like red ties, signore."

Shandon laughed convulsively.

Just then the footman returned with a shadowy smile upon his face. What he said was again not quite plain to Shandon's understanding of Italian. But it was something about not being shocking, nevertheless.

"Shan-don—do you remem-ber the little story you told me last night?—behind the jasmine screen?—where it was so quiet?—and beauti-ful?—of a dear little girl?—with torn clothing?"

Shandon looked up in question.

"Ah—" she chided reproachfully—"you do not remem-ber!"

"I remember perfectly."

"It was a beauti-ful little story. I like to be told stories. You must have seen that. My aunt can never get me filled so full that I do not wish for more. But her stories are all about priests—and cardinals—and now and then a monsignore—and she tells them in whispers as if it was all terrible. And often it is not—not at all! Never a thing about poor little girls with torn clothing and starved faces. Or, if she remembers what I wish and begins in a proper tone, she always ends in those horrid whispers. So that I look about me for a man in a long

black cloak, with his face hidden in it. But *your* stories, signore—oh, when you ended last night your voice trembled!"

"Did it? It is a very sacred little story—to me."

"And to—me," she said softly.

"You?"

"Me. You made me love the little girl. Shan-don—was it a *real* story? Did the little girl *live*?"

"Yes."

"Signore—your voice trembles *now*—just a very little—"

"I do not know why I told you—why I speak of it now—to you."

"To *me*?"

"To *you*."

"I begged you!"

"I have never told it to any one else."

"I begged you. Shan-don—are you—ashamed that your voice trembles?"

"No!"

"Ashamed to tell it to—*me*?"

"No."

"No. Do *not* be ashamed. I like the voice to tremble when one tells a story—*such* a story. And you are looking at the picture now! And your eyes shine. Shan-don—is that she?"

"That is she—God bless her!"

"I thought so. I looked at it while you were behind the curtain—finding the red tie." She laughed a little. "Then I played 'The Persian Garden.'"

"Oh!—and *your* voice trembled!"

"Yes. I am not ashamed, either, that my voice trembles."

"No?"

But he was looking at the picture.

"Shan-don—tell me about it."

"You will not laugh?"

"Shan-don! Do you not know that it is easier for me to cry than to laugh?"

"No," smiled Shandon.

"Why, no?"

"You are too joyous."

"But—women cry for—*joy*."

She waited.

"Well—it is my first picture—as I said last night."

"Yes—go on, please."

"I thought I would set the world afire with it. Poor old world! Always being threatened with a conflagration by some chap of twenty-three. I know now that it is entirely fire-proof."

"The picture," begged the girl.

"Well—you see that I am poor—unknown. Permit me to confide to you that I did not

seek for either of these things—and you will understand. That picture is my autobiography—and I love it accordingly."

"Is that the only reason you love it?"

"No."

Her eyes insisted, and he went on brutally:

"That is the reason I *give*."

"Please, signore, tell me the real reason. Will you not tell—*me*?"

She begged it.

"My aunt wished to know more about you and your work."

"There is no more. I have produced no 'work.'"

Shandon grew quite cold.

"Signore—*perdono*! My aunt did *not* say that—but I. Sometimes I do not choose my adjectives well. I did not mean 'work'—but—just—just—*things*."

Shandon laughed.

"Ah, you forgive me!"

"Entirely. Forgive me."

"And will you sell my aunt the picture? She heard you speak of it last night."

"It is worthless—artistically."

"Yes. I will tell her so. *But*—will you sell it?"

"No!" laughed Shandon.

A silence. Then, with softness:

"Shan-don—would it hurt your heart to sell it?"

"Hurt my heart?"

"I have heard that it some-times does that—when one loves one's picture—very much."

"Contessa, you are the strangest—"

"Yes. But *will* it hurt your heart? If it will hurt your heart to part with it, my aunt will not wish it. She would not like to hurt your heart. But—she buys a picture from every American—no matter how undeserving—she meant distinctly not to take the risk of complimenting him again—"how worth-less—because of what I told you,—they found the thing she loved so much—and an artist helped—helped more than any. Signore—please—*will* it hurt your heart?"

She leaned a little further toward him.

"Hang it! I believe it would," laughed Shandon, "bad as it is!"

"I am sorry."

But she was glad.

"Because it would hurt my heart?"

"Sorry—that my aunt—cannot have the picture."

She throbbed with joy as she said it.

"I did n't say she could n't have it."

She flared at him savagely.

"You shall *not* part with it!"

"No!"

He quite met her savagery.

"No?"—but a soft interrogation now, which regretted what had gone before.

"There is not enough money in the world to buy that picture!"

She paused, delighted, for breath—then:

"That is what I have heard—that some—love—their art so much—that it would hurt the heart to—part with the first—picture—and that there is not money enough—"

She looked up at it.

"Signore—the face is Italian!"

"Yes."

"You did not tell me last night that the little girl was Italian. Did you not wish me to know?"

"Not at all."

"Please tell me all you did not tell me last night. Signore, I am a woman—just from the convent. And every woman likes stories—such stories as you tell—after the convent—and the priests—and cardinals. Signore—"

"Well—she was only an Italian girl living in Little Italy, which is the Italian colony in Philadelphia."

"Yes—yes!" She grasped this with avidity. "And Phil-a-del-phia is in United States America?—where you come from? I have read of that place. Quakers who wear the hat always—to eat—to sleep—*always*—live there— Go on—on—!"

"I found her there one day in exactly that dress and painted her—that's about all there is to tell."

"Had she really such dreadful clothing?"

"I am happy to say she had," laughed Shandon.

"Happy?"

"Without the clothing she would have been useless—"

"Shan-don!"

"—artistically."

"Oh!—Such a torn dress—*so* torn?"

"Yes."

"Such a starved little face! Was it *so*—starved?"

"Yes."

"Yet—it is pretty, is it not?"

Shandon looked at it a long time. Then he said:

"No—it is beautiful!"

As he turned suddenly at a quick breath he caught her wide eyes.

"You think so?" she asked critically, narrowing her eyes.

"Did you ever see such eyes in the head of a little girl? They look like those of a woman—a woman who has had vast experiences—has perhaps loved deeply! And that

sumptuous mass of blue hair looks again like a—woman. The mouth could scarcely be more perfect. The lips were as daintily red as that. Thank Heaven, the lips nearly always retain their delicacy. The whole face is womanly and refined in a degree seldom seen, I think, in a girl of twelve."

"Signore," said the girl, with a strange gentleness, "sometimes you choose adjectives very well."

"Now you choose some," laughed Shandon. "What do *you* see in the picture?"

The girl looked, and then said wondrously:

"Only the cold little hands—and the trust in the face—the trust! Signore—the little shoes look as if they had no soles."

"They had none!"

"Oh! Shan-don—Signore Shan-don, were not you ashamed to make public so much pover-ty?"

"It was beautiful."

"It was pover-ty!"

"Do you not see that it is full of color?"

Their eyes suddenly met and agreed. The countess withdrew hers.

"Yes," she said.

Shandon stood up before it—head back, shoulders up, eyes alight—his most splendid attitude. He did not see the countess for the moment.

"It is full of red and yellow and purple! It sings!"

"*Yes!*" Something lit the girl's face also.

Shandon continued to look.

"Speak on," said the girl, looking at him—not the picture. "Speak!"

"Oh, color—color—color!"

But then he came out of his mood and laughed.

"I cannot paint in grays and blacks!"

"Speak on. Yes, color! color!" begged the girl again. "And tones!—there is nothing like color—and tones—*human* tones!"

Now Shandon was not sure of her—so protean.

"That is the way a man should speak—as if he *knew*. A man!"

"Thanks," said Shandon, uncertainly.

"Ah, Shan-don—were you not cruel—to paint her that way—so that always hereafter—every one—all the whole world—would know that once she was—a beggar?"

"Cruel to paint happiness?"

"You think she was happy?"

"I know she was."

"And is happiness so rare?"

"You will never know that it is, contessa. But this little girl and I lived in the world."

"And I have lived only in—"

"Cloisters."

"Yes. And you think I do not know how to be unhappy?"

"Yes."

"Yes. What made her so happy—the dear little girl?"

"God, I suppose."

"And you had nothing to do with it?"

"She was happy to be painted."

"By *you*, perhaps."

"I would be glad to think that."

"If I were you, signore—Signore Shandon, I *would* think that."

Shandon was silent.

"Will it not make *you* happier?"

"Yes."

"And it will not matter—now—to her. Oh, perhaps she is dead?"

"Perhaps. But she should have lived."

"Signore—why?"

"The world is always better for such sweet lives."

"You are, signore, are you not?—better for her—sweet life?"

"Why, yes, God bless her, I am."

"And, signore—I *must* go. My aunt—"

She began to rise.

"Oh, don't—"

It slipped out before he could stop it. Then he got very red in the face.

"I beg your pardon—"

The countess stood, but did not quite go.

"Of course—"

Shandon did not know what was to follow, so nothing did.

"Of course," echoed the countess.

She slowly subsided to her chair and looked at him out of the tops of her eyes. He could not lighten the uncertain situation.

"Signore—was that all?—the painting?"

Did you never see her again? I should go. But the story—"

Shandon hesitated. The countess sighed.

"It is such a beautiful little story—and I am so fond of stories—that I would take the risk—I have already stayed so long—but you do not wish me—"

"That was all," said Shandon, then, with the signals of guilt in his face.

The countess rose superbly.

"That is *not* all. Stories are *not* like that. And you shall *not* dismiss me! It is far from polite—after saying, 'Oh, don't!' And I am—"

Shandon swept an humble obeisance.

"Eccellenza, the Contessa Cassoli."

She laughed. So did Shandon.

"And—you were the dearest of friends afterward?"

"Yes."

"Of course! Do I not know how proper stories go? No one knows better. And did you like her?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

"And she liked you?"

"Yes—as much as a child could like such a patriarch."

"What did you do to make her like you so much?"

"Took her for long walks in the sun. Worked the slot machines for chocolates. Went into the swarming houses in the quarter and chattered. Sang along the streets. Stopped to hear the street pianos—sometimes danced to them in an alley. Told her stories—*she* never could get enough of them, either. Explored all the small holes and corners in the quarter. Did everything that two children out for play might do!"

As Shandon laughed, his face became boyish.

"Shan-don—it is in your face!"

"What?" asked Shandon, in some alarm.

"The joy."

"Oh!"

"And then?"

"She did not come for a long time. I went to find her. She had disappeared."

"And forgot you! Oh, that is *too* bad!—not at all as a proper story should be—not at all!"

"She did *not* forget me!"

"Oh!"

"She wrote me a little letter. I have it here."

He took a small worn parcel out of his pocket.

"May I see it too, signore?"

But without waiting, she came an unthought step nearer.

He selected an envelop from the bottom.

They took me away. I did not wish to go. I will never forget you—never! Do not forget me. They took me away! Some day you shall come for me, and I will marry you as we agreed. They took me away. I did not wish. Write to me.

MADLINE.

The countess absently took the letter out of his hand.

"Shan-don—that is a beautiful little letter—oh, very beautiful! Yet perhaps I do not choose adjectives well to-day? Perhaps it is only a *nice* little letter?"

"Why is it not beautiful?" belligerently.

"I beg signore's pardon. 'Some day you shall come for me—and I will marry you—as we agreed,'" she read again softly.

"Dear little beggar!"

"Beggar—yes! Only a beggar! And what are these?"

She touched some wrinkled little blots.

"I do not know." Shandon blushed again.

"Shan-don—they are *tears*!"

"D—do you think so?"

"Yes."

Shandon hurried away from this suggestion. "She has sent one each year. They are exactly alike."

She would have them opened to see.

"Eleven!" she counted.

"Yes."

"And the last are better written than the first ones."

"Yes."

"Quite like a young lady—who has been—taught."

She looked at the outsides of them.

"And all postmarked Florence!"

"This very city."

"Oh!—that is why you come to Florence?"

Shandon said nothing for a space.

"She was a child."

"Yes! And Florence is so full of children!"

"Yes."

"But it is not a large city."

"No."

"If you would let me help you—I know all the lowly parts of the city—oh, so much better than the others. Signore—I *love* the lowly parts more. There are stories there—oh, in all the faces—in all the doors and windows of the houses—in the shops—in the laughter—in the tears—in the festivals—stories! I know all the lowly parts of the city. Will you let me help you to find the little girl with the torn dress?"

"Let you help? The Contessa Cassoli!"

"Oh, I shall be more glad than you!"

"But—"

"My aunt—my dear aunt—shall help too! How shall we begin?"

Shandon did not know.

"Oh, I know! We shall go through all the poor parts of the city—yes—where the streets are narrow and crooked—and the houses lean together at the tops—as if to salute each other—and the wash hangs between—we shall have to walk because it is so narrow—and there will be children and children and children! And we shall ask—ask—ask!"

She was contagious.

"Yes!" cried Shandon.

"But! Signore! She is no child now!"

And Shandon had not thought much about that.

"Why, no! She 's—she 's—a young woman!"

"Yes!" agreed the countess, as if it were a calamity.

"By Jove!"

"Perhaps you would not like that—going through the narrow streets—where the garlic smells—with me—always very close to you—for *fear*—searching for—asking for—a—young woman?"

"No," said Shandon, absently.

"And when you find her—for you *would* find her—perhaps she would not be pleased to have *me* with you?"

"No."

"You would not be ashamed of her—the little beggar?"

"No."

"Shan-don—we will *not* try to find her!" Shandon woke up.

"Not? Why?"

"It might make her more unhappy than happy. It might make *you* more unhappy than happy."

Shandon looked an interrogation.

"She might be—ashamed."

"Yes."

But this did not seem to matter.

"Signore—perhaps you—*love* her?"

"She is a child."

"You said a young woman."

"Well—"

"A girl—in Italy—is quite a little woman at twelve. A girl is always a woman before a boy is a man. She plays mother to her dolls at three. A boy never plays at being father with his dolls."

Shandon's eyes were seeing things three thousand miles away! He smiled.

"After the first sitting I was afraid I should never see her again, so I took her to a cheap store in South street and bought her a frock and shoes and stockings, and had them put on her. Then I took the other ones home and kept them. And when she would come to sit she would change the new for the old clothes. Afterward she wanted me to get her a long—very long dress!"

"A train?"

"Yes—a train!"

"Speak on, signore. Hasten!"

"After the sittings we would go to a cheap restaurant and eat—and be 'happy,' as she said."

"And further?"

"We would walk. She would hold my hand."

"And?"

"Once she said that if I would get her the long frock we could be married sooner."

"But you did n't get it? Cruel, signore!"

"No; I said she must wait."

Shandon laughed the boyish laugh again.

"And did she say she would?"

"Yes. Forever! And she made me promise that I would."

"And you did?"

"Of course!"

He laughed again.

"I do not like *that* laugh."

"Nor I," agreed Shandon, very seriously.

"Shan-don—was she never jealous?"

Shandon's eyes made inquiry.

"Oh—no Italian girl ever loved a man without being jealous! Yes! Of everything and everybody! Dogs—cats—horses!—work!—play!—*women*!"

Shandon smiled a little superiorly.

"But it is true! There may be no cause—no! But she would not be happy unless she were jealous. It is a part of love. Oh, love is torment! The divinest torment that—Shandon—did you *never* do anything to make her jealous? No, no, no! Did you ever do anything of which she might—ought—to have been jealous—if—if she had known?"

"Yes," laughed Shandon.

"You!—you did that—*you*? Shan-don!"

"Belle Girton picked us up one day, in Belle Girton's spasmodic way, and bundled us both into her carriage. The Society for the Protection of Children was her fad that year. She was looking for some one—a girl, I think—a little one—who had been stolen from her parents in some foreign country—for ransom—or something like that. She thought we could aid her. She—Belle—went with us to the cheap restaurant that day to dine. We had to walk part of the way. *She* walked between us and held my hand all the time—very tightly. She would not speak to Belle."

"That is right! That is the way it should be in a story. That is the way I would have—it!"

"I had almost forgotten that it was a story I was telling you." He laughed happily, though.

"Shan-don—it makes you more and more happy—to tell about it."

"Yes."

"Shan-don—what was the color of the other lady's hair?"

"Red."

"And no one in your America, I think, loves red hair?"

"No."

"Black hair is prettier?"

"Yes."

She gave him an opportunity to inspect her own.

"And did you perhaps have a little stove in the studio—like this? And did you cook things?—like this? You and she? Perhaps you taught her?—you are so very wise—about cooking things. Ah, but that would have been too sweet—for the story! We must not have the most impossible things in it! But—*yes!*—it must have been! I *will* have it so! I *wish* it for the dear story. Do not say no! However impossible—there *was* a little stove in the studio!"

"There was!"

"Shan-don!"

"And it *was* sweet—since you speak of it!"

"And after the sittings—you cooked the little supper—and ate—perhaps?"

"Yes—by Jove! You make it delicious!"

"Me? But I am not telling the story. Am I telling the story?—And maybe you had to run out and get something you had forgotten? Often it is so in stories. Perhaps the pepper?—or the salt?"

"Yes! Or the water!"

"And sometimes you had, perhaps—*omelets?*"

They laughed together.

"As to-day?"

"That was her specialty. Mine was potato-hash."

"Potato-hash?"

"Oh, you never heard of it before," laughed the artist, "and it is quite useless to undertake to tell you what it is."

"Is it too difficult?"

"Too difficult."

"Shall I tell *you?*"

But she only laughed and did not—as if confessing that she could not.

"And oh, signore—the dear little story has—possessed me! Let us fancy that the little ragged lady was a princess! Like the little girl you were searching for! She *was* something, was she not?"

"Well—there is no law against fancying anything we please."

She chose to convict him of indifference.

"Ah, you do not care any longer about the little story. You let *me* tell it all! You do not care whether she was a princess. You would as soon have her the little beggar."

"Yes," said Shandon.

"The little beggar?"

"Yes."

"Then I cannot go on. I do not *want* her to be a little beggar. Ah, I must go—"

She quite evidently meant to go—and wished to stay.

"Have her a princess, then, but do not—"

"Change her heart? No. Well, then—"

She reclaimed her enthusiasm. "Let us hasten. I must go. She—the beggar girl—*was* the little princess they were seeking! Yes! And she *knew* she was the princess they were seeking. *But* she would not tell them because she would rather be with you—take those walks—be painted by you—cook those little suppers—eat them—hold your hand—be jealous of you—oh, all and everything you did together—than go away and be a princess! There! That's the way a proper story should be! Do I not know? Do not tell me that it was not so! I know *that*. But I *will* have it so for the sake of the dear story. Of course! I know what you are saying: that it was very foolish to wish to be with you—only a starving young artist!—in rags almost—rather than be a princess in the finest frocks—with mirrors—and a maid—to do her hair and nails—and not needing to cook things—but to have them all nicely cooked for her—and brought by servants and set down before her—and thousands and thousands of other things—was n't that very, very foolish, Shan-don?"

"Of course," agreed Shandon, sadly.

"But as it is only fancy, we can have her as foolish as we please—and some fancies are foolish—very."

She waited, but Shandon was a little triste and quite silent.

"Because *you* did not care—"

"I?"

Shandon was suddenly indignant.

"I did care!"

"Oh—*perdono*, signore. How could I know? Then perhaps, after all, she was not so very, *very* foolish—if you cared. Do you perhaps mean that you—loved her?"

"She was all I had. She was alone, so was I. I am still. She! Ah! I wish I knew!"

"But—love?"

"Yes!—then."

"Ah, then she was *not* foolish! Not! Signore—if a woman has love—she would not give it for all the rest of the things in the world! Yes, she would rather be a beggar with it than a princess without it! Signore—why did you not write to the little girl?"

"How could I?"

"Did you try?"

"No."

"Did you not perhaps guess that she was waiting all the years for a letter?—waiting!—and that when it did not come she perhaps thought you had forgot-ten? Ah, that is so sad—to think one has forgot-ten!"

"It would have been impossible for a letter to find her."

"It would have found her in the remotest corner of the world—a letter with love in it! That is the way with letters with love in them. Shan-don—did you marry the lady with the red hair, perhaps?"

"Marry the lady with the red hair? Oh—" He remembered.

She interrupted him joyously.

"Because if you had, we should have to change the story. Signore—if you married any one, we shall have to change the story."

"You need not change the story."

"Oh!—" She caught her breath with suppressed rapture. "That is—everything is—just right—up to this point—for the story! But, yes, I must stop—and go—for I have taken it out of your hands."

She started—this time with determination.

"My head."

She stopped to say:

"Perhaps—even—your—heart?"

"Perhaps even my soul!"

They laughed together.

"Never-the-less, so far it is quite a proper story. Oh, so much better than any my aunt ever told me! But, signore, how shall it end? I am uncertain about the ending. Cannot you help—at the end? I shall stay—just a moment more—for the—ending."

A beautiful wistfulness crossed her face.

"Oh—I should spoil it if I tried to end it."

"You would *not* spoil it, Shan-don—you would *not* spoil it! Shan-don—would you? Try! No? But—if you wish?—it shall be as I like. Let me see. It was quite right—about the lady with the red hair. Do you not think so?"

"Of course! I did n't love her. She did n't love me."

"Oh, that is beautiful! No, no, no! I must learn to choose adjectives in English better. But it was at least quite proper. No one should marry another if he does not love—and vice versa. And, signore, it is most right that you did not marry any one."

"Why? People do marry."

"It would spoil the dear story! Ruin it! Marry! Yes. Oh, yes! But a *gentle-man*—a *gentle-man* in a *story*—such a dear little story as yours—he *must*— Why, Shan-don, do you not see that the story cannot end properly until he finds the little girl—with everything torn—the stockings—the dress—the shoes—the beggar princess—do you not understand?—one who tells a story as well as you do? Oh, Shan-don! Do not all proper stories end that way?"

"All but mine," smiled Shandon, piteously.

Her voice faltered when she spoke again:

"Will you let yours end—Shan-don—"

He cut her phrase in two.

"It has ended."

She bravely gave him the rest of her question:

"—without trying—to find her?"

"Trying? I have searched this city from end to end!"

She faltered more now.

"If I should—find—her—or—you—"

Shandon burst out:

"Find her!"

"And—I must go—at once."

She rose in a sudden affright, but now she could not go.

Shandon savagely — unconsciously — blocked the way.

"Find her!"

"For, all this time my aunt has been waiting in the cold carriage—"

She moved to pass on his right. He put up his hand.

"It is not cold."

"No? And she is very amiable—my sweet aunt. But—perhaps the man would go down—to see—whether she is still waiting? And to tell her—that I—am coming?"

Shandon sent him down.

"Thank—you—"

She reached the divan and put on her hat. Shandon had retreated to the table. From there—uncertain now—distressed—he asked:

"Contessa—what did you come for?"

"The picture—which I cannot have—"

She turned and saw that Shandon's head was dejectedly in his hands.

"Shan-don! Signore Shan-don — *perdono*."

He looked up and laughed—a little weefully. Then he, too, rose.

"Have I hurt you? Has it hurt your heart—to make you tell the little story?"

"No," he smiled sadly, holding out her cape. "It has been good—very good—for my heart."

"And—mine—"

"Yours?"

"I did not finish it—quite—you did not. Do you wish to finish it?—to have it—finished? Quite?"

She put on courage with trembling.

"Yes! What became of the little—princess you called her?—after she left Philadelphia?" Shandon asked.

He tucked her cape under his arm and stood there before her. She surveyed him. He was very good to look upon. And—it



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

SHANDON "TOLD HER STORIES—SHE NEVER COULD GET ENOUGH OF THEM." (SEE PAGE 813.)

was her cape he held—so much like a prince!—under his arm! She went on:

"Oh—let me see! They sent her to a great convent, and put pretty clothes upon her, and taught her manners and wisdom till she was tired—tired—tired! till she would have given anything—everything in the world—for one brief hour of Little Italy—and—*you!* Ah, it is always so—in stories. Alas! only in stories! And the happiest day of the year was the 5th of June, when she—did you not say she wrote to you on the fifth day of June? No? But I think you did. Oh, you *did*—you did! And she left the convent and became a lady. But she has never been so happy as she was in Little Italy—never so happy in the great Italy. And—oh—she never forgot how to make an omelet—nor how to eat with a knife—when there were no forks—perhaps she will always do those things sometimes because of him. Signore, she has never forgotten him for one little minute—and never will! She has never ceased looking for the letter that has never come. She has never ceased to pray that he might be so hungry for the hair and eyes and hands and lips he once adored that he could not stay away! Shan-don!"

She stood before him like a penitent.

He was a stone.

The girl laughed hopelessly. The courage was quite gone. Only the trembling remained—and now a little terror.

"Or would you have the sweet story to end the other way—that she has—forgotten all about him—and married some one—some one who sleeps after dinner—and is stout—and is at this moment living—very unhappily ever after? Or that you—Shan-don—that *you*—Shan-don!—forgot—her—the joy—*all?*"

And then one hopeless rush toward the door.

Now he knew. And the countess was gasping like a bird in a snare. He stood in the doorway.

"Signore—if you will—sell the picture—to my aunt—who waits—" She could not pass—not even approach him.

"Sell the picture! No!"

She suddenly covered her face from Shan-don. There was something accusing in his sad eyes.

"Shan-don!" she pleaded.

He went unsteadily to where the picture was hung.

"Good-by!"

The door was unguarded. She fled toward it.

"Wait!" Shan-don commanded.

She stopped against the doorway, panting.

Shandon took down the picture, and with his sleeve brushed off the dust. A brief tenderness shone in his eyes. Then he brought it to her. She advanced a step, wondering.

"I give it to *you*."

"Shan-don! Why?—why—to me?"

"To destroy." He got her one of the knives. She obediently put out her hand for it. But it clattered to the floor. She sank to her knees before the picture.

"Destroy! Oh—no! Shan-don, *no!*"

Shandon went to the box with a curtain. From it he took a parcel.

"You have made me tell all the story of an impossible passion. You have made foolish what was sacred. You have destroyed the one dream of a dreamer. You laugh. Laugh at this also. This also I give to you. There is nothing more. I have detained you. I beg you to—go."

It was the ragged dress of a little girl. A worn pair of small shoes could be seen within it; a pair of torn stockings.

"This—also! Oh, Shan-don—no!"

She took it—there on her knees—and kissed it ravenously—tore it apart and kissed each piece. She rose hopelessly and went—then wavered back. She spoke over her shoulder.

"Shan-don! Oh, Shan-don, I do *not*—laugh!"

She slowly turned and met his eyes.

"Shan-don—I—weep!"

It was so. He would have taken her hands. He would have kissed them—on his knees.

"No—no!" she begged piteously, going a little from him. "Do not hurt me—more—do not hurt me!"

"No."

"Do you understand?" she whispered.

"I understand," said Shandon.

"You do not mis-understand?"

"I do not misunderstand."

"It was so long—so long—so long!"

"A thousand years!"

"I *had* to tell you! It was so hard to do—oh, so cruel—so hard! Always it is hard for a woman to tell one—"

"Who does not understand?"

"Yes"—but a small whisper.

"But how *could* I? How could I *dream* that I might be worthy of you—that you—you—were—*she!*"

He looked at the picture.

The spirit which was so radiant a part of her came back to the girl's face.

"Last night I did not sleep! It is so sad to not sleep—that—my aunt came to comfort me. And then I told her it was—you!"

All the rest she knew long, long ago. And she said I might come—if I were brave enough. Shan-don—I am *not* brave! But I came. If I had not— She said that perhaps you had forgotten—did not care— You would *not* tell—I had to ask— Oh, Shan-don! It is better—far better to do what I have done—than—to not do it! Do you not think so?" She did not wait for his answer. "And—my aunt asks you to come to dinner to-night!"

She let him put her cape over her shoulders. It was a caress. He lingered at it.

As they went, he asked very softly—begging, as she had begged:

"Was *that* the only thing you wanted? The picture—"

She looked back at him, up the steps, over her shoulder. She stopped—waited.

"Oh, Shan-don!"

"Oh!"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

ON THE LOWER RHINE: WAITING FOR A BITE.

DOWN THE RHINE.

BY AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

III. KOBLENZ TO ROTTERDAM.

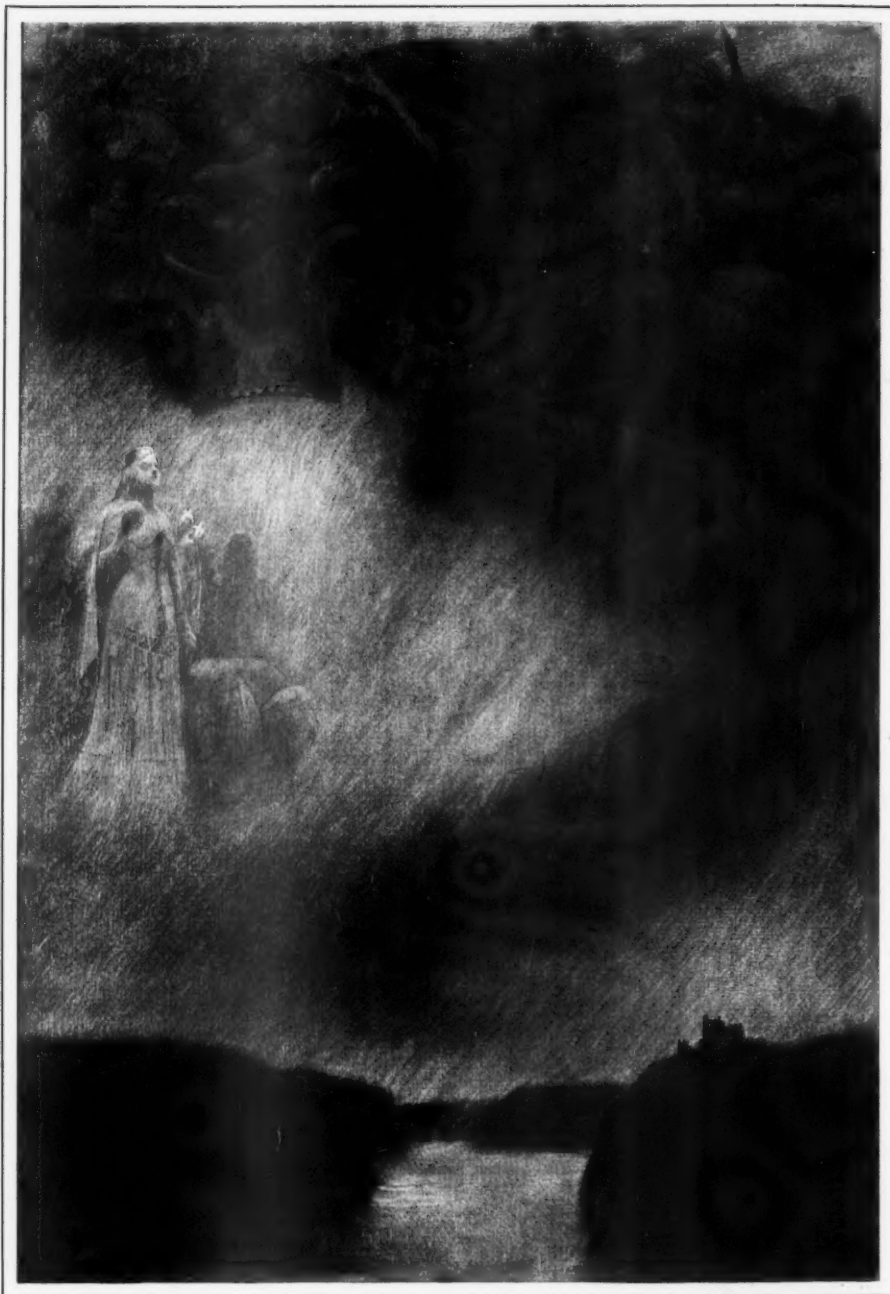
WITH DRAWINGS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

OF all the fair cities washed by the Rhine, Koblenz is the most Anglified. Once upon a time an English governor of Minorca laid hands upon a Minorqn whom he did not like, and clapped him on board a smack, and sent him sailing to Cartagena, within the dominions of the King of Spain. The governor then forgot all about it, but not so the Minorqn, one of a revengeful race. This incident occurred in 1771, and some three years later Governor Mostyn, — for that was the official's name, — being in London, greatly

enjoying himself, was snapped with a writ at the suit of the Minorqn, and had the pleasure of reading how he had made an assault upon the plaintiff at Minorca, to wit, at London, in the parish of St. Mary le Bow, in the ward of Cheap.

"What nonsense is this?" cried Governor Mostyn. "Minorca is not in the ward of Cheap or in the parish of St. Mary le Bow."

But what was the answer of our ancient mother, the common law of England? "Yes, it is, for the purposes of this action." And the



THE LAND OF LEGENDS.

Minorquin recovered three hundred pounds and costs from a London jury.

It would be rash even for the purposes of this article to assert that Koblenz is in the ward of Cheap, but certainly nowhere else in all Rhineland is the language of cockneydom spoken so generally, nowhere else in Rhineland are there to be seen so many young

selle into the Rhine towers the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, nearly four hundred feet above the river. No place is better known by pictures, plates, and photographs than Ehrenbreitstein, nor so long as rock stands upon rock can it lose its charm. To look down upon the Rhine and the Moselle, and to survey the valleys through which those



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE CITADEL OF EHRENBREITSTEIN AS SEEN FROM KOBLENZ—WINTER EFFECT.

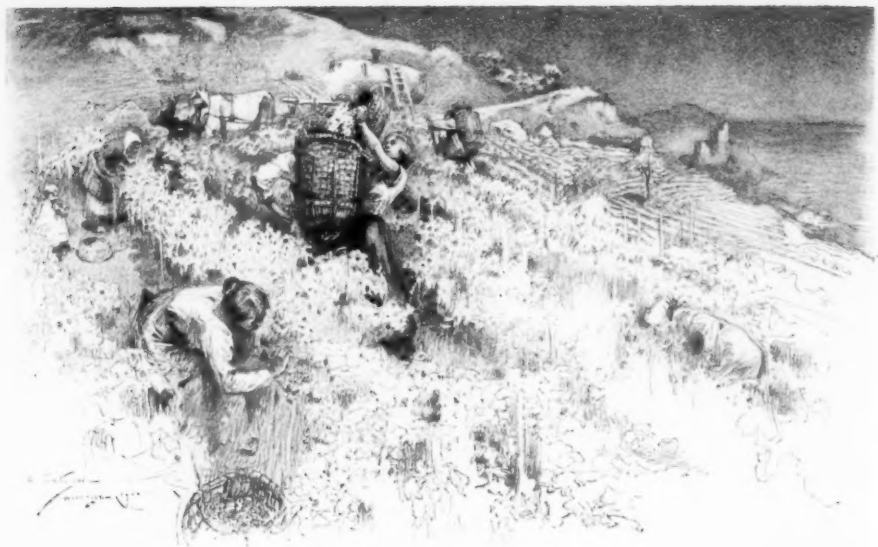
Angles of both sexes so pathetically in pursuit of secondary education, and nowhere else in Rhineland are the services of the Elizabethan settlement, to wit, the English Episcopal Church, better attended on Sundays than at Koblenz.

The great physical fact about Koblenz is that here the Moselle River flows into the Rhine. No handsomer compliment is paid to the Rhine throughout her whole course. The Moselle is indeed a fair and noble stream, which might well have insisted on falling into the sea on its own account.

Immediately opposite the rush of the Mo-

selles famous rivers make their way till the moment of their union, is a proud thing to do. My old friend the view-hunter may spend hours on this range of rock and on the roads behind it.

But Koblenz must not be kept waiting, although it has but a modern look. It is a prosperous place. One has to admit that, of late years, a great change has come over the Rhine, particularly hereabouts, and that change is prosperity. What are called "signs of wealth" abound. We know those signs of wealth in England. Tall chimneys and fine villas represent both fortune-making and for-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.
GRAPE-CUTTING ON THE MOSELLE.

tunes made. There are too many tall chimneys and fine villas within sight of the Rhine. I was so grieved to note the change at St. Goar and even at my beloved Bacharach that I forbore to speak about it. But now that I am at Koblenz I can bear it better. It is foolish to quarrel with prosperity. A stalwart laborer with his belly full of meat and his breath of garlic, who is the owner of a red-brick slated cottage, ought to be a pleasanter object even to a view-hunter than a picturesque haunt of typhoid and rheumatism. But the new villas on the Rhine have made the old castles more ridiculous than ever.

Koblenz, I was saying, is a prosperous place and does a large business in the wine trade, as well as in the education of youth. It boasts a splendid quay, and its bridges are famous throughout the world. I have already referred to its dominating statue of the Emperor William—an image of copper seen from afar. Koblenz has been Prussian since 1815.

Like most, though by no means all, prosperous places, Koblenz is comfortable to live in. You may stroll about for a fortnight, walking in this direction and in that, and return home to your inn with an easy conviction that your dinner and your wine will repay the attention it is your constant habit to bestow upon them both. Yet, when you come to leave Koblenz, the parting will not be difficult.

Neuwied is much more to my mind. It lies on the right bank of the Rhine as you go

from Koblenz to Andernach, on your way down to Bonn. Here may still be found, piously occupied, the Moravian brotherhood, whose religious history is so strangely full of moving incidents and true devotion, not untinctured, it may be, with what the world calls absurdity and superstition. But who would give a dry fig for a religion of which the world spoke well! Sects are not usually attractive to outsiders. Back waters are apt to be dull. Better the main stream, despite its occasional flood and dirt, than to live all one's life out of sight and sound and away from the movement of men and things. Little chapels belonging to obscure sects sometimes wear an almost repulsive aspect. Anybody can say his prayers in St. Peter's or St. Paul's. But for me the Herrnhuters are full of charm, and by virtue of their gifts of spirituality and usefulness escape altogether from the taint of vulgarity or the suspicion of insignificance. At Neuwied anybody can make himself acquainted with the Moravians, who live in community, pursuing their trades and occupations for the common good. As educationists they are as famous as the Jesuits. They are a curious mixture of the Quaker, the evangelical nonconformist, and the Roman Catholic, and to find a community of serious men and women trying hard to lead the higher life among the vineyards of the Rhine is impressive. The pleasure-seekers and view-hunters and winebibbers are swept by Neuwied with-

out thinking of the Herrnhuters; the Kickleburies have nothing to say to the Moravian brothers; but there they are at Neuwied, all the time representing hopes and fears which will still animate mankind long after the German empire of the Hohenzollerns has passed away.

It is quite worth anybody's while to linger at Neuwied, which is a cosmopolitan little place, containing residents of many nationalities, consisting for the most part of the minority that thinks for itself. You can put up at the Moravian hotel without any fear of the higher life interfering with your comfort, while a floating bridge and a steam-ferry secure your escape at any moment.

Opposite Neuwied is Weissenthurm, with its famous watch-tower marking the boundary between the dominions of the electors of Trèves and the electors of Cologne; but more interesting than this old watch-tower is the obelisk to the famous young General Hoche, who, luckily perhaps for England, died in his thirtieth year in 1797. Hoche and Napoleon must have countered each other had both lived: there was not room enough in Europe for two such Frenchmen at such a time.

To think of Hoche is to think of Wolfe

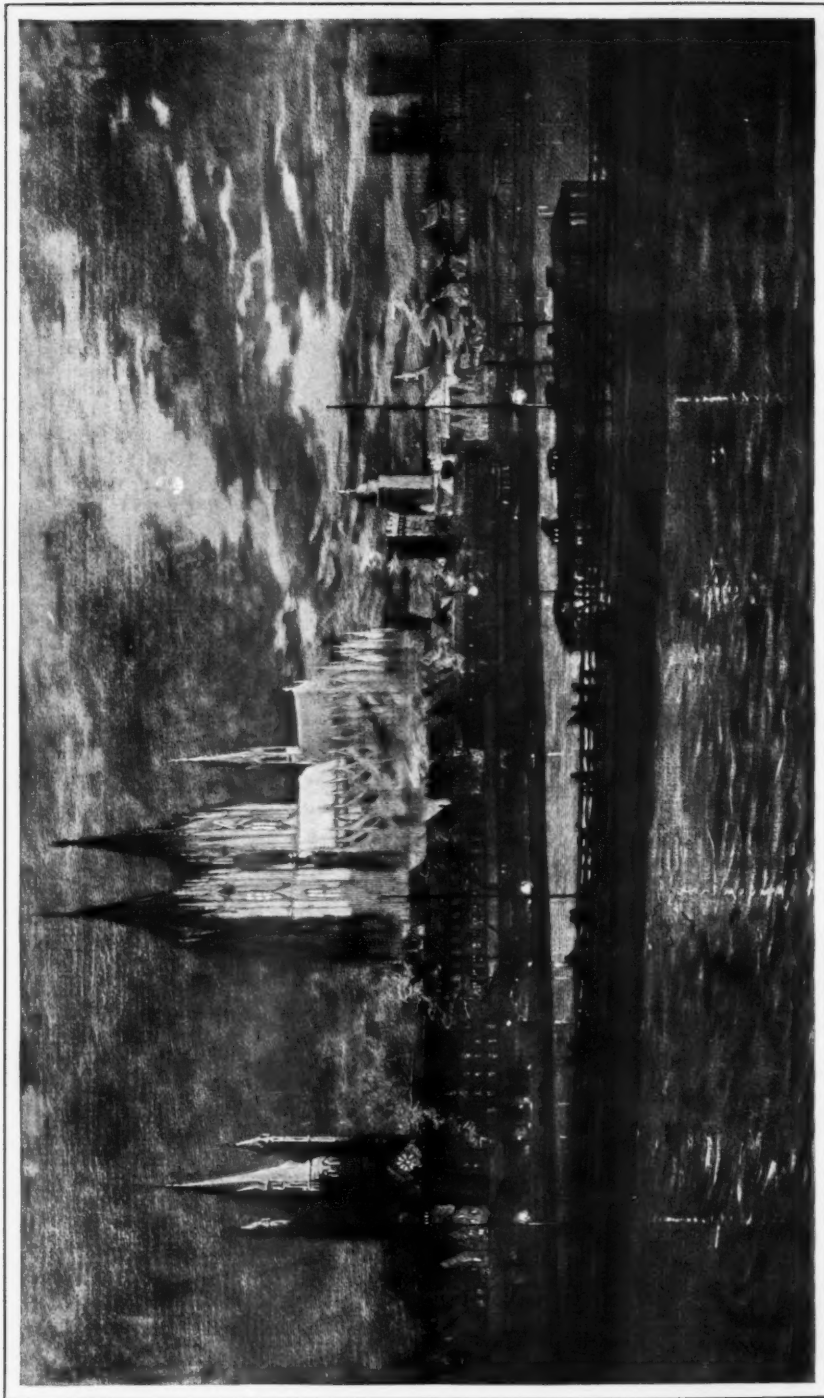
Tone, the scapegrace Irishman who came nearer to the accomplishment of Irish nationality than anybody else has ever done; who earned the admiration of the Duke of Wellington, was subjected to the hostile criticism of the late Duke of Argyll, and whose memoirs will remain excellent reading to the end of recorded time. I cannot indeed say of Wolfe Tone what Hugo says of Tone's friend and ally Hoche, "*J'ai toujours aimé Tone*"; but though I cannot love him, I can always read him; and it is when you read him that you understand how nearly Hoche and he dealt a deadly blow at Britain. They failed, and the Union became a political necessity.

Standing by the obelisk to Hoche, you may see among trees on the other side of the Rhine the peaceful home of a gentleman who bears a name known all over the world, a name which perhaps better than any other symbolizes the latter-day gospel of a combined civilization and Christianity. I refer to Herr Krupp. We live in the age of cast-iron and big guns. Where would little Dr. Busch's hero have been without the Krupps and the Armstrongs?

Andernach is now upon us, and Mr. Krupp's elegant mansion out of sight. An-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.
RUINS OF THE GRAFINBURG ON THE MOSELLE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

COLOGNE, AND THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.

dernach is very ancient, with old walls and a famous watch-tower on the Rhine, and a parish church dedicated to St. Genovefa, with four towers dating from 1206 and a choir built in 1120. Mr. Krupp is indeed out of sight. A little child of Frederick Bar-

climber can make his way up the Gänsehals Mountain to a lonely tower whence he may see the Seven Mountains, the Laacher See, and (so it is said) the cathedral of Cologne.

Returning to the Rhine, we float down



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

SKETCHING ON THE RHINE.

barossa's lies buried in St. Genovefa's, awaiting the resurrection. So, too, does the Roman Emperor Valentinian. Good luck to them both!

From Andernach an excursion is often made to an inland lake, the Laacher See, which is up on the hills and is five miles around. It is not as beautiful as Rydal Water, but by its side is a Benedictine abbey where monks still live according to the rule. The

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past the great quarries of Dattenberg, past Sinzig and the mouth of the Ahr, until we reach Remagen and Oberwinter, a district now crowded with country houses. There is much here to feed the eye, but it is perhaps as well to push on to Königswinter.

Königswinter, hateful Königswinter!

Burying-place of all I love so well!

Never did the most extensive printer

Print a tale so dark as thou couldst tell!



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A FERRY-BOAT IN HOLLAND.

In the sapphire West the eve yet lingered,
Bathed in kindly lights those hill-tops cold;
Fringed each cloud, and, stooping rosy-fingered,
Changed Rhine's waters into molten gold;—

While still nearer did his light waves splinter
Into silvery shafts the streaming light;
And I said I loved thee, Königswinter,
For the glory that was thine that night.

And we gazed, till slowly disappearing,
Like a day-dream, passed the pageant by,
And I saw but those lone hills, uprearing
Dull dark shapes against a hueless sky.

Then I turned, and on these bright hopes pondered
Whereof yon gay fancies were the type;
And my hand mechanically wandered
Towards my left-hand pocket for a pipe.

Ah! why starts each eyeball from its socket,
As, in Hamlet, start the guilty Queen's?
There, deep-hid in its accustomed pocket,
Lay my sole pipe, smashed to smithereens!

So writes Calverley, the most faultless, per-
haps the most heartless, of all our poeti-

cal light-weights. How foolish of him to travel with only one pipe! Yet he had early learned to blunt his moral feelings with the aid of a firm of famous tobacconists in the market-place of Cambridge.

At Königswinter one makes friends with those mysterious Seven Mountains, which play so romantic a part in all the legends of the Rhine—the home of the paladins and of so much else that is misty and mysterious in history. They are undoubted facts, when you draw near them, and consist partly of trachyte and partly of basalt. The best known of the seven peaks is the Drachenfels, which may be ascended by rail or by road, on horse or on foot. The castle is a ruin, but the view is superb, and the guide-books will supply you with the inevitable bit (and a very good bit it is) of "Childe Harold." There are many fine and very manageable rambles among the Seven Mountains. One, at all events, should not be forgotten. In the beautiful valley known as the Heisterbacher Mantel are the ruins of a Cistercian abbey which was "sold

and removed" in the year 1809. The choir of the abbey church remains, or rather a portion of the choir remains, to testify to the beauty of the original scheme and to the stupidity of 1809.

As we leave the Seven Mountains behind we cannot but feel that we are bidding farewell to the romance of the Rhine, and as we think of all the fair places we have hurried by we are sad of heart. Of how little have we possessed ourselves! What is there we can call our own!

Bonn is a big place, sheltering fifty thousand people, including two thousand students in attendance at the university, which, though founded only in 1818, has acquired name and fame. Like Koblenz, Bonn bears all the notes of prosperity. The English are there, trying to learn German. Just now, indeed, it is not very pleasant to be an Englishman in Germany. It makes Mr. Chamberlain's blood boil to think of anybody being rude to an Englishman. Englishmen are never rude themselves; always kindly and considerate of other people's feelings—just as Mr. Chamberlain himself is. But everything and everybody passes on and off. The English and the Germans will get on somehow. The present mood will disappear. There is an English church service every Sunday throughout the year in the university chapel. This must mollify asperity.

Beethoven was born in Bonn, in a garret which has been preserved unaltered.

The university buildings, like those of most Continental universities, are more respectable than inspiring. Still, they are sincere, and evidently intent upon something. They are adorned with busts bearing names famous in all faculties.

The promenades of Bonn call for attention even in a country of promenades and avenues; and lastly, there is a cemetery where lie Schiller's son and widow, Schumann, Baron Bunsen, and many another. Some people hate cemeteries. I early learned to love them in Edinburgh, where there are many delightful cemeteries and old churchyards.

The Rhine bridge, a structure so recent as 1898, is greatly admired, and from it is to be obtained as fine a view as Europe commands from any other of her bridges. There is no serious fault to be found with Bonn. How long you stay there must depend on what you go there for. You may never leave it, did you go there to master the intricacies of the German language or to study theology or embryology, or even craniology, for is not

the famous Neanderthal skull in the prehistoric room of the provincial museum at Bonn? For the ordinary pleasure-seeker two days will probably suffice, unless, indeed, he has friends disposed to show him hospitality, when a week may be whiled away cheaply enough.

Between Bonn and Cologne there is not much to engage the attention of the traveler, so that as he approaches this huge city he is free to ponder over its past and to prognosticate its future.

Nowhere is the greatness of the new Germany more conspicuously displayed, more completely demonstrated, than in the streets of the city of Cologne, a city with a history going back beyond the Christian era and now numbering more than three hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. In 1849 its population was under ninety-five thousand. This is indeed to progress by leaps and bounds. It would be untrue to say in so many words that Cologne is no longer famous for its smells. You may still sniff the malodorous, but for the most part you will fare as well in this respect as in Liverpool, Birmingham, or Bristol, while it would be patriotism run mad to assert that any one of these last-named cities is fit to be mentioned in the same day for beauty or interest with old Köln.

Eleven years before 1849, on August 11, 1838, Victor Hugo reached Cologne. The sun had set, but the impatient romancist, having—for he was a careful soul, even when on pleasure bent—left his bag with a commissionaire in a blue uniform with an orange collar, representing the King of Prussia, and authorized on his behalf to rob the wayfarer on the terms of dividing the spoil, set out to discover for himself the famous cathedral of Cologne. The same thing happened to Hugo that has often happened to me on arriving in the dusk at some old town containing a famous church. Afar off you could see the ancient tower or spire, but as you approach the precincts you lose your way in a maze of narrow streets and light-obstructing buildings, and it seems as if you never were to see the shrine you are in search of. This happened to Hugo; but some sudden turn showed him what he wanted. "J'ai débouché tout à coup sur une assez grande place parfaitement obscure et déserte. Là, j'ai eu un magnifique spectacle. Devant moi, sous la lueur fantasmagorique d'un ciel crépusculaire, s'élevait et s'élargissait, au milieu d'une foule de maisons basses à pignons capricieux, une énorme masse noire, chargée

d'aiguilles et de clochetons; un peu plus loin, à une portée d'arbalète, se dressait isolée une autre masse noire, moins large et plus haute, une espèce de grosse forteresse carrée, flanquée à ses quatre angles de quatre longues tours engagées, au sommet de laquelle se profilait je ne sais quelle charpente étrangement inclinée qui avait la figure d'une plume gigantesque posée comme sur une casque au front du vieux donjon. Cette croupe, c'était une abside; ce donjon, c'était un commencement de clocher; cette abside et ce commencement de clocher, c'était la cathédrale de Cologne. . . . L'église était fermée."

The cathedral, thank Heaven! still remains, and, indeed, in far better plight than it was in 1838; but it would now be hardly possible, even in the gloaming, to lose your way to the Dom. Many clearances have been made, and the cathedral stands alone, high above the Rhine, in a square, finished at last, after centuries of toil, one of the great buildings of the world. It was begun on August 14, 1248, the choir was completed in 1322, the nave was fitted for service in 1388, the bells were first set a-chiming in 1447. Then, somehow, as things will happen in this shabby world, a cold fit succeeded a hot one. Nothing was done but to rig up a temporary roof, and Cologne cathedral remained for centuries an unfinished and neglected,

though still a glorious, church. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries some altars in the strange style of the period were erected; but when the French came in 1794 they were allowed by the inhabitants of Cologne to turn the cathedral into a barn for their hay and to strip the roof of its lead for their bullets. St. Peter's became a desecrated church, a dirty ruin, and so remained till 1823, when those restorations were begun which were not finished till October, 1880. Then was there a great gathering of the German clans, and a service conducted, in the presence of the emperor and many another prince both of the Reformed and the unreformed faiths, to celebrate so great an event. And yet one would have preferred that the people of Cologne themselves should have shown more regard and filial affection for their mother church than they have ever exhibited toward her. But it was a great service, attended, as I have already said, by Protestant and Catholic alike. Church architecture, though the creature of ritual and the symbol of dogma, does not excite in these times the fury of the sects. One cannot fancy Lord Portsmouth and Lady Wimborne, aided and abetted by Mr. Samuel Smith, pulling down altars and knocking saints out of their niches. I have frequently met eminent Protestant divines pacing the aisles of famous churches in foreign lands with an expression



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE RHINE AT ROTTERDAM.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE RHINE IN HOLLAND

upon their faces that forced me to the conclusion that if their congregations would or could build them preaching-places of equal splendor they would not refuse to officiate in them. We all love magnificence. Amiens, Chartres, Beauvais, Strasburg, Cologne—who can forget them?

The first thing that strikes you about Cologne cathedral is its glorious profusion, its boundless wealth. There is so much of everything. Bricks and mortar were never so multiplied, magnified, and glorified. I should like to see the original specifications. It is more than a building; it is a city by itself. The materials that go to compose the flying buttresses alone would build cottages for ten thousand men. The grinning gargoyles, the enchanting turrets, the forests of stone foliage, the poetry of water-spouts, the quaint humors of the wood-carving, the depth of the cornices, the twists and turns of the roofing, the great population of statues, the rich mosaics—who can pretend to charge his memory with more than a miserable fraction of all this detail, or to say he knows Cologne cathedral? A man who is bored with Cologne cathedral had better at once betake himself to another world: this one can provide him with nothing more interesting.

The west front of a cathedral is always a severe test, for in itself it is nothing but a bare wall blocking up the end of the nave and aisles. To make it significant and interesting it must have a great hole made in it as entrance or chief door. The doors of a church are all of importance, but the chief door is vital. Next to the door and over it comes the great window necessary to light

the nave and also to be, as it were, the eye of the church. This, too, must be large and beautiful both in shape and tracery. Despite the fact that the west front is the most secular part of a church, being farthest away from the high altar, it is almost impossible for the church to be mightily impressive and dominating unless the face it shows to the outside world, to whom its mystery is addressed, is impressive and dominating also.

The west front of Cologne cathedral is satisfactory. The great door is ninety-three feet high and thirty-one feet wide. These figures are comforting and inviting. The window is forty-eight feet high and twenty feet wide. The side entrances are generously planned, and the actual doors are bronze. Architects are apt to be timid when they should be bold, and bold only on the occasions when modesty would be charming.

When you have passed through the western doors into the nave, you can scarcely restrain your cheers. No miserable partition, no ill-placed organ, mars your view of the splendid proportions of the edifice you have just entered. Your eye runs with joy up the avenue of pillars, past the shadows of the transepts, enters the choir, and reverently beholds the steps of the altar, and is rewarded by the rich hues of the eastern window, and all in a moment of time!

In how many of our English cathedrals is the eye robbed of this rich harvest! Too often one enters with a groan instead of with a shout of praise. An open screen of iron-work twelve feet from the ground is all that is required to divide the choir from the body

of the church. It should be made a *præmunire* without benefit of clergy to allow any other partition to remain in any cathedral for more than three months after the publication of this number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The choir has seven chapels, which contain tombs and relics of great interest. The view-hunter will, I know, not be satisfied till he has clambered up one of the towers, whence he may see his old friends the Seven Mountains.

To build this glorious place took time; to restore it from desecration and long neglect has taken time. Long centuries and vast sums of money have spent themselves and been spent upon it. Could all the workmen who have had a hand in its construction since August 14, 1248, come to life and march through the streets of Cologne, what a picturesque procession they would make! Their great achievement can hardly be called a deeply religious building, though many a pious soul has been fortified in the faith within its walls; but it is a glorious achievement of the minds and hands of men, a delightful haunt, a happy memory.

Next in fame to the cathedral of Cologne comes the water, the world-famed eau de Cologne, undoubtedly the least disagreeable of all artificial perfumes. To write the history of the Farinas would be out of place. Enough to say that no visitor to Cologne will experience any difficulty in purchasing as many bottles of the genuine eau de Cologne as he may be minded.

There are a great many things in Cologne which you may see or not as you like. Victor Hugo, to quote his "Le Rhin" for the last time, says: "Cher ami, je suis indigné contre moi-même. J'ai traversé Cologne comme un barbare. . . . J'ai laissé la ville d'Agrippa derrière moi, et je n'ai vu ni les vieux tableaux de Sainte-Marie-au-Capitole; ni la crypte pavée de mosaïques de saint-Gérôme; ni la Crucifixion de saint Pierre, peinte par Rubens pour la vieille église demoraine de Saint-Pierre où il fut baptisé; ni les ossements des onze mille vierges dans le cloître des ursulines; ni le cadavre impu-tréfié du martyr Albinus; ni le sarcophage d'argent de saint Cunibert; ni le tombeau de Duns Scotus dans l'église des minorites; ni le sépulchre de l'impératrice Théophanie, femme d'Othon II, dans l'église de Saint-Pantaléon; ni les Maternus-Gruft dans l'église de Lisolphe; ni les deux chambres d'or du couvent de Sainte-Ursule et du dôme; ni la salle des diètes de l'empire, aujourd'hui

entrepôt de commerce; ni le vieux arsenal, aujourd'hui magasin de blé. Je n'ai rien vu de tout cela. C'est absurde, mais c'est ainsi."

Whoever likes to repair these oversights on the part of Hugo can do so with the aid of the excellent Baedeker. I cannot spare time to stop at Cologne any longer.

After Cologne has been reached and passed on your way down-stream, the romance of the Rhine is over, and the lover of the picturesque may do openly what I dare say at times (could a lover of the picturesque ever be forced to tell the truth) he has before reaching Cologne wished he had done, namely, desert the river for the rail.

There is nothing of interest between Cologne and Düsseldorf, a distance of about twenty-five miles.

Düsseldorf is another huge place, of very ancient history, but now an industrial and manufacturing center of trade and industry, with a population of two hundred thousand people. It is difficult for a stray visitor to penetrate the secrets of men's lives or to compare the lot of one set of working-men with another. But certainly Düsseldorf seems in all its surroundings and equipments to be a humaner, more genial and agreeable place to live in than any manufacturing town of its own size in Great Britain. Steamers on the Rhine, electric trams, excellent swimming-baths, good music everywhere, pleasant cafés, technical education, a cheap but good theater, lively music-halls, shady walks—all appeared to make Düsseldorf at once rational and happy, and by the side of it the melancholy streets and dull, ugly suburbs of too many of our towns, with amusements seeming to alternate between Sunday-schools and public houses, made a pitiful contrast. But the heart knoweth its own bitterness; perhaps the Düsseldorfians are as miserable as may be. It is certainly easier for an Englishman to spend a happy day in Düsseldorf than in any British town of the same kind and population.

That incarnation of the modern spirit, Heine, was born in Düsseldorf in 1797. He died, in circumstances known to all, in Paris in 1856. Carlyle called him a blackguard, and perhaps he was one; it all depends on what you mean: but for the purposes of giving pleasure, for laughter and for tears, Heine has few rivals, and the small house in the Bolker Strasse where he was born has hundreds of visitors, and will continue to have them for many a long day to come.

Germany is still a little shy of Heine, and we cannot wonder. It is not yet orthodox

to rank him high. Statues are not for the likes of him. Cornelius the painter, who was born in Düsseldorf fourteen years before Heine, has a bronze statue, and W. Schadow has a colossal bust, but no Heinrich Heine. And yet in how many homes in Düsseldorf must there be copies of the "Reisebilder" and the "Buch der Lieder"!

Needless to say that Düsseldorf has its statues of the Emperor William and of Bismarck, the former accompanied by the genii of Peace and War, and the latter between figures of Strength and Industry. I wonder which side Heine would have taken in the late war. Perhaps this doubt justifies the Düsseldorfians' refusing their most famous son a statue of his own. He left off being a Jew and never became a Christian; he had a German heart but a French tongue. It is happiest to share the delusions of your countrymen.

Only fourteen miles below Düsseldorf is Duisburg, another town as old as the hills and now humming with men and trade. It has seventy thousand inhabitants, and deals in coal. In the principal square is a monument to a man whose name, *quâ* name, is more widely known even than Heine's—Mercator, the geographer and map-maker. How early in our childhood do we encounter this mysterious name! I confess I used to rank it on an equality with the Creator's. It was somewhat of a shock to find out that Mercator's Christian name was Gerhard, and that he was alive so recently as 1594.

Another great commercial city is close at hand, though not actually on the Rhine—Crefeld, with one hundred and eight thousand inhabitants, many of whom are in the silk and velvet industry. The annual value of these fabrics is stated by Baedeker to be about four million pounds sterling. In Crefeld one observes with pleasure a statue to Moltke. Bismarck is not forgotten, however.

But if our thoughts are to be thus turned into the direction of trade, we must visit Essen and devote a day to Krupp's steel-works, one of the wonders of the modern world, employing twenty-four thousand workmen. Carlyle is the only man I can think of in our time who could have done justice to Essen and to Krupp. It is a stupendous place, symptomatic, emblematic, suggestive of much. I did not enjoy my visit to Essen, and was glad to get away from it. But the Spirit of the Age is there—a strong spirit, too.

Ruhrort is another place close by the Rhine, near Oberhausen, which fills one with

a great sense of the trade and industry of the new Germany. Here are iron-works and ship-builders' yards, all busy, puddling and hammering.

But all this seems alien to the Seven Mountains, the Lorelei, and the Mouse Tower. None the less we must keep our eyes open to what is happening to-day. Great are events, as our Jew prime minister loved to say, and in our own time we have seen great things happen in Germany whence great results have already sprung. The Rhine flows on as before, but through a different country—different not only by reason of chimneys and factories and a population multiplied tenfold, but because of the change of mind and thought in the Rhinelanders themselves. They will build no more Cologne cathedrals, but many things they are doing and will continue to do.

Let us take the train to Utrecht. But, gentle reader, if you do this, you will do what I have never done. I have never been to Utrecht. It is not a pleasant place for an Englishman to go to, for it was at Utrecht our Tories negotiated the most shameful peace and the most outrageous treaty ever signed and sealed by plenipotentiaries. Nothing in the whole inglorious history of our party system is more infamous than the treaty of Utrecht.

At Utrecht it is that the Rhine, the single, undivided Rhine, comes to a miserable ending. It here divides into two ignoble streams, one called the old Rhine, wending a melancholy way to the German Ocean, the other the Vecht, proceeding slowly to the Zuyder Zee.

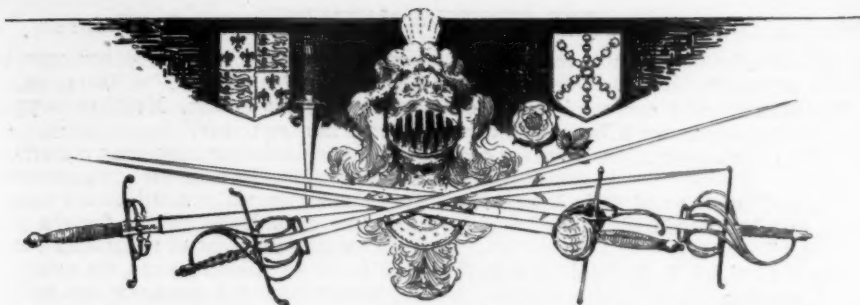
Those who like to believe that Rotterdam is on the Rhine are at liberty to proceed there and pay their respects to Erasmus, whose statue bears inscriptions in both Dutch and Latin. Dr. Johnson's well-known saying about the just indignation any scholar would feel who, going to Rotterdam, found a Dutch inscription on a statue of Erasmus is called to mind by seeing the two languages in such close proximity. Certainly Erasmus and Dutch seem far apart. Nor should Thomas Hood be forgotten in Rotterdam. His cheerful lines are much to my mind.

But Rotterdam is *not* upon the Rhine, so here I must bid that ancient stream good-by, and hurry back to my native Thames. The Romans, who knew both streams, preferred, I can hardly doubt it, the Rhine to the Thames: but I am no Roman; and much as I love the Rhine, particularly at Bacharach, I would die by the Thames at Sonning or Mapledurham.



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

ON THE WAY TO ST. DENIS.



THE HELMET OF NAVARRE.

By Bertha Runkle.

XXVIII. ST. DENIS—AND NAVARRE!

AS the gates clanged into place behind us, Gilles stopped short in his tracks to say, as if addressing the darkness before him:

"Am I, Gilles, awake or asleep? Are we in Paris, or are we on the St. Denis road?"

"Oh, come, come!" Mademoiselle hastened us on, murmuring half to herself as we went: "O you kind saints! I saw he could not make us out for friends or foes; I thought my name might turn the scale. Mayenne always gives a name for a countersign; to-night, by a marvel, it was mine!"

I like not to think often of that five-mile tramp to St. Denis. The road was dark, rutty, and in places still miry from Monday night's rain. Strange shadows dogged us all the way. Sometimes they were only bushes or wayside shrines, but sometimes they moved. This was not now a wolf country, but two-footed wolves were plenty, and as dangerous. The hangers-on of the army—beggars, feaguers, and footpads—hovered, like the cowardly beasts of prey they were, about the outskirts of the city. Did a leaf rustle, we started; did a shambling shape in the gloom whine for alms, we made ready for onset. Gilles produced from some place of concealment—his jerkin, or his leggings, or somewhere—a brace of pistols, and we walked with finger on trigger, taking care, whenever a rustle in the grass, a shadow in the bushes, seemed to follow us, to talk loud and cheerfully of common things, the little interests of a humble station. Thanks to this diplomacy, or the pistol-barrels shining in the faint starlight, none molested us, though we encountered more than one mysterious company. We never passed into the gloom under an arch of trees without the

resolution to fight for our lives. We never came out again into the faint light of the open road without wondering thanks to the saints—silent thanks, for we never spoke a word of any fear, Gilles and I. I trow mademoiselle knew well enough, but she spoke no word either. She never faltered, never showed by so much as the turn of her head that she suspected any danger, but, eyes on the distant lights of St. Denis, walked straight along, half a step ahead of us all the way. Stride as we might, we two strong fellows could never quite keep up with her.

The journey could not at such pace stretch out forever. Presently the distant lights were no longer distant, but near, nearer, close at hand—the lights of the outposts of the camp. A sentinel started out from the quoin of a wall to stop us, but when we had told our errand he became as friendly as a brother. He went across the road into a neighbouring tournebride to report to the officer of the guard, and came back presently with a torch and the order to take us to the Duke of St. Quentin's lodging.

It was near an hour after midnight, and St. Denis was in bed. Save for a drowsy patrol here and there, we met no one. Fewer than the patrols were the lanterns hung on ropes across the streets; these were the only lights, for the houses were one and all as dark as tombs. Not till we had reached the middle of the town did we see, in the second story of a house in the square, a beam of light shining through the shutter-chink.

"Some one in mischief," Gilles pointed.

"Aye," laughed the sentry, "your duke. This is where he lodges, over the saddler's."

He knocked with the butt of his musket on the door. The shutter above creaked

open, and a voice—Monsieur's voice—asked, "Who 's there?"

Mademoiselle was concealed in the embrasure of the doorway; Gilles and I stepped back into the street where Monsieur could see us.

"Gilles Forestier and Félix Broux, Monsieur, just from Paris, with news."

"Wait."

"Is it all right, M. le Duc?" the sentry asked, saluting.

"Yes," Monsieur answered, closing the shutter.

The soldier, with another salute to the blank window, and a nod of "Good-by, then," to us, went back to his post. Left in darkness, we presently heard Monsieur's quick step on the flags of the hall, and the clatter of the bolts. He opened to us, standing there fully dressed, with a guttering candle.

"My son?" he said instantly.

Mademoiselle, crouching in the shadow of the door-post, pushed me forward. I saw I was to tell him.

"Monsieur, he was arrested and driven to the Bastille to-night between seven and eight. Lucas—Paul de Lorraine—went to the governor and swore that M. Étienne killed the lackey Pontou in the house in the Rue Coupejarrets. It was Lucas killed him—Lucas told Mayenne so. Mlle. de Montluc heard him, too. And here is mademoiselle."

At the word she came out of the shadow and slowly over the threshold.

Her alarm and passion had swept her to the door of the Hôtel St. Quentin as a whirlwind sweeps a leaf. She had come without thought of herself, without pause, without fear. But now the first heat of her impulse was gone. Her long tramp had left her faint and weary, and here she had to face, not an equerry and a page, hers to command, but a great duke, the enemy of her house. She came blushfully in her peasant dress, shoes dirty from the common road, hair ruffled by the night winds, to show herself for the first time to her lover's father, opposer of her hopes, thwarter of her marriage. Proud and shy, she drifted over the door-sill and stood a moment, neither lifting her eyes nor speaking, like a bird whom the least movement would startle into flight.

But Monsieur made none. He kept as still, as tongue-tied, as she, looking at her as if he could hardly believe her presence real. Then as the silence prolonged itself, it seemed to frighten her more than the harsh speech she may have feared; with a

desperate courage she raised her eyes to his face.

The spell was broken. Monsieur stepped forward at once to her.

"Mademoiselle, you have come a journey. You are tired. Let me give you some refreshment; then will you tell me the story."

It was an unlucky speech, for she had been on the very point of unburdening herself; but now, without a word, she accepted his escort down the passage. But as she went, she flung me an imploring glance; I was to come too. Gilles bolted the door again, and sat down to wait on the staircase; but I, though my lord had not bidden me, followed him and mademoiselle. It troubled me that she should so dread him—him, the warmest-hearted of all men. But if she needed me to give her confidence, here I was.

Monsieur led her into a little square parlour at the end of the passage. It was just behind the shop, I knew, it smelt so of leather. It was doubtless the sitting- and eating-room of the saddler's family. Monsieur set his candle down on the big table in the middle; then, on second thought, took it up again and lighted two iron sconces on the wall.

"Pray sit, mademoiselle, and rest," he bade, for she was starting up in nervousness from the chair where he had put her. "I will return in a moment."

When he had gone from the room, I said to her, half hesitating, yet eagerly:

"Mademoiselle, you were never afraid on the way, where there was good cause for fear. But now there is nothing to dread."

She rose and fluttered round the walls of the room, looking for something. I thought it was for a way of escape, but it was not, for she passed the three doors and came back to her place with an air of disappointment, smoothing the loose strands of her hair.

"I never before went anywhere unmasked," she murmured.

Monsieur entered with a salver containing a silver cup of wine and some Rheims biscuit. He offered it to her formally; she accepted with scarcely audible thanks, and sat barely touching the wine to her lips, crumbling the biscuit into bits with restless fingers, making the pretence of a meal serve as excuse for her silence. Monsieur glanced at her, puzzled-wise, waiting for her to speak. Had the Infanta Isabella come to visit him, he could not have been more surprised. It seemed to him discourteous to press her; he waited for her to explain her presence.

I wanted to shake mademoiselle. With a dozen swift words, with a glance of her blue eyes, she could sweep Monsieur off his feet as she had swept Vigo. And instead, she sat there, not daring to look at him, like a child caught stealing sweets. She had found words to defend herself from the teasing tongues at the Hôtel de Lorraine, to plead for me, to lash Lucas, to move Mayenne himself; but she could not find one syllable for the Duke of St. Quentin. She had been to admiration the laughing coquette, the stout champion, the haughty great lady, the frank lover; but now she was the shy child, blushing, stammering, constrained.

Had Monsieur attacked her with blunt questions, had he demanded of her up and down what had brought her this strange road at such amazing hour and in such unfitting company, she must needs have answered, and, once started, she would quickly have kindled her fire again. Had he, on other part, with a smile, an encouraging word, given her ever so little a push, she had gone on easily enough. But he did neither. He was courteous and cold. Partly was his coldness real; he could not look on her as other than the daughter of his enemy's house, ward of the man who had schemed to kill him, will-o'-the-wisp who had lured his son to disaster. Partly was it mere absence, M. Étienne's plight was more to him than mademoiselle's. When she spoke not, he turned impatiently to me.

"Tell me, Félix, all about it."

Before I could answer him the door behind us opened to admit two gentlemen, shoulder to shoulder. They were dressed much alike, plainly, in black. One was about thirty years of age, tall, thin-faced, and dark, and of a gravity and dignity beyond his years. Living was serious business to him; his eyes were thoughtful, steady, and a little cold. His companion was some ten years older; his beard and curling hair, worn away from his forehead by the helmet's chafing, were already sprinkled with gray. He had a great beak of a nose and dark-gray eyes, as keen as a hawk's, and a look of amazing life and vim. The air about him seemed to tingle with it. We had all done something, we others; we were no shirks or sluggards: but the force in him put us out, penny candles before the sun. I deem not Jeanne the Maid did any marvel when she recognized King Charles at Chinon. Here was I, a common lout, never heard a heavenly voice in all my days, yet I knew in the flick of an eye that this was Henri Quatre.

I was hot and cold and trembling, my heart pounding till it was like to choke me. I had never dreamed of finding myself in the presence. I had never thought to face any man greater than my duke. For the moment I was utterly discomfited. Then I bethought me that not for God alone were knees given to man, and I slid down quietly to the floor, hoping I did right, but reflecting for my comfort that in any case I was too small to give great offence.

Mademoiselle started out of her chair and swept a curtsy almost to the ground, holding the lowly pose like a lady of marble. Only Monsieur remained as he was, as if a king was an every-day affair with him. I always thought Monsieur a great man, but now I knew it.

The king, leaving his companion to close the door, was across the room in three strides.

"I am come to look after you, St. Quentin," he cried, laughing. "I cannot have my council broken up by pretty grisettes. The precedent is dangerous."

With the liveliest curiosity and amusement he surveyed the top of mademoiselle's bent head, and Monsieur's puzzled, troubled countenance.

"This is no grisette, Sire," Monsieur answered, "but a very high-born demoiselle indeed—cousin to my Lord Mayenne."

Astonishment flashed over the king's mobile face; his manner changed in an instant to one of utmost deference.

"Rise, mademoiselle," he begged, as if her appearance were the most natural and desirable thing in the world. "I could wish it were my good adversary Mayenne himself who was come to treat with us; but be assured his cousin shall lack no courtesy."

She swayed lightly to her feet, raising her face to the king's. Into his countenance, which mirrored his emotions like a glass, came a quick delight at the sight of her. The colour waxed and waned in her cheeks; her breath fluttered uncertainly; her eyes, anxious, eager, searched his face.

"I cry your Majesty's good pardon," she faltered. "I had urgent business with M. de St. Quentin—I did not guess he was with your Majesty—"

"The king's business is glad to step aside for yours, mademoiselle."

She curtsied, blushing, hiding her eyes under their sooty lashes; thinking as I did, I made no doubt, here was a king indeed. His Majesty went on:

"I can well believe, mademoiselle, 't is no

trifling matter brings you at midnight to our rough camp. We will not delay you further, but be at pains to remember that if in anything Henry of France can aid you he stands at your command."

He made her a noble bow and took her hand to kiss, when she, like a child that sees itself losing a protector, clutched his hand in her little trembling fingers, her wet eyes fixed imploringly on his face. He beamed upon her; he felt no desire whatever to be gone.

"Am I to stay?" he asked radiantly; then with grave gentleness he added: "Mademoiselle is in trouble. Will she bring her trouble to the king? That is what a king is for—to ease his subjects' burdens."

She could not speak; she made him her obeisance with a look out of the depths of her soul.

"Then are you my subject, mademoiselle?" he demanded slyly.

She shook the tears from her lashes, and found her voice and her smile to answer his:

"Sire, I was a true Ligueuse this morning. But I came here half Navarraise, and now I swear I am wholly one."

"Now, that is good hearing!" the king cried. "Such a recruit from Mayenne! Also is it heartening to discover that my conversion is not the only sudden one in the world. It has taken me five months to turn my coat, but here is mademoiselle turns hers in a day."

He had glanced over his shoulder to point this out to his gentleman, but now he faced about in time to catch his recruit looking triste again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you are beautiful, grave; but, as you had the graciousness to show me just now, still more beautiful, smiling. Now we are going to arrange matters so that you will smile always. Will you tell me what is the trouble, my child?"

"Gladly, Sire," she answered, and dropped down a moment on her knees before him, to kiss his hand.

I marvelled that Mayenne and all his armies had been able to keep this man off his throne and in his saddle four long years. It was plain why his power grew stronger every day, why every hour brought him new allies from the ranks of the League. You had only to see him to adore him. Once get him into Paris, the struggle would be over. They would put up with no other for king.

"Sire," mademoiselle said with hesitancy, "I shall tire you with my story."

"I am greatly in dread of it," the king answered, seating himself to listen. Then, to give her a moment, I think, to collect herself, he turned to his companion:

"Here, Rosny, if you ache to be grubbing over your papers, do not let us delay you."

"I am in no haste, Sire," his gentleman answered, unmoving.

"Which is to say, you dare not leave me alone," the king laughed out. "I tell you, St. Quentin, if I am not dragooned into a staid, discreet, steady-paced monarch, 't will be no lapse of Whip-King Rosny's. I am listening, mademoiselle."

She began at once, eager and unfaltering. All her confusion was gone. It had been well-nigh impossible to tell the story to M. de St. Quentin, impossible to tell it to this impassive M. de Rosny. But to the King of France and Navarre it was as easy to talk as to one's playfellow.

"Sire, I am Lorraine de Montluc. My grandfather was the Marshal Montluc."

"Were to-day next Monday, I could say, 'God rest his soul,'" the king rejoined. "But even a heretic may say that he was a gallant general, an honour to France. He married a sister of François le Balafre? And mademoiselle is orphaned now, and my friend Mayenne's ward?"

"Yes, Sire. I came here, Sire, to tell M. de St. Quentin concerning his son. And though I am talking of myself, it is all the same story. Three years ago, after the king died, M. de Mayenne was endeavouring with all his might to bring the Duke of St. Quentin into the League. He offered me to him for his son, M. de Mar."

"And yet you are still Mlle. de Montluc?" She turned to Monsieur with the prettiest smile in the world.

"M. de St. Quentin, though he has not fought for you, Sire, has ever been wholeheartedly loyal."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" the king exclaimed. "He is either an incredible loyalist or an incredible ass!"

Even the grave Rosny smiled, and the victim laughed as he defended himself.

"That my loyalty may be credible, Sire, I make haste to say that I had never seen mademoiselle till this hour."

"I know not whether to think better of you for that, or worse," the king retorted. "Had I been in your place, beshrew me but I should have seen her."

Monsieur smiled and was silent, with anxious eyes on mademoiselle.

"M. de St. Quentin withdrew to Picardie,

Sire, but M. de Mar stayed in Paris. And my cousin Mayenne never gave up entirely the notion of the marriage. He is very tenacious of his plans."

"Aye," said the king, with a grimace. "Well I know."

"He blew hot and cold with M. de Mar. He favoured the marriage on Sunday and scouted it on Wednesday and discussed it again on Friday."

"And what were M. de Mar's opinions?" She met his probing gaze blushing but candid.

"M. de Mar, Sire, favoured it every day in the week."

"I'll swear he did!" the king cried.

"When M. le Duc came back to Paris," mademoiselle went on, "and it was known he had espoused your cause, Sire, Mayenne was so loath to lose the whole house of St. Quentin to you that he offered to marry me out of hand to M. de Mar. And he refused."

"Ventre-saint-gris!" Henry cried. "We will marry you to a king's son. On my honour, mademoiselle—"

"Sire," she pleaded, "you promised to hear me."

"That I will, then. But I warn you I am out of patience with these St. Quentins."

"Then are you out of patience with devotion to your cause, Sire?"

"What! you speak for the recreants?"

"I assure you, Sire, you have no more loyal servant than M. de Mar."

"Strange I cannot recollect the face of my so loyal servant," the king said dryly.

But she, with a fine scorn of argument, made the audacious answer:

"When you see it, you will like it, Sire."

"Not half so well as I like yours, mademoiselle, I promise you! But he comes to me well commended, since you vouch for him. Or rather, he does not come. What is this ardent follower doing so long away from me? Where the devil does this eager partizan keep himself? St. Quentin, where is your son?"

"He had been with you long ago, Sire, but for the bright eyes of a lady of the League. And now she comes to tell me—my page tells me—he is in the Bastille."

"Ventre-saint-gris! And how has that calamity befallen?"

She hesitated a moment, embarrassed by her very wealth of matter, confused between her longing to set the whole case before the king, and her fear of wearying his patience. But his glance told her she need have no misgiving. Had she come to present him

Paris, he could not have been more interested.

In the little silence Monsieur found his moment and his words.

"Sire, may I interrupt mademoiselle? Last night, for the first time in a month, I saw my son. He was just returned from an adventure under her window. Mayenne's guard had set on him, and he was escaped by the skin of his teeth. He declared to me that never till he was slain should he cease endeavour to win Mlle. de Montluc. And I? Marry, I ate my words in humblest fashion. After three years I made my surrender. Since you are his one desire, mademoiselle, then are you my one desire. I bade him God-speed."

She gave her hand to Monsieur, sudden tears welling over her lashes.

"Monsieur, I thought to-night I had no friends. And I have so many!"

"Mademoiselle," the king cried in the same breath, "fear not. I will get you your lover if I sell France for him."

She shook the tears away and smiled on him.

"I have no fear, Sire. With you and M. de St. Quentin to save him, I can have no fear. But he is in desperate case. Has M. de St. Quentin told you of his secretary Lucas, my cousin Paul de Lorraine?"

"Aye," said the king, "it is a dolorous topic—very painful! Eh, Rosny?"

"I do not shrink from my pains, Sire," M. de Rosny answered quietly. "I hold myself much to blame in this matter. I thought I knew the Lucases root and branch—I did not discover that a daughter of the house had ever been a friend to Henri de Guise."

"And how should you discover it?" the king demanded. He had made the attack; now, since Rosny would not resent it, he rushed himself to the defence. "How were you to dream it? Henri de Guise's side was the last place to look for a girl of the Religion. But I forgive him. If he stole a Rochelaise, we have avenged it deep: we have stolen the flower of Lorraine."

"Paul Lucas—Paul de Lorraine," she went on eagerly, "was put into M. le Duc's house to kill him. He went all the more willingly that he believed M. de Mar to be my favoured suitor. He tried to draw M. de Mar into the scheme, to ruin him. He failed. And the whole plot came to naught."

"I have learned that," the king said. "I have been told how a country boy stripped his mask off."

He glanced around suddenly at me where

I stood red and abashed. He was so quick that he grasped everything at half a word. Instantly he had turned to the lady again. "Pray continue, dear mademoiselle."

"Afterward—that is, yesterday—Paul went to M. de Belin and swore against M. de Mar that he had murdered a lackey in his house in the Rue Coupejarrets. The lackey was murdered there, but Paul de Lorraine did it. The man knew the plot; Paul killed him to stop his tongue. I heard him confess it to M. de Mayenne. I and this Félix Broux were in the oratory and heard it."

"Then M. de Mar was arrested?"

"Not then. The officers missed him. To-day he came to our house, dressed as an Italian jeweller, with a case of trinkets to sell. Madame admitted him; no one knew him but me and my chamber-mate. On the way out, Mayenne met him and kept him while he chose a jewel. Paul de Lorraine was there too. I was like to die of fear. I went in to M. de Mayenne; I begged him to come out with me to supper, to dismiss the tradespeople that I might talk with him there—anything. But it availed not. M. de Mayenne spoke freely before them, as one does before common folk. Presently he led me to supper. Paul was left alone with M. de Mar and the boy. He recognized them. He was armed, and they were not, but they overbore him and locked him up in the closet."

"Mordieu, mademoiselle! I was to rescue M. de Mar for your sake, but now I will do it for his own. I find him much to my liking. He came away clear, mademoiselle?"

"Aye, to be seized in the street by the governor's men. When M. de Mayenne found how he had been tricked, Sire, he blazed with rage."

"I'll warrant he did!" the king answered, suppressing, however, in deference to her distress, his desire to laugh. "Ventre-saint-gris, mademoiselle! forgive me if this amuses me here at St. Denis. I trow it was not amusing in the Hôtel de Lorraine."

"He sent for me, Sire," she went on, blanching at the memory; "he accused me of shielding M. de Mar. It was true. He called me liar, traitor, wanton. He said I was false to my house, to my bread, to my honour. He said I had smiling lips and a Judas-heart—that I had kissed him and betrayed him. I had given him my promise never to hold intercourse with M. de Mar again, I had given my word to be true to my house. M. de Mar came by no will of mine. I had no inkling of such purpose till

I beheld him before madame and her ladies. He came to entreat me to fly—to wed him. I denied him, Sire. I sent him away. But was I to say to the guard, 'This way, gentlemen. This is my lover'?"

"Mademoiselle," the king exclaimed, "good hap that you have turned your back on the house of Lorraine. Here, if we are but rough soldiers, we know how to tender you."

"It was not for myself I came," she said more quietly. "My lord had the right to chasten me. I am his ward, and I did deceive him. But while he foamed at me came word of M. de Mar's capture. Then Mayenne swore he should pay for this dear. He said he should be found guilty of the murder. He said plenty of witnesses would swear to it. He said M. de Mar should be tortured to make him confess."

With an oath Monsieur sprang forward.

"Aye," she cried, "he swore M. de Mar should suffer the preparatory and the previous, the estrapade and the brodekins!"

"He dare not," the king shouted. "Mordieu, he dare not!"

"Sire," she cried, "you can promise him that for every blow he strikes Étienne de Mar you will strike me two. Mar is in his hands, but I am in yours. For M. de Mar, unhurt, you will deliver him me, unhurt. If he torture Mar, you will torture me."

"Mademoiselle," the king cried, "rather shall he torture every chevalier in France than I touch a hair of your head!"

"Sire—" The word died away in a sigh; like a snap rose she fell at his feet.

The king was quick, but Monsieur quicker. On his knees beside her, raising her head on his arm, he commanded me:

"Up-stairs, Félix! The door at the back—bid Dame Verney come instantly."

I flew, and was back to find him risen, holding mademoiselle in his arms. Her hair lay loose over his shoulder like a rippling flag; her lashes clung to her cheeks as they would never lift more.

"St. Quentin," his Majesty was saying, "I would have married her to a prince. But since she wants your son, she shall have him, ventre-saint-gris, if I storm Paris to-morrow!" And as Monsieur was carrying her from the room, the king bent over and kissed her.

"Mademoiselle has dropped a packet from her dress," M. de Rosny said. "Will you take it, St. Quentin?"

The king, who was nearest, turned to pass it to him; at the sight of it he uttered

his dear "ventre-saint-gris!" It was a flat, oblong packet, tied about with common twine, the seal cut out. The king twitched the string off, and with one rapid glance at the papers put them into Monsieur's hand.

"Take them, St. Quentin; they are yours."

XXIX. THE TWO DUKES.

MADemoiselle being given into Dame Verney's motherly hands, Gilles and I were ordered to repose ourselves on the skins in the saddler's shop. Lying there in the malodorous gloom, I could see the crack of light under the door at the back and hear, between Gilles's snores, the murmur of voices. The king and his gentlemen were planning to save my master; I went to sleep in perfect peace.

At daybreak, even before the saddler opened the shop, Monsieur routed us out.

"I'm off for Paris, lads. Félix comes with me. Gilles stays to guard mademoiselle."

I felt not a little injured, deeming that I, whom mademoiselle knew best, should be the one chosen to stay by her. But the sting passed quickly. After all, Paris was likely to be more exciting than St. Denis.

The day being Friday, we delayed not to eat, but straightway mounted the two nags that a sunburnt Béarn pikeman had brought to the door. As we walked them gently across the square, which at this rath hour we alone shared with the twittering birds, we saw coming down one of the empty streets the hurrying figure of M. de Rosny. My lord drew rein at once.

"You are no slugabed, St. Quentin," the young councillor called. "I deserved to miss you. Fear not! I come not to hinder you, but to wish you God-speed."

"Now, this is kind, Rosny," Monsieur answered, grasping his hand. "The more that you don't approve me."

Rosny smiled, like a sudden burst of sunshine in a December day. Another man's embrace would have meant less.

"I approve you so much, St. Quentin, that I cannot composedly see you putting your head into the lion's jaws."

"My head is used to the pillow. Do the teeth close, I am no worse off than my son."

"Your death makes your son's no easier."

"Why, what else to do, Rosny?" Monsieur exclaimed. "Mishandle the lady? Storm Paris? Sell the Cause?"

"I would we could storm Paris," Rosny sighed. "It would suit me better to seize the prisoner than to sue for him. But Paris

is not ripe for us yet. You know my plan—to send to Villeroi. I believe he could manage this thing."

"I am second to none," Monsieur said politely, "in my admiration of M. de Villeroi's abilities. But to reach him is uncertain; what he can or will do, uncertain. Étienne de Mar is not Villeroi's son; he is mine."

"Aye, it is your business," Rosny assented. "It is yours to take your way."

"A mad way, but mine. But come, now, Rosny, you must admit that once or twice, when all your wisecracks were deadlocked, my madness has served."

Rosny took Monsieur's hand in a silent grip.

"Maximilian," the duke said, smiling down on him, "what a pity you are a scamp of a heretic!"

"Henri," Rosny returned gravely, "I would you had had the good fortune to be born in the Religion."

Again he wished us God-speed, and we gathered up our reins. As we turned the corner I glanced back to find him still standing as we had left him, gazing soberly after us.

The man who was going into the lion's den was far less solemn over it. By fits and starts, as he thought on his son's great danger, he contrived a gloomy countenance: but Monsieur had ridden all his life with Hope on the pillion; she did not desert him now. As we cantered steadily along in the fresh, cool morning, he already pictured M. Étienne released. However mad he acknowledged his errand to be, I think he was scarce visited by a doubt of its success. It was impossible to him that his son should not be saved.

We entered with perfect ease the gate of Paris, and took our way without hesitancy through the busiest streets. Nowhere did the guard spring on us, but, instead, more than once, the passers-by gathered in knots, the tradesmen and artisans ran out of their shops to cheer St. Quentin, to cheer France, to cheer peace, to cheer to the echo the Catholic king.

"I hope Mayenne hears them," Monsieur said to me, doffing his hat to a big farrier who had come out of his smithy waving impudently in the eye of all the world the white flag of the king.

We kept a brisk pace alike where they cheered us and where, in other streets, they scowled and hooted at us, so that I looked out for men with pistols in second-story windows. But, friend or foe, none stopped

us till at length we drew rein before the grilles of the Hôtel de Lorraine.

They made no demur at admitting us. Monsieur went into the house while I led the horses to the stables, where three or four grooms at once volunteered to rub them down, in eagerness to pump their guardian. But before the fellows had had time to get much out of me came Jean Marchand, all unrecognizing, to summon me indoors. I followed him in delight, partly for curiosity, partly because it had seemed to me when the doorway swallowed Monsieur that I might never see him more. Jean ushered me into the well-remembered council-room, where Monsieur stood alone, surprised at the sight of me.

"A lackey came for me," I said. "Look, Monsieur, that's where we shut up Lucas."

I ceased hastily, for I knew the step in the corridor.

It was difficult to credit mademoiselle's tale, to believe that Mayenne could ever be in a rage. In he came, big and calm and smiling, whatever emotion he may have felt at Monsieur's arrival not only buried, but with a flower-bed blooming over it. He greeted his guest with all the courteous ease of an unruffled conscience and a kindly heart. Not till his glance fell on me did he show any sign of discomposure.

"What, you!" he exclaimed brusquely.

"Your servant brought him hither," Monsieur said for me.

"I understood that one of your gentlemen had come with you. I sent for him, deeming his presence might conduce to your ease, M. de St. Quentin."

"I am at my ease, M. de Mayenne," my lord answered, with every appearance of truth. "You may go, Félix."

"No," said Mayenne. "Since he is here, he may stay. He serves the purpose as well as another."

He did not say what the purpose was, nor could I see for what he had kept me, unless as a sign to Monsieur that he meant to play fair. I began to feel somewhat heartened.

"You have guessed, M. de Mayenne, my errand?"

"Certainly. You have come to join the League."

Monsieur laughed out.

"On the contrary, M. de Mayenne, I have come to persuade you to join the king."

"That was a waste of horse-flesh."

"My friend, you know as well as we do that before long you will come over."

"I am not there yet, nor are my enemies scattered, nor is the League dead."

"Dying, my lord. It will get its coup de grâce o' Sunday, when the king goes to mass."

"St. Quentin," Mayenne made quiet answer, "when I am in such case that nothing remains to me but to fall on my sword or to kneel to Henry, be assured I shall kneel to Henry. Till then I play my game."

"Play it, then. We have the patience to wait for you, monsieur. Be assured, in your turn, that when you do come on your knees to his Majesty you will do well to have a friend or two at court."

"Morbieu," Mayenne cried, suddenly showing his teeth, "you will never go back to him if I choose to stop you!"

Monsieur raised his eyebrows at him, pained by the unsuavity.

"Of course not, monsieur. I quite understood that when I entered the gate. I shall never leave this house if you will otherwise."

"You will leave the house unharmed," Mayenne said curtly. "I shall not treat you as your late master treated my brother."

"I thank your generosity, monsieur, and commend your good sense."

Mayenne looked for a moment as if he repented of both. Then he broke into a laugh.

"One permits the insolences of the court jester."

Monsieur sprang up, his hand on his sword. But at once the quick flush passed from his face, and he, too, laughed.

Mayenne sat as he was, in somewhat lowering silence. My duke made a step nearer him, and spoke for the first time with perfect seriousness.

"My Lord Mayenne, it was no outre-cuidance brought me here this morning. There is the Bastille. There is the axe. I know that my course has been offensive to you—your nephew proved me that. I know also that you do not care to meddle with me openly. At least, you have not meddled. Whether you will change your method—but I venture to believe not. I am popular just now in Paris. I had more cheers as I came in this morning than have met your ears for many a month. You have a great name for prudence, M. de Mayenne; I believe you will not molest me."

I hardly thought my duke was making a great name for prudence. But then, as he said, he had to work in his own way. Mayenne returned, with chilling calm:

"You may find me, St. Quentin, less timid than you suppose."

"Impossible. Mayenne's courage is unquestioned. I rely not on his timidity, but on his judgment."

"You take a great deal upon yourself in supposing that I wanted your death on Tuesday and do not want it on Friday."

"The king is three days nearer the true faith than on Tuesday. His party is three days stronger. On Tuesday it would have been a blunder to kill me; on Friday it is three days worse a blunder."

"But not less a pleasure. I have had something of the kind in mind ever since your master killed my brother."

"You should profit by that murderer's experience before you take a leaf from his books, M. de Mayenne. Henry of Valois gained singularly little when he slew Guise to make you head of the League."

Mayenne started, and then laughed to show his scorn of the flattery. But I think he was, all the same, half pleased, none the less because he knew it to be flattery. He said unexpectedly:

"Your son comes honestly by his unbound tongue."

"Ah, my son! Now that you mention him, we shall discuss him a little. You have put my son, monsieur, in the Bastille."

"No; Belin and my nephew Paul, whom you know, have put him there."

"But M. de Mayenne can get him out if he choose."

"If he choose."

Monsieur sat down again, with the air of one preparing for an amiable discussion.

"He is charged with the murder of one Pontou, a lackey. Of course he did not commit it, nor would you care if he had. His real offence is making love to your ward."

"Well, do you deny it?"

"Not the love, but the offence of it. Palpably you might do much worse than dispose of the lady to my heir."

"I might do much better than bestow my time on you if that is all you have to say."

"We have hardly opened the subject, M. de Mayenne—"

"I have no wish to carry it further."

"Monsieur, the king's ranks afford no better match than my heir."

"No maid of mine shall ever marry a Royalist."

"I swore no son of mine should ever marry a Leaguer, but I have come to see the error of my ways, as you will see yours, Mayenne."

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It is for you to choose where among the king's forces you will marry mademoiselle."

A vague uneasiness, a fear which he would not own a fear, crept into Mayenne's eyes. He studied the face before him, a face of gay challenge, and said, at length, not quite confidently himself:

"You speak with a confidence, St. Quentin."

"Why, to be sure."

Mayenne jumped heavily to his feet.

"What mean you?"

"I mean that mademoiselle's marrying is in my hands. Where is your ward, M. de Mayenne?"

"Mordieu! Have you found her?"

"You speak sooth."

"In your hôtel—"

"No, eager kinsman. In a place whither you cannot follow her."

Mayenne looked about, as if with some instinctive idea of seeking a weapon, of summoning his soldiers.

"By God's throne, you shall tell me where!"

"With pleasure. She is at St. Denis."

Mayenne cried helplessly, as numbed under a blow:

"St. Denis! But how—"

"How came she there? On foot, every step. I suppose she never walked two streets in her life before, has she, M. de Mayenne? But she tramped to St. Denis through the dark, to knock at my door at one in the morning."

Mayenne seized Monsieur's wrist.

"She is safe, St. Quentin? She is safe?"

"As safe, monsieur, as the king's protection can make her."

"Pardieu! Is she with the king?"

"She is at my lodgings, in the care of the saddler's wife who lets them. I left a staunch man in charge—I have no doubt of him."

"You answer for her safety?" Mayenne cried huskily, his breath coming short. He was flushed, the veins in his forehead corded.

"When she came last night, it happened that the king was there," Monsieur went on. "Her loveliness and her misery moved him to the heart."

"Thousand thunders of heaven! You, with your son, shall be hostages for her safe return."

"The king," Monsieur went on, as immovably as Mayenne himself at his best, "with that warm heart of his pitying beauty in distress, is eager for mademoiselle's marriage with her lover Mar. But he did not favour my venture here; he called it a silly

business. He said you would clap me in jail, and he told me flat I might rot my life out there before he would give up to you Mlle. de Montluc."

"Well, then, *pardieu*, we 'll try if he means it!"

"He gave me to understand that he meant it. The St. Quintins out of the way, there is Valère, stout Kingsman, to succeed. The king loses little."

"Then are you gone mad that you put yourself in my grasp?"

"I was never saner. I come, my friend, to make you listen to sanity."

I had waited from moment to moment Mayenne's summons to his soldiers. But he had not rung, and now he flung himself down again in his arm-chair.

"What, to your understanding, is sanity?"

"If you send me to join my son, *monsieur*, you leave *mademoiselle* without a protector, friendless, penniless, in the midst of a hostile army cursing the name of Mayenne. Have you reared her delicately, tenderly, for that?"

Mayenne sat silent, his face a mask. It was impossible to tell whether the shot hit. *Monsieur* went on:

"You can of course hold us in *durance*, torture us, kill us; but you must answer for it to the people of Paris."

Still was Mayenne silent, drumming on the edge of the table. Finally he said roughly, as if the words were dragged from him against his will:

"I shall not torture you. I never meant to torture Mar. The arrest was not my work. Since it was done, I meant to profit by it to keep him awhile out of my way—only that. I threatened my cousin otherwise in heat of passion. But I shall not torture him. I shall not kill him."

"*Monsieur*—"

"I put a card in your hand," Mayenne said curtly. His pride ill-brooked to concede the point, but he could not have it supposed that he did not see what he was doing. "I give you a card. Do what you can with it."

"*Monsieur*, you show what little surprises me—knightly generosity. It is to that generosity I appeal."

"Is the horse of that colour? But now you were frightening my prudence."

"Ah, but how fortunate the man to whom generosity and prudence point the same path!"

It may have been but pretence, this smiling bonhomie of *Monsieur*'s. Mayenne doubtless gauged it as such, but, at any rate,

he suffered it to warm him. He regained of a sudden all the amiability with which he had greeted his guest. Smiling and calm, he answered:

"St. Quentin, I care little for either your threats or your cajoleries. They amuse me alike, and move me not. But I have a care for my sweet cousin. Since you threaten me with her danger, you have the whip-hand."

Now it was *Monsieur*'s turn to sit discreetly silent, waiting.

"I went last night to tell the child I would not harm her lover. Lo! she had flown. I had a regiment searching Paris for her. I was in the streets myself till dawn."

"*Monsieur*, she made her way to us at St. Denis to offer herself to our torture did you torture Mar?"

"*Morbleu!*" Mayenne cried, half rising.

"God's mercy, we 're not ruffians out there! I tell it to show you to what the maid was strung."

"I never thought it great matter whom one married," Mayenne said slowly: "one boy is much like another. I should have mated her as befitted her station—I thought she would be happy enough. And she was good about it: I did not see how deep she cared. She was docile till I drove her too hard. She's a loving child. You are fortunate in your daughter, St. Quentin."

Monsieur sprang up radiant, advancing on him open-armed. Mayenne added, with his cool smile:

"You need not flatter yourself, *Monsieur*, that it is your doing. I laugh at your threats. 'T were sport to me to clap you behind bars, to say to your king, to the mob you brag of, 'Come, now, get him out.'"

"Then," cried *Monsieur*, "I must value my sweet daughter more than ever."

He was standing over Mayenne with outstretched hand, but the chief delayed taking it.

"Not quite so fast, my friend. If I yield up the Duc de St. Quentin, the Comte de Mar, and Mlle. Lorance de Montluc, I demand certain little concessions for myself."

"By all means, *monsieur*. You stamp us churls else."

My duke sat again, his smile a shade uneasy. Which Mayenne perceived with quiet enjoyment, as he went on blandly: "Nothing that I could ask of you, M. de St. Quentin, could equal, could halve, what I give. Still, that the knightliness may not be, to your mortification, all on one side, I have thought of something for you to grant."

"Name it, monsieur."

"Another point in your favour I had forgot," Mayenne observed, with his usual reluctance to show his cards even when the time had come to spread them. "Last night I laid on this table a packet, just arrived, which I was told belonged to you. When I had time to think of it again, it had vanished. I accused my lackeys, but later it occurred to me that Mlle. de Montluc, arming for battle, had purloined it."

"Your shrewdness does you credit."

"You see you have scored a fourth point, though again by no prowess of your own. Therefore am I emboldened to demand what I want."

"Even to half my fortune—"

"No, not your gear. Save that for your Béarnais's itching palm."

"Then what the devil is it you want? You will not get my name in the League."

"I am glad my nephew Paul bungled that affair of his," Mayenne went on at his own pace. "It might have been a blunder to kill you; it had certainly been a pity. Though we Lorraines have two murders to avenge, I have changed my mind about beginning with yours."

"You are wise, monsieur. I am, after all, a harmless creature."

Mayenne laughed.

"Nathless have you done your best here in Paris to undermine me. Did I let you carry on your little works unhindered, they might in time annoy me. Therefore I request that so long as I stay in Paris you stay out."

"Oh, I don't like that!"

The naïveté amazed while it amused Mayenne.

"Possibly not, but you will consent to it. You will ride out of my court, when we have finished some necessary signing of papers, straight to the St. Denis gate. And you will pledge me your honour to make no attempt hereafter to enter so long as the city is mine."

Mayenne was smiling broadly. Monsieur frowning. He relished the condition little. He was enjoying himself much in Paris, his dangers, his successes, his biting his thumb at the power of the League. To be killed at his post was nothing, but to be bundled away from it to inglorious safety, that stuck in his gorge. For a moment he actually hesitated. Then he began to laugh at his own hesitation.

"Well, ma foi! what do I expect? To walk, a rabbit, into the lion's den and make my own terms to Leo? I am happy to ac-

cept yours, M. de Mayenne—especially since, do I refuse, you will none the less pack me off."

"You mistake, St. Quentin. You are welcome to spend the rest of your days with me."

"In the Bastille?"

"Or in the League."

"The former is preferable."

"You may count yourself thrice fortunate, then, that a third alternative is given you."

"It needs not the reminder. You have treated me as a prince indeed. Be assured the St. Quintins will not forget."

"Every one forgets."

"Perhaps. But when you need our good offices we shall not have had time to forget."

"Pardieu, St. Quentin, you have good courage to tell me to my head my course is run!"

"My dear Mayenne, none punishes the maunderings of the 'court jester.'"

Monsieur laughed out with a gay gusto; after a moment Mayenne laughed too. My duke cried quickly, rising and walking the length of the table to his host:

"You have dealt with me munificently, Mayenne. You have kept back but one thing I want. That is yourself. You know you must come over to us sooner or later. Come now!"

The other did not flame out at Monsieur, but answered coldly:

"I have no taste to be Navarre's vassal."

"Better his than Spain's."

Mayenne shrugged his shoulders, his face at its stolidest.

"Well, I am no astrologer to read the future."

Monsieur laid an emphatic hand on his host's shoulder.

"But I read it, my friend. I see a French land under a French king, a Catholic and a gallant fellow, faithful to old friends, friendly to old foes. I see the dear land at peace at last, the looms humming, the mills clacking, wheat growing thick on the battle-fields."

Mayenne looked up with a grim smile.

"I have still a field or two to water for that wheat. My compliments to your new master, St. Quentin; you may tell him from me that when I submit, I submit. When I have made my surrender, from that hour forth am I his hound to lick his hand, to guard and obey him. Till then, let him beware of my teeth! While I have one pike-man to my back, one sou in my pouch, I fight my cause."

"And when you have none, you yet have three pairs of hands at Henry's court to pull you up out of the mire."

"I thank their graciousness, though I shall never need their offices," Mayenne said grandly. He stood there stately and proud and confident, the picture of princeliness and strength. Last night at St. Denis it had seemed to me that no power could

defy my king. Now it seemed to me that no king could nick the power of my Lord Mayenne. When suddenly, precisely like a mummer who in his great moment winks at you to let you know it is make-believe, the general-duke's dignity melted into a smile.

"After all," he said, "it's as well to lay an anchor to windward."

(To be concluded.)



THE CRACK IN THE HEADBOARD.

BY EDWIN ASA DIX,

Author of "Deacon Bradbury," etc.

DURING the winter following the Reed & Kemble fire, in Felton, Miss Lorinda Park was seen on the streets less often than usual, and in February she ceased to appear at all. Her spinal trouble had been worse ever since the time of the fire. She had overtaxed herself on that occasion, either by reason of the work or the excitement, or both; and though she said but little about it, never complained, and endeavored to bear herself with all her wonted sprightliness, there was clearly a marked change, and the village doctor shook his head.

She had for long lived alone, having a little money at interest which provided for her wants. Mrs. Watkins, who lived close by and who was poor, was paid to come in daily for an hour to aid in the housework, and on fixed week-days also did the sweeping, washing, and such other vigorous work as was required. Miss Park herself, nervously active and eager, had always accomplished the lighter work without difficulty, and found abundant time besides for her beloved neighborhood peregrinations. Of late, however, Mrs. Watkins had been called upon to do more and more; and in February her daughter Polly was regularly installed as full help,

and a daily increasing share even of the little things, the dustings and tidying and small arrangements, which had always been so dear to Miss Lorinda's heart, fell to Polly.

Finally Miss Park took to her bed, and the doctor called daily.

There were now concerned visitors in plenty. Indeed, the small house had never been an unfrequented one, for every one felt a real affection for the little lady, and, moreover, knew that whatever news of interest was at any time "in the air" could always be promptly precipitated and clarified by a "drop in at Lorindy's." How Miss Park managed to be admittedly the foremost purveyor of personal news and gossip in Felton and yet remained universally popular would be difficult to explain; but in large part it may be accounted for by the fact that her talk was never malicious, never careless of results, and she did not bear tales. She was that *rara avis*, a "safe" gossip. She had her likes and dislikes, and they were hearty ones; her opinions, and they were unfettered and uncompromising; but her talk was invariably open and above-board, and she never divulged secrets nor even lightly touched on confidentially acquired facts.

The Rev. Mr. Marshall and his wife, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Bradbury and Mart, Mrs. Wheeler, Mattie Pickering, and numerous others, were unremitting in their solicitous little calls, and some one was to be found at the house at all times of the day, "visiting" in the good old-fashioned sense of the word. Miss Park's illness did not extend to her mind, and the familiar prescription of mental "rest and quiet" was not called for in her case. In fact, the diversion of callers was rather beneficial, taking her mind from her daily increasing and often acute suffering.

At first she sat propped up in bed for most of the day; but the pain in her spine at length forbade this, and she lay prone, her eager, active features unnaturally sad and wan against the pillow.

It was Washington's Birthday. The doctor had just come and gone, having made a rather protracted call; and Miss Lorinda lay still, her face very serious. Lyddy Sayre and her daughter Belle were shown in by Polly, the former bringing over a glass of choice apple-jelly and one or two other little delicacies which an invalid might relish. Mrs. Clark entered immediately after them.

"There now, Lyddy Sayre," said Miss Park, with a feeble, deprecating little smile, "y' re allers bringin' things in, an' all th' others are, too; an' I'm only worried as to what th' men-folks 're goin' t' git t' eat fr th' rest o' this winter. They like apple-jelly jest as well 's I do."

"There's enough t' go 'round," Mrs. Sayre answered; "an' ef there was n't, th' others w'd go without fr a while rather 'n hev you."

"No reason why," said Miss Park, sententiously. "They're all wuth a sight more 'n I am. An' their lives 're wuth more to 'em than mine is to me." A spasm of pain crossed her features.

"Now, Lorindy, you stop talkin' thet way," remonstrated the other. "How 're y' feelin' this afternoon?"

Miss Park was feeling markedly worse, but her neighbors and the doctor never found her willing to dwell on her own suffering.

"I can see it's bad without Lorindy telling of it," put in Mrs. Clark, quietly, yet with that clear, womanly sympathy which was an unfailing characteristic of hers. Neither Mrs. Sayre nor Belle was, in fact, greatly behind her in that gracious quality, and all three showed it as they talked, though without open iteration. Miss Park felt its warming thrill, as she always did, being quickly responsive to undercurrents of feeling.

"Th' worst of it is," she said, with a plaintive little smile, "thet it ain't goin' t' git any better."

"What 's th' doctor said t'-day?" Mrs. Sayre asked.

"There ain't much he c'n say, beyond what I've known fr years."

"Poor child," said Lyddy, with unconscious motherliness.

"You need n't mother me, Lyddy Sayre," said Miss Park, with an effort at a smile. "I was a little girl when you were a big girl; so there ain't so much diff'rence b'tween us. I s'pose there is, though, in a way," she added. "A body don't altogether grow up when they ain't married. You've hed more o' life than I've hed."

"More o' death, too, dear," said Lyddy Sayre, simply, and Miss Park did not for the moment reply. When she did, her tone had a certain additional softness.

"Life an' death both, then," she said. "An' thet 's better than little or none of either."

Mrs. Sayre could not gainsay her. She knew, as she sat there, sad of heart, and in the widow's black which she still wore, that she would not exchange the memory of her lost husband and all her present grief for a far happier spinsterhood than Miss Park had ever known. She reached out her hand and gently stroked the bedclothes covering the sufferer's withered little figure.

Belle's fresh, full young voice broke the moment's silence.

"I don't know, Miss Park," she said, with the doubtingness of inexperience. "I think, for one, I'd rather have less of each—trouble and happiness—than so much of both."

"It all depends, dear. But I don't think y' 'll say so when y' 're older."

"It is n't merely happiness against trouble," observed Mrs. Clark, thoughtfully. "It's fullness of living against emptiness, richness against poorness, accomplishment against nothingness. I don't mean it's always so. There's been no 'nothingness' in Lorindy's gentle, friendly, neighborly life, I'm sure. There's none in Miss Jewett's. And, on the other hand, I'm afraid there has n't been much richness and fullness in poor Tom Henry's life, or Sally Coe's, for all the trouble they've had. But I think I know what Lorindy and your mother mean."

There was another little silence, and the eyes of two of the women in the room were not free from a suspicion of moisture.

Miss Park made an effort to change her position a little, and Belle aided her.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Sayre, again, half unconsciously remembering the many days and years during which the crippled little woman had come and gone among them.

Miss Lorinda knew her thought.

"Don't you worry 'bout me," she said. "I heard George Kemble say, one time when he was laid up with sciaticky, thet he could n't say whether he was goin' t' live on till he died o' th' pain, or whether th' pain w'd kill him fust. Ef it gits like thet with me,—an' it's gittin' so,—I ain't goin' t' wait till I die o' th' pain."

"What d' y' mean, Lorindy?" demanded Mrs. Sayre, startled.

The invalid smiled a mysterious little smile.

"Never you mind," she said. "I've allers hed ideas 'bout them things."

They knew, being reminded, what those ideas were.

"Lorindy!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayre, horrified, "y' would n't do sech a thing!"

"Yes, I would," returned the sufferer, with defiant positiveness. "An' no one's got a right t' prevent me. It's my own affair."

Miss Park's views on suicide and euthanasia, never loudly asserted, but singularly pronounced and fearless, were known to her callers; but, as generalities, they had borne a very different shape. When now given this unexpectedly near and personal application, they roused shocked and determined reprobation. There could be no doubt, however, of Miss Park's earnestness. What was a generality to others had long had for her its inexorable and particular application. And during these latter days, with their slowly, surely mounting burden of physical anguish, she had been resolutely applying it in theory, and her strength of conviction had not weakened.

There was a lightness, almost a flippancy, in her tone as she stoutly expatiated upon her decision, which unpleasantly impressed her hearers. It seemed as though the approach of death had failed of its wonted sobering and awesome effect. They felt baffled and almost repelled. Talk like this was not common in these serious and religious lives, and it struck a jarring chord. Yet it was clear that Miss Lorinda's resolution was deliberate and unyielding, and she backed it up by powerful, almost irreverent, arguments, that displayed an unaccountable indifference to the great change, the shadow of which seemed already impending over her,—arguments which her listeners felt a certain hopelessness of attempting to contro-

vert. This attitude in her was the more remarkable because Miss Park was in all other matters as religiously minded as any one in Felton, and as sincerely so; and her friends could perceive that, even now, her faith was what it always had been, and her hope, if anything, the greater. She merely refused to admit that there could be, for her, anything damning or even sinful in voluntarily ending an existence of extreme pain which in a very brief period must necessarily end itself.

As yet, her suffering had reached no such supreme stage, keen and increasing though it was; and she somewhat relieved her present callers' apprehensions by assuring them of this. They might otherwise have planned such measures as a constant watch upon her; but they took their leave with the knowledge that, for the present at least, this step would not be necessary.

Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Sayre and her daughter were not the only ones to whom Miss Park had expressed her views; though she never dwelt on them, and merely avowed them candidly when the subject came up, as, with so many sympathetic callers, it was naturally, at times, wont to do. There were, in consequence, not a few who shared these shocked and disquieted feelings; and injunctions were given to Polly to keep a close watch upon the invalid's feelings and doings; while, by a kind of tacit conspiracy, there were few hours in the day when there were not some callers in the house on one pretext or another, and one rarely departed until another came.

Miss Park noted all this, but she only smiled a little to herself. There was a small white powder in a paper tucked safely away in a deep crack in the headboard of the bed. No one knew of it save herself, and it was within facile reach as she lay there. She grew weaker each day; her eyes grew brighter, her unceasing pain more intense; and frequently, when for a moment alone, she would with difficulty reach up her thin hand to the crack in the headboard, where she could just feel with her forefinger the edge of the little oblong, tightly folded paper; and the touch seemed to give her reassurance.

Felton experienced unfeigned sorrow as it watched daily by her sick-bed, or talked of her in its various homes. One of those most welcome in the little bedroom was Miss Jewett, whose composure and sure, though little-voiced, sympathy proved always restful to the sick woman. Mrs. Leavitt was another of the callers whose presence did good, as

also was Mrs. Bradbury. Mr. or Mrs. Marshall, too, dropped in every day or oftener, and the kindly, earnest clergyman had many things to say to which Miss Lorinda listened with responsive and willing attention.

In the early morning of the last day of February there was a change. Polly Watkins, who had been dozing within call on a lounge in the adjoining room, tiptoeing in at dawn to see how the patient was, suppressed a short cry, and turning, slipped from the room, and ran out of the house to the nearest neighbor's. The latter hurried back with her, and the doctor was sent for. Miss Park was unconscious, but there was a subtle alteration in her appearance which told that it was not the unconsciousness of sleep. It was not death, however, and after a little they succeeded in reviving her. She lay very still for a time, and they feared that they had brought her back to life only to see her pass away. She said nothing, and her eyes did not follow them. Finding, after a half-hour's anxious vigil, that no change supervened, the neighbor ventured to leave for her home and work, adjuring Polly to run for her at any moment when she might be needed.

All the morning the sick woman remained in the same condition. Those who came in to inquire after her did not go. They were grouped in the little sitting-room adjoining the bedroom, and there conversed in low tones. Upon Mr. Marshall and his wife and Mrs. Wheeler devolved, by tacit consent, the duty of watching in the sick-room itself, all realizing instinctively that too many must not now enter. Miss Lorinda's eyes were open and were gazing directly upward, as she lay there on her back, breathing so faintly; but whether she was thinking or was even conscious they could not tell, and one or two tentative questions tenderly addressed to her remained unanswered.

Conscious she was, however; never more acutely, clairvoyantly so, her bodily volition being so nearly in abeyance. Nor had the pain wholly left her; but the busy, torture-bringing nerves seemed not to have the power now to draw the lines of her face. While Mr. Marshall was bending over her for a moment, she spoke, and her voice, clear, soft, and calm, reached to the instantly silenced group in the next room.

"Mr. Marshall," she said.

"How is it with you, my dear sister?" he inquired gently.

"Worse than fr a long time past; an' yet better, I think."

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," quoted the pastor.

"Yes," she answered wistfully; "an' I ain't fearin'. Death don't seem fearsome. But how c'd I ever 've dared t' talk o' hastenin' it! I 've been hevin' thoughts sence last night thet I never hed b'fore, Mr. Marshall."

She was still again, and her eyes took on anew that unseeing, far-away look.

"An' I thank God fr 'em," she added in a tone that was almost of rapture.

Mrs. Wheeler bent over and laid her large, cool hand on the white brow.

"Dear heart," her motherly voice was heard saying, "we 'd ought t' thank God ef we c'n git a glimpse o' th' truth o' things once or more b'fore we die. It means more than all our years o' plain, every-day livin'."

"Death is so tremendous," said Mr. Marshall, softly, "that it makes life tremendous, too. Only we seldom recognize it so."

The minister, despite his rather inexpressive face, with its short, sandy side-whiskers and its mild blue eyes, had had varied and solemn experiences during his twenty-five years of ministerial life, in Felton and elsewhere,—experiences common to all true pastors, though they are at liberty to speak of but few. Mr. Marshall had not encountered the presence of death in his own small family circle, but he had come face to face with the dread Destroyer in many ineffaceable scenes around the death-beds of others; and, moreover, he was a man with a certain lingering strain of Mather and Edwards in him, and he had thought and pondered and felt very deeply during times in his life. His simple faith, always strong, had been but strengthened the more with every deep-reaching experience, and he could now draw his words out of a well of stored-up feeling.

Deeper still, they vaguely felt, was the feeling with which Miss Lorinda received them.

"It 's well we don't," she responded with a certain tremor, "or we could n't bear either death or life. Mebbe life 's th' most tremendous o' th' two. Mr. Marshall, will y' please do somethin' fr me?"

"Indeed, I will. What is it?"

Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Wheeler were with him at the bedside, and those outside, listening intently, could also hear.

"There 's a deep crack in th' headboard, jest back o' my head. Th' pillow hides it. Will y' look fr it?"

Mr. Marshall bent over, slightly indenting

the pillow with his hand, and scrutinized the planed and joined boards with their imitation graining.

"I see it," he said. "There's a corner of white paper or something showing in it."

"Take th' paper out."

He did so.

"There's a fire in th' settin'-room stove, ain't there?"

"Yes."

"Please go and throw it in."

The clergyman passed silently out, those in the outer room making way for him, while all wondered. He opened the stove door and carefully placed the small white packet in the heat of the glowing wood, where the flames instantly licked it up. Closing the stove door, he returned to the inner room.

"Did y' see it burned up?" Miss Park asked.

"Yes; I saw it."

A strange expression of relief and content came over her face. For the first time her eyes turned toward the three.

"I don't see how I c'd ever've laid it by," she said.

They were silent, for it needed no words to tell them what the little paper had contained.

"I've been—nearer—sence then," she resumed, speaking with a little effort and slowly. "An' it's diff'rent—fr'm—what I thought. It's more awful, somehow; more solemn; more everythin'. I did n't think it was like thet."

She paused, and something like a shudder passed over her features, though there was no fear. Then that strange, rapt expression came again into her face as they gazed upon it.

"And your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams," quoted the minister, in reverent undertone, as he watched her.

"Do you think she's seeing them, James?" questioned Mrs. Marshall, with fear and wonder in her quickened whisper.

"Yes," he answered with solemnity, not removing his gaze; "as much as ever Saul on the Damascus road or St. John at Patmos."

There was an almost terrified silence. Those in the outer room could hear and now could seem to feel what was passing within. The minutes went. Still Miss Lorinda lay there, her lips slightly parted, her breathing scarcely perceptible, her eyes directed fixedly upward, and with that indescribable, far-gazing look upon her face.

Mrs. Wheeler, who had tasted the bitterness of death, as having come to all her children save one, gazed at the pallid face almost longingly.

"She's lookin' into life an' death now, ef any mortal soul ever did," she uttered in hushed tones.

"The two worlds are very near," responded the clergyman. "In the midst of life we are in death,—and perhaps in other senses than we think."

Mrs. Marshall stepped quietly to the door, and motioned to Mrs. Clark and Miss Jewett to come in. They entered and joined the others around the bedside. Miss Jewett gave a slight start as she saw Miss Park's face.

"What do you think of her?" whispered Mrs. Marshall.

Miss Jewett did not reply for a moment. Then she drew Mrs. Marshall a little aside.

"I saw some one who looked like that once, when I was visiting in Westbury, a few years ago."

"What was it?"

"Trance, they said. She was at death's door from some nervous trouble—I forget exactly what. But instead of dying, she came out of it and began to mend."

"Really?" ejaculated the other, in a low tone.

"It seemed to be a kind of turning-point, in some strange way. Or, rather, I should say, it seemed to act as a kind of reprieve; for, of course, she was n't cured in any sense, and she died only lately. But she always suffered less after it, and in many ways she was better."

"How strange!" murmured Mrs. Marshall. "I never thought but that poor Lorindy was dying."

"I am sadly afraid she is," responded the other, gravely. "Only, when I came in, something about her reminded me strongly of this other case."

"There's the doctor," said Mrs. Clark, suddenly. "I'll go and meet him."

The front door opened and closed, and the doctor made his way through the outer room, casting a quick glance around as he passed. He had been sent for a second time, his delay being due to the fact that he had been at a distance attending a critical case of croup; and he now guessed the meaning of the stilled little assemblage. Mrs. Clark met him and followed him into the bedroom.

Yet even his experienced judgment was at a loss. The patient could not again be got to speak; she seemed to hear nothing, notice



DRAWN BY LOUIS LUES. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

HE LOOKED FOR THE CRACK IN THE HEADBOARD.

nothing. But she was assuredly alive, though nearly all signs of animation had ceased. After a half-hour's intent and baffled scrutiny, the doctor was compelled to take his leave, arranging to call in at as frequent intervals as possible during the day.

All through that clear-skied day of expiring February, Miss Park lay in strange catalepsy, while those who came and went in the outer room exchanged low-voiced and anxious inquiries. Mrs. Wheeler did not leave the bedside, and two or three of the others were nearly as assiduous, absenting themselves only for intervals of needed home duties. Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Bradbury arranged to divide the night between them, neither consenting to sleep away from the house.

As the small hours of the night came on, and the dead winter month passed to make way for the incoming spring, Miss Park gave faint, fluttering signs of reanimation. It could not have been that the mere calendar change affected her state, and yet it almost seemed as though a breath of the new-born season had been breathed into her nostrils. For some days she had not believed that she would outlive the winter month, and this belief had taken fixed hold on her imagination. Was she now subtly subconscious that the wondrous period of rebirth had come upon the earth?

She turned her eyes, and followed with them the figure of Mrs. Bradbury, whose vigil it was. The light was very dim, but the farmer's wife could see that the face, in its returning consciousness, still remained free from the lines of extreme pain which had of late days so cruelly marked it. The utter suspension of feeling, of vitality, almost of life itself, had given a sorely needed rest to the tired and tortured nerves. The watcher knew that by some mysterious bodily allotropism the sick woman had been resited.

The latter said nothing, but her eyes answered cheerfully the questions of the others who had been quickly summoned. Each hour brought increased strength. When the doctor came, in the early dawn, he gave a surprised but satisfied grunt at seeing her, and his answers to people he met during the morning were openly hopeful.

Miss Lorinda had, in truth, been reprieved. She had looked in through the gates of death, yet had not entered. Of that long look she would say nothing, and, indeed, no one sought to interrogate her. They realized that this experience was wholly her own. It

may be doubted whether the experience took clear form even in Miss Park's own mind; or, if it did, whether it preserved that form. The detailed memories of our dreamings fade, though certain rare impressions of them remain indelible. To the few who, with dimmed gaze, have looked through the gates of the other world, it is not given to bear away lasting and definite recollections of what they have seen. So it was with Miss Lorinda. As she got about again, little by little, during the advancing days, she bore with her no angelic visions, she developed no sublimated saintliness. But she was not wholly the same as before, and all knew and felt it, though none could define the precise difference.

Her spinal trouble was not lessened, save that, for the time, the acute stage had passed and perhaps would be for some years postponed. The manifestations of neighborly affection and solicitude which the crisis had called forth made a vivid impression on her mind, and she was loath to cease expressing her appreciation and gratitude toward each individual among the many who had shown their warmth of caring. Polly Watkins stayed on; but except for this mutually satisfactory arrangement, Miss Lorinda's life gradually came to go forward as before.

Yet there was at times a little touch of earnestness or solemnity about her speech which was not there formerly. Mr. Marshall had come in to see her, a few days after her recovery, and the topic of her illness led to that of the fire.

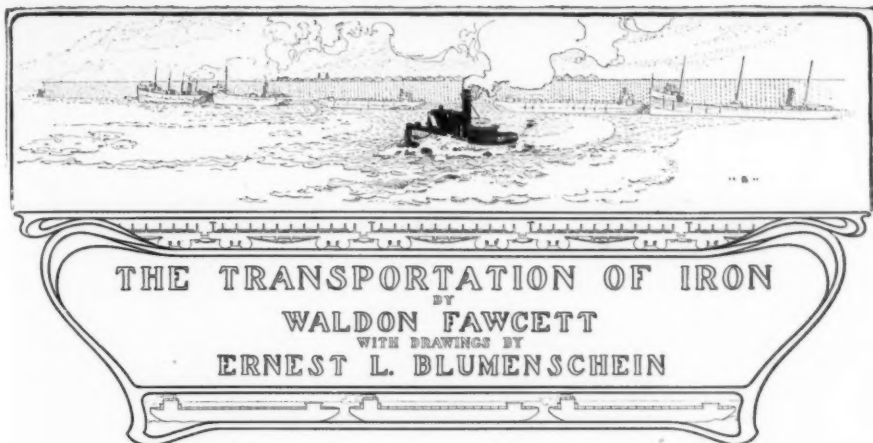
"So ef I 'd died they 'd 've said thet was one more bit o' bad work it did, would n't they?" she remarked. "Well, I 'm better, ef anythin', in some ways, f'r bein' sick, an' I ain't any worse in any, thet I see. So I s'pose we 'd ought t' give th' fire a white mark f'r thet part of it, anyway, ruther 'n all black ones."

"White marks are none too plentiful in the world, somehow," agreed the pastor, sincerely. "I think you are right. And are you better, Miss Lorinda?" he asked.

"I 've got some better idees, here an' there."

"That is being better—always," he said heartily.

"About givin' more white marks, f'r one," she went on. "An' another"—her eyes twinkled a little, yet her voice took on a tone of inspired conviction—"is thet a powder-paper, like th' one I hed, is a sight better in th' stove than it is in a crack in th' headboard."



TO carry the freshly mined ore twelve hundred miles by land and sea, and deposit it, within little more than a week after it has left the miner's shovel, at the furnaces in Pennsylvania and Ohio, where it is to receive its baptism of fire, is the task which has been successfully accomplished of late years by the men who have charge of the transportation chain which connects the mineral storehouses in the Northwest with the manufacturing plants of the Middle States. They have, indeed, done more: by undertaking operations on a gigantic scale, they have shaved costs so closely that the embryo iron is now carried more cheaply than freight is moved anywhere else in the world.

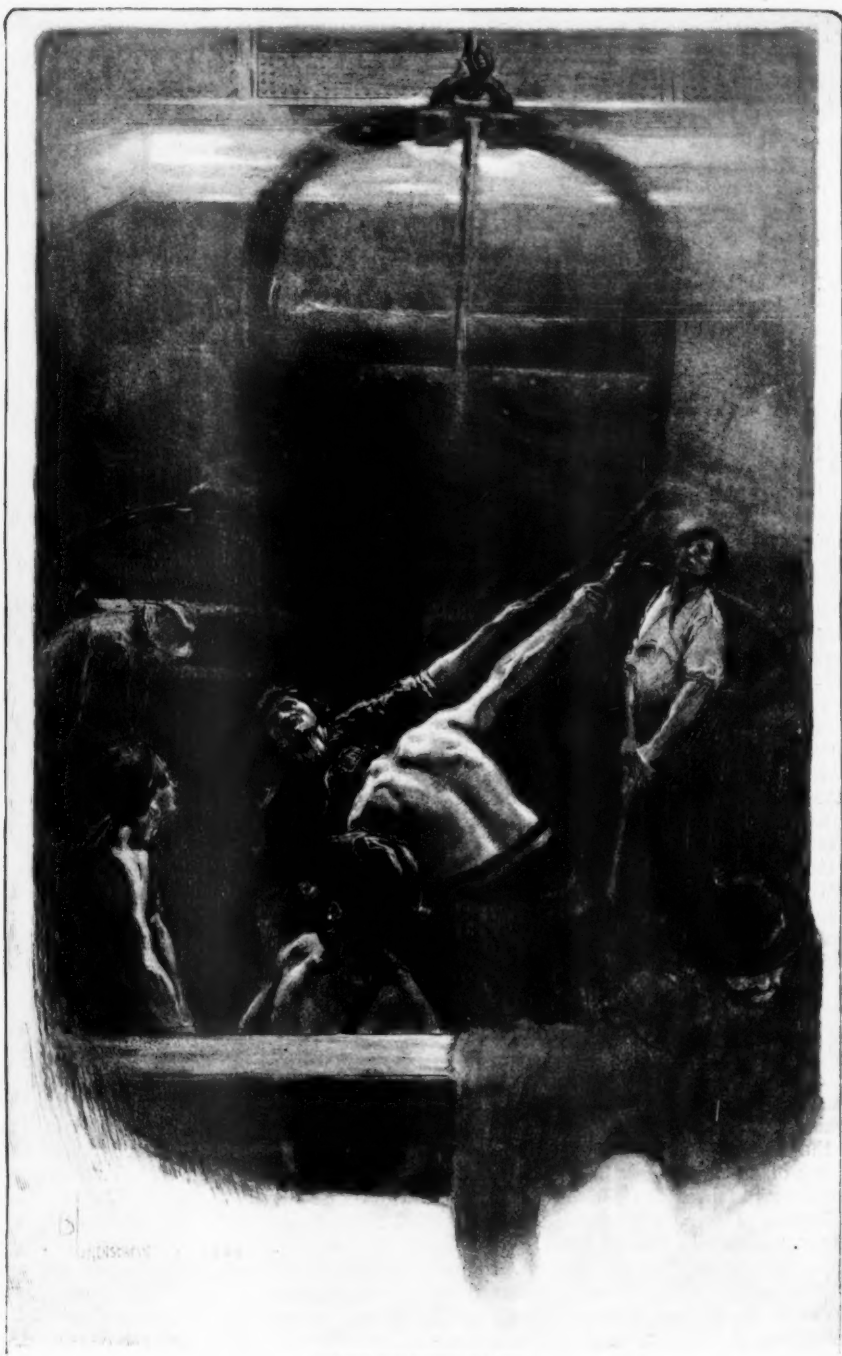
It is a marvelous transit, this trip a third of the way across the continent, and the journey itself is not more wonderful than the vehicles in which it is made. The flying trip is made by rail, then by boat, and finally by rail again; and it might be made even more quickly were it not necessary to lose a day and a half "changing cars," so to speak, although in reality, of course, the transfer is from cars to the monster freight-carrying vessels of the Great Lakes, and thence back again from the leviathans of the inland seas to the metal wagons of the steam-road. Of a part of the ore it may be said that from the time it leaves the hills of the Northern wilderness until it is set down in the smoky valleys that lead up from the Mississippi, not a human hand touches it. Powerful mechanical shovels, doing the work of scores of men, place it aboard the cars at the mines; gravity carries it from these ungainly carts to the holds of the fresh-water

ships; and, when the voyage is ended, ponderous arms of steel, impelled by steam, delve into the hold and draw out at a swoop sufficient of the fine-grained material to fill several of the largest farm-wagons.

On the first stage of its journey; from the mine to the loading-wharf at some port on the upper lakes, the iron ore travels on what is probably the most crowded steel-tracked highway in the world. Each of the powerful locomotives can draw a load of ore nearly equal to the weight of the entire American standing army prior to the Spanish war. Some of the cars now employed are made of pressed steel, and each of them will hold fifty tons. It would seem as though the designers of these modern coaches of commerce had thought of every contingency, for there are even provided holes in the sides of the car through which streams of steam may be played upon the frozen ore in order to thaw it quickly.

None of the prominent iron-mines in the Northwest is more than a few hours' journey from Lake Superior or Lake Michigan. Traversing the intervening space are half a dozen or more railroads built specially for transporting the ore. Over these roads there is handled each year a traffic greater than passes over railroads of equal trackage anywhere else in the world. During the eight or nine months of the year when navigation is open on the Great Lakes and when the ore may be hurried forward to the furnaces by water just as rapidly as it is mined, trains follow one another over these lines at less than half-hour intervals, day and night. The trainmen who are acting as helpers to the nation's ironmongers have perhaps as much excitement as railroaders anywhere else on

See "The Mining of Iron," in the March CENTURY.—EDITOR.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE OLD WAY OF UNLOADING AN ORE-VESSEL.

the continent. It is no task for uncertain nerves or unskilled hands, this hurling of long, heavy trains at terrific speed up and down the sharp grades of an ore-road, always on the lookout for the train a little way ahead, as well as for the other one tearing along close behind; and remembering ever that a slip or a break may mean a "tie-up" that will be felt in the cities, miles away, where night is turned into day by the glare of the furnaces.

of bins or pockets, ranged like the storage-boxes in a feed-store, and with each compartment packed full of ore until some ship appears to carry it away.

If these ore-wharves, which have cost, in the aggregate, nearly as much as the new Congressional Library building



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

THE WHALEBACK.



In the State of Minnesota, where more than eight million dollars is every year paid to the railroads for carrying ore from the mines to the docks on Lake Superior, the fixing of the freight tariff is entirely in the hands of a commission of State officials. This body has jurisdiction over all the lines entirely within the State, and may increase or decrease the carrying-tolls at will. Late last fall, after the shipping season closed, this commission issued an order reducing ore-freights twenty cents per ton. However, this order, if carried out, will not affect ore handled in 1900 or in previous years. A fierce legal battle on this subject occurred in 1899.

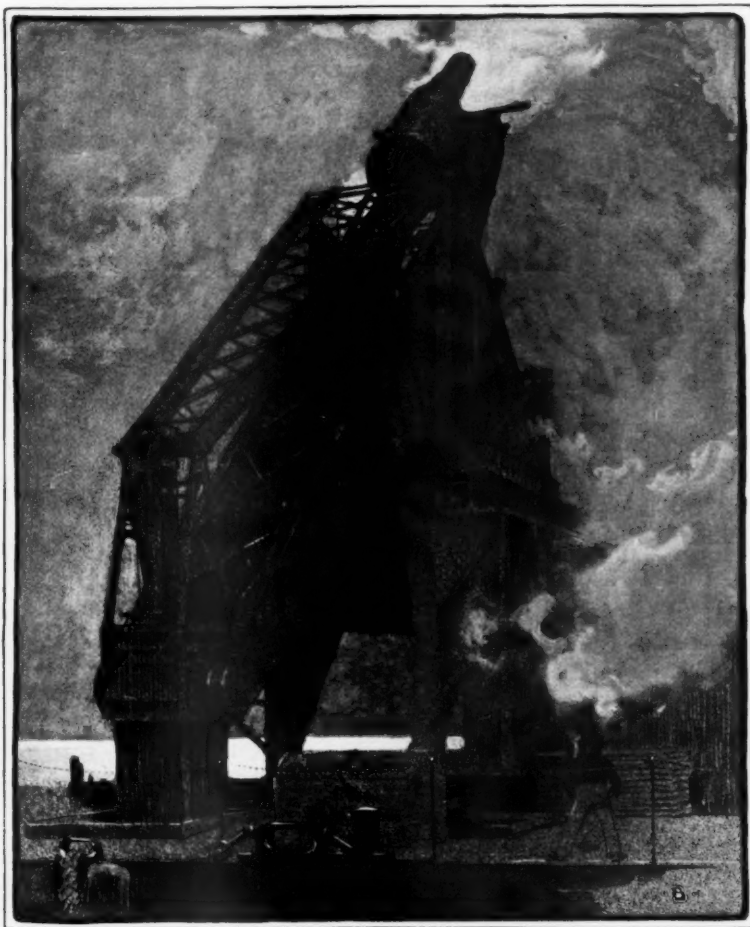
The ore-loading wharves, where the raw material is placed on board the vessels, are seemingly immense wooden boxes, built out into the lake a distance of from one fifth to one half of a mile in order that boats may tie up on each side of them, like children filling their pails simultaneously from the two spigots of an old-fashioned pump. There are more than a score of these big, cumbersome-looking wharves distributed among half a dozen ports on Lakes Michigan and Superior, and each dock is cut up into hundreds

at Washington, were placed end to end, they would extend for more than five miles; and in their capacious pockets, if they were all filled, might be stored sufficient ore to keep all the plants on the globe in operation for several days. As a matter of fact, however, the bins are never all full at one time, and, indeed, no one of them is likely to remain full very long. Out on these great oblong timber wharves steam the heavily laden ore-trains, often four abreast. To the accompaniment of metal sharply struck, and the clang of chains, the bottom doors in the cars are opened, and simultaneously, mayhap, from hundreds of steel jaws the sluggish red mass pours into the bins, which are open at the top.

As soon as one ore-train has discharged its burden, it backs off the huge structure, which, after all, is not unlike a gigantic trestle, while another string of cars fresh from the mines takes its place, and so the work of replenishing the store of ore goes on all day, and oftentimes all night as well. Now and then brawny workers with bared arms draw aside the iron shutters which dot the outside of the dock like windows in a sky-scraper, and the ore, as though quite mad to rush all at once through the narrow apertures, goes tumbling down the chutes, in appearance very like large drain-spouts, to the waiting vessel. Frequently during

the season of greatest activity there are no intervening periods of time in which to fill the bins, and, with all openings clear, the ore falls from the cars directly through the bins into the vessels, a sheer drop equal to

In some respects this transfer of the ore from cars to vessels affords the most striking exemplification possible of the time-saving methods which are giving the American iron industry a world-wide reputation. Cer-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE NEW WAY OF UNLOADING AN ORE-VESSEL.

the height of an ordinary office building. The storage-bins are almost on a level with the vessel's masts as she sits high in the water, so that the ore is given considerable impetus in its descent; and with streams of raw material pouring without cessation through more than a dozen openings in the deck of the boat, it is easy to appreciate how eight train-loads of the blood-colored mineral may be dumped into a ship in three or four hours.

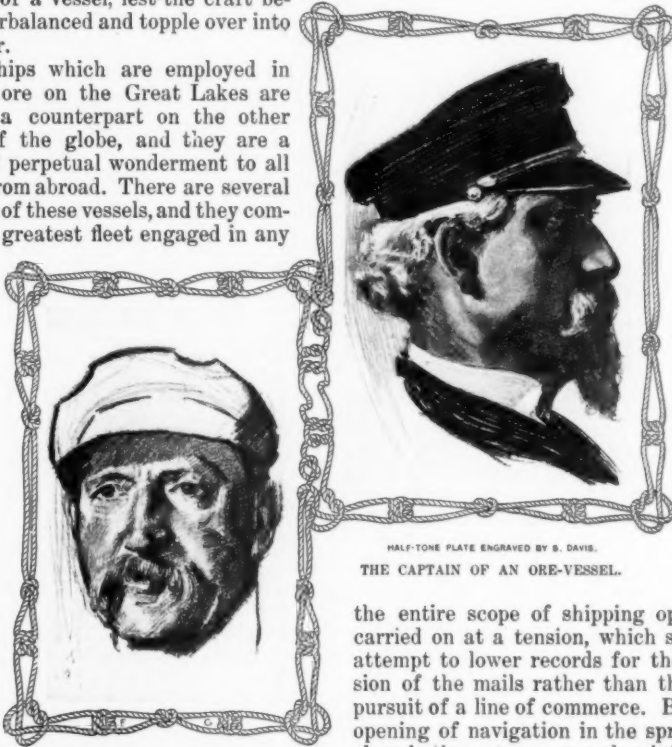
tainly in no other corner of the earth is a commodity of equal bulk handled with such rapidity. A small port on Lake Superior, which has no commerce to speak of, save its iron traffic, sent out, on an average, every day during the closing year of the century, when its harbor was free of ice, cargoes of ore which outweighed two hundred locomotives; and there are three or four other points on the upper lakes where almost as much busi-

ness was done. The laborers on the loading-wharves are naturally comparatively few, since hand-labor is a drug on the market. They are not so well paid, either, as their fellow-workers at the mines, but they comprise fully as many picturesque types of humanity. One of the principal chores of these men is found in aiding in the "trimming," or even distribution of the ore, as it is poured into the hold of a vessel, lest the craft become overbalanced and topple over into the water.

The ships which are employed in carrying ore on the Great Lakes are without a counterpart on the other waters of the globe, and they are a source of perpetual wonderment to all visitors from abroad. There are several hundreds of these vessels, and they comprise the greatest fleet engaged in any

ore is spouted into the vessel, and taken out, by machinery, the more hatches there are the better for the rapid handling of the cargo. Some of the ships of more recent construction have from fourteen to sixteen openings, all as wide as possible.

The early advent of ice limits the season of navigation on the inland seas to eight or nine months, and during this period almost



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE CAPTAIN OF AN ORE-VESSEL.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE MATE OF AN ORE-VESSEL.

one traffic under the American flag. The typical lake vessel is very long, with rounded ends. No deck is laid on the main-deck beams in the cargo-holds. The bridge, mast, and deck-houses are huddled together at the extreme forward end of the boat, while the engines and propelling machinery are located at the opposite extremity, so that when the captain wishes to take a peep at the machinery, he must walk to the other end of the vessel. There is method in the madness of this design, however, it having been adopted in order to provide room, throughout the length of the boat, for as many hatches, or openings in the deck, as possible. Inasmuch as the

the entire scope of shipping operations is carried on at a tension, which suggests an attempt to lower records for the transmission of the mails rather than the peaceful pursuit of a line of commerce. Between the opening of navigation in the spring and its close in the autumn or early winter an average vessel will make at least twenty round trips up and down the highway which comprises nearly one third of all the fresh water on the globe. Few indeed are the vessels in the ore trade the yearly voyages of which would not equal, in point of distance traveled, a sail around the earth. Eastward bound, the vessels carry iron ore. On the return trip a boat may carry a cargo of coal; but inasmuch as the great iron- and steel-producing interests operate the craft primarily for the purpose of bringing food for their furnaces, they are very likely, if the demand for ore is pressing, to send the vessels back empty, save for the water-ballast, simply to gain the few hours' time that would be consumed in taking aboard and discharging a



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

THE LAST BOAT TO GET THROUGH THE NEW ICE.

cargo of coal or some other commodity bound for the ore region. It is a field where heavy expenditures are made to effect seemingly small savings. At the mines thousands of dollars are spent ungrudgingly to effect a saving of a cent a ton in the cost of production; on the return voyage the vessel-owner may throw away the opportunity to earn several thousand dollars in order to gain a few hours' time.

The development of the commercial navy of the Great Lakes, the chief work of which is found in the transportation of iron ore, constitutes one of the most remarkable evolutions of the century which has just closed. The first cargoes of the mineral were transported in vessels that carried only a few hundred tons and required more than two weeks for the journey. The new craft carry ten or twenty times as much, and little more than half as many days are given up to the delivery of each consignment at its port of destination. All the best of the lake vessels are employed largely or exclusively in the ore traffic—a natural sequence, since this is the one plum of internal commerce at which the railroads get scarcely a nibble. Indeed, the "all-rail" shipments, as they are termed, hardly exceed half a million tons yearly, out of a total of twenty million tons. That the steam-lines get even this morsel of comfort is largely due to the exigencies of sudden demand after the ice has sealed up the waterway.

The ships of the ore-fleet range from three hundred and fifty to five hundred feet in length—the latter equal in size to the transatlantic liners of a few years ago. Few of them draw, when fully laden, more than eighteen feet of water, and they are capable of carrying anywhere from six thousand to nine thousand tons of ore, or a sufficient quantity to fill more than a dozen ordinary railroad-trains. The modern vessels are built entirely of steel, even to the deck-houses, where the men eat and sleep, and the slender, bare masts. Essentially they are freight-carriers, and yet for the accommodation of occasional guests there are fitted up on many of them rooms quite as handsomely furnished as those on the average ocean-going passenger-steamer. The vessels are lighted by electricity, steered and heated by steam; and in their equipment are included power-windlasses and all the latest contrivances of the up-to-date deep-water carrier.

Most marvelous of all, however, is the economic administration of these burden-bearers. They carry, each year, close to twenty million tons of iron ore, valued at upward of one hundred million dollars, and though storms are frequent on the lakes, it is doubtful if they lose more than half a million dollars' worth during the average season; indeed, some years the aggregate losses of vessels on the lakes do not greatly exceed this figure.



HELP-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKER.

BUILDING THE GREAT WHARF AT DULUTH.

In low transportation charges the carriers of this great interior waterway, of course, stand preëminent. By a contract recently entered into, one of the great steel-making concerns will have its ore transported, during the opening years of the new century, from the head of Lake Superior to the south shore of Lake Erie for fifty cents per ton, or two thousand pounds will be carried nearly twenty miles for a penny. For years freight charges on the lakes have been so much less than the best terms which the railroads could possibly offer that competition has been out of the question. In the case of iron ore it costs only about one fourth as much to ship by water as by rail.

This era of bedrock cost in operating has been brought about by a combination of many unique influences. One of the most important of these is the practice, in very general vogue on the lakes, whereby a steam-vessel tows one or two barges, each as large as herself, just as canal-boats string out one behind another. With no space occupied by machinery, naturally these clumsy, unriggered craft have even more room for ore than the steamers themselves. They are occasionally designated as schooners, but in reality they are nothing more than barges, although they carry sails and can take care of themselves if cut adrift from the steamer in a storm. The introduction of this "follow-your-leader" policy has, however, enabled the vessel-owners to cut down coal-bills and salary lists greatly. One fire-room force does the work of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

THE STORAGE PILE OF ORE AT THE REAR OF THE WHARVES AT CONNEAUT, OHIO.

three, and one engine moves nearly twenty thousand tons of ore down the lakes at a speed of more than a dozen miles an hour.

From the standpoint of the economical operator, nature has offered some compensation for the narrow, tortuous channels which connect the lakes, by providing, on these rivers which link together the larger bodies of water, convenient locations for coaling-stations. Thus, since a fresh supply of fuel may be obtained without trouble every few days, the builders of lake ships need not give up any of their precious space to coal-bunkers, and virtually the entire capacity of the vessel may be devoted to the ore-cargo.

An ore-carrying vessel of the largest size costs about \$350,000. Her fuel-bills for each ten days' trip amount to upward of \$1000, and the cost of insurance for the same period is about \$500. The officers and crew of such a vessel do not exceed a dozen men, all told. The captain receives a salary of from \$1200 to \$1800 a year, and the first mate and chief engineer consider themselves lucky if they are paid the first-mentioned sum. Since it has been demonstrated that one of these big boats can make a very handsome profit when transporting iron ore from one end of the lakes to the other at the rate of fifty cents a ton, it may readily be imagined what a golden harvest is reaped in exceptional years, such as the season of 1900, when a carrying-charge of \$1.25 per ton was almost universal. The gross earnings of some of

the larger leviathans ran as high as \$11,250 for a single trip, and might have been increased by \$4500, had the owners been willing to delay their vessels long enough to load coal for the return trip. With such conditions, occasional though they be, it is not strange to hear of the most expensive vessels paying for themselves in a few seasons.

The sailors who man a lake freighter of the better class are very different from their prototypes in the salt-water service. From captain to deck-hand they are, with few exceptions, a really superior class of men. The seamen who follow the ocean-going trade for a livelihood are prone to sneer at the craftsmen of the lakes; nevertheless, it is a question whether the latter are not head and shoulders above them in general intelligence. Even when it comes to changing positions, the lake sailor gets along rather better on the briny deep than does the old "sea-dog" suddenly transplanted to fresh water. In this regard neither has anything to brag about, however. The sensations produced by the short, choppy waves of the lakes are in such marked contrast to those afforded by the long, rolling swell of the ocean that either is very likely to play havoc with the person accustomed to the other motion.

The commanders of the giant merchantmen of the lakes—men who, in many cases, have never seen the ocean—have personal-

ities which impress all who come in contact with them. Something of the stimulating air which they breathe and the active lives which they lead seems to cling to them even on shore, and generates sparks of energy which are communicated to all who come near the human battery. Many of these captains, who are intrusted with so much property, are very young. It is a significant fact that almost all of them are American-born, and almost without exception they have risen "from the ranks." The great majority of the masters of vessels are men of family, and have cozy, comfortable homes in Cleveland or Buffalo, or some other city to which they are permitted to make an occasional flying visit during the busy season, and which affords a pleasant place of residence during the three months' vacation in winter.

As has been stated, most of the larger vessels have accommodations for a few passengers, and very frequently during the summer a captain will be accompanied by his wife upon several successive voyages.

Best of all, the commanders of the iron-carrying navy have the most appreciative of employers. Many of the men who now own large fleets of vessels were formerly masters of lake craft, and thus they are conversant with all the intricacies of fresh-water shipping, just as extra knowledge is possessed by the merchant who has risen from the post of office boy. Some of the corporations operating ore-carrying vessels now offer annual prizes for the captains whose vessels show the greatest immunity from accident, demonstrate the most perfect economy in time or fuel-bills, or otherwise excel in the performance of their

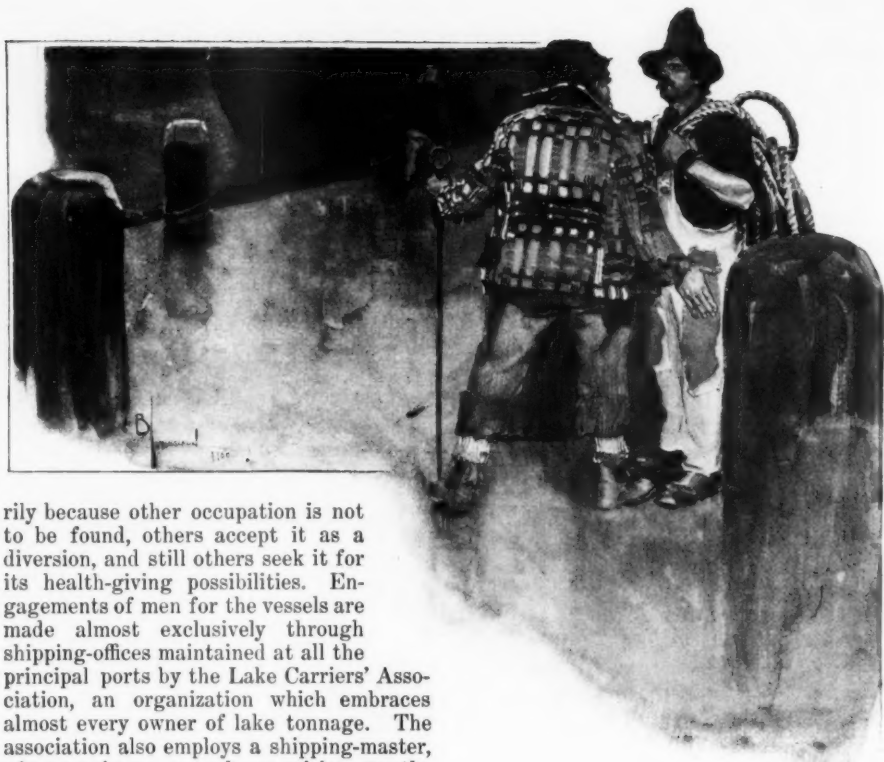
duties. One corporation provides its masters with uniforms quite as handsome as those of the officers of an Atlantic liner, and some firms testify to their appreciation in other ways.

One explanation of the efficiency of the rank and file of the lake sailors is found in the fact that these men do not "ship" for a single voyage, as is the custom on the coast, but contract for a season's service, it being understood that misconduct terminates the engagement. With the vessel touching at a port every few days, a "shanghaied" man or a sailor detained on board against his will is, of course, virtually an impossibility. Finally, there is constantly coming and going in the army of lake sailors a goodly proportion of men of superior qualifications. Some take up the work tempora-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

LOADING A VESSEL WITH THE AID OF AN ORE-CHUTE.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
A BIT OF POLITICS AT THE DOCKS.

rily because other occupation is not to be found, others accept it as a diversion, and still others seek it for its health-giving possibilities. Engagements of men for the vessels are made almost exclusively through shipping-offices maintained at all the principal ports by the Lake Carriers' Association, an organization which embraces almost every owner of lake tonnage. The association also employs a shipping-master, who exercises a general supervision over the work of all the various branch offices, and directs the transfer of men back and forth between the ports as the exigencies of supply and demand may suggest.

No enumeration of the chief characteristics of the shipping engaged in the transportation of iron ore would be complete without mention of the thirty cigar-shaped vessels, known as "whalebacks," which constitute an oddity in the fleet. These novelties among the ore-carriers, comprising both steamers and barges, derive their name from the fact that their deck or decks are completely inclosed by a steel roof very much resembling the back of a whale. What might be termed the American form of whale-back originated on the Great Lakes. It was at first thought that, inasmuch as the ore-cargo could be stored away more snugly in such a hold and would be secure from the waves in a storm, the type would come into general use in the iron-carrying trade, but for several reasons these expectations were not realized.

Under present conditions the fresh-water ore-carrying vessels would appear to have reached the acme of possible growth; but the best-laid plans are being made to pave the

way for still larger ships, for, apparently, the lake ship-builder is imbued with the same ambition to attempt bigger things in vessel construction which actuates his rival on the seaboard. The claim is made that there is virtually no limit to the length of vessel which may sail the lakes, and some optimists have predicted a thousand-foot vessel for fresh-water service as a certain achievement of the new century. But in order to gain greater length; increased depth and breadth must be provided in proportion, and so Congress is appropriating millions of dollars for the enlargement of the channels which connect the lakes, and has even given consideration to a project to raise the levels of several of these great bodies of water by constructing an immense dam in the Niagara River above the falls.

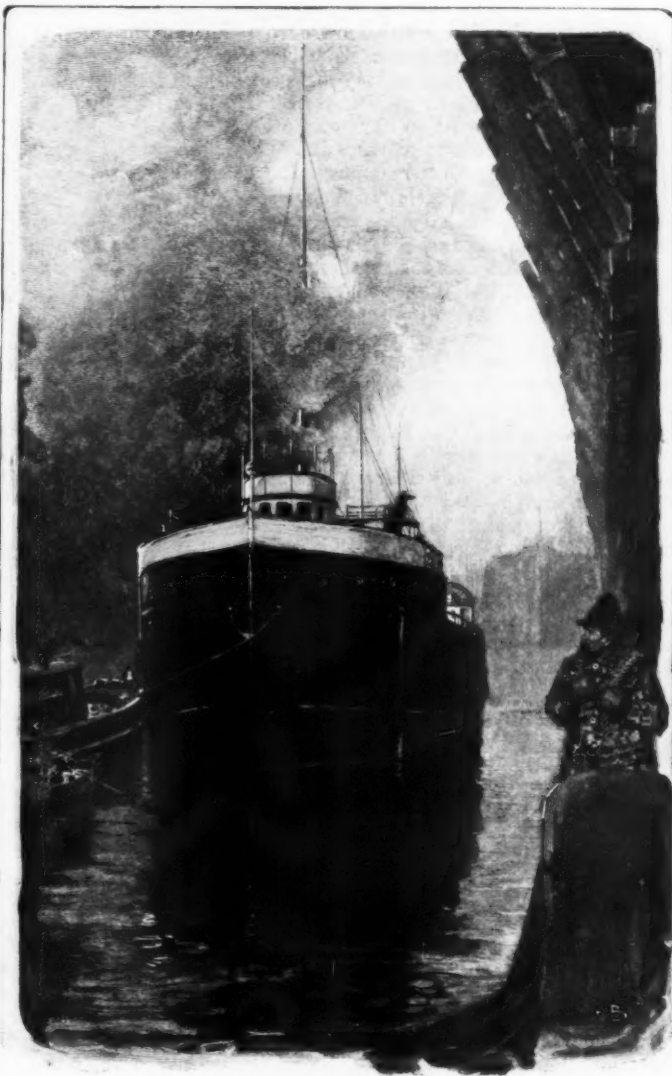
The tremendous expansion of the business of the Northern iron-fields has caused enormous growth in other directions than in the size of lake ships. One of the most striking instances of this is found in the development

of the great government canal at Sault Ste. Marie. Rapids in the St. Mary's River, connecting Lakes Huron and Superior, would make the passage of vessels between these two unsalted seas impossible, were it not for the artificial waterway upon which the American and Canadian governments have expended a good-sized fortune. When the construction of the pioneer locks was proposed, a little more than half a century ago, Henry Clay declared it "a work beyond the remotest settlement of the United States." Now there pass each year through the locks, one of which cost five million dollars, more tons of freight, several times over, than go through the Suez Canal in the same space of time, and cargoes which in the aggregate represent greater bulk than those received at the port of New York or London within the twelve-month. Factors such as the improved Sault Canal might appear, at first thought, to have only a remote influence upon the iron-ore traffic, but in reality they

have proved of vast importance in bringing about the low cost of iron and steel production, which is enabling the American manufacturer to capture the markets of the world.

When the iron ore reaches the end of its

journey by water, it is taken in hand by some of the cleverest machines known to the mechanical world. Some of the ore, designed for plants at Chicago, may be unloaded



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

LEAVING THE DOCK.

within a few yards of the furnaces which are to transform it into pig-iron; but the great bulk of the shipments, being consigned to the metal crematories in the vicinity of Pittsburg, is unloaded at the ports on the

south shore of Lake Erie. Were one to start out with the intention of finding the industrial field in which the last few years have witnessed the most marked improvement of methods, it is quite probable that he would eventually select the one which concerns itself with this transference of iron ore from the vessels which carry it down the lakes to the railroad-cars which convey it to the furnaces.

At the present time there are employed at the big "transfer stations" three different methods of handling the raw material. Each system represents an epoch in the development of time-saving and labor-saving apparatus. Eventually two of the methods will probably be displaced by the third and newest, just as they, in their time, supplanted the old-fashioned plan of discharging the cargo by means of wheelbarrows trundled by men along permanent trestles.

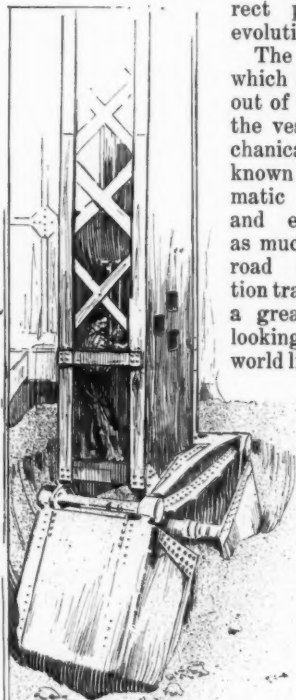
One of the older methods, which has not yet been abandoned, consists of the utilization of "whirlers," or revolving derricks, which in their appearance and plan of working are not so very different from the steam-shovels to be found in the mining regions, save that, instead of being provided with large scoops, they are fitted with capacious iron buckets which swing back and forth between the vessel and the cars, each monster pail carrying more than a ton of ore at a time.

Still another form of iron bucket is arranged to travel back and forth with great speed along a miniature elevated railroad, which has a span of several hundred feet, from the vessel to the rear of the dock. Underneath this great bridge-like structure are a number of railroad-tracks, and the giant ore-measure may be stopped at any point and its contents emptied into the cars waiting beneath. There are other machines, known as "direct unloaders," wherein the buckets, instead of having to make the long overhead journey, simply spin along a tramway of just sufficient length to extend from a boat to a railroad-track at the front of the dock. Of course the distance to be traveled by the ore-buckets is greatly reduced by this plan, and it is possible to unload six or seven thousand tons of ore from a vessel in nine or ten hours.

The twentieth-century method, so called, of unloading ore is of very recent introduction. It is especially interesting from the

fact that its universal adoption will mark the total disappearance of human energy, directly applied, in the transformation of iron. From the time the ore is mined by machinery, until other machinery turns it out, in some one of a thousand forms, ready for the consumer, the old-fashioned manual labor plays no direct part in its evolution.

The machines which take the ore out of the holds of the vessels by mechanical means are known as "automatic unloaders," and each weighs as much as a railroad accommodation train. There is a great iron arm, looking for all the world like the walk-



THE MAN IN THE AUTOMATIC UNLOADER.

ing-beam of a side-wheel passenger-steamer, which is run out over the vessel to be unloaded, and, as it descends, a clam-shell bucket, in which several men might sit comfortably, opens and takes a ten-ton bite out of the ore-cargo. At a signal from the operator, who stands in a small cage directly above this ravenous ore-eater, the great grab-bucket, with the red particles dripping from its jaws, is lifted from the boat and run back over the railroad-cars, very much after the fashion of one of the smaller carriers.

An ore-unloading wharf on a "rush day," when cargoes are coming in almost more rapidly than the men can handle them, is a scene of marvelous activity. With the immense pails of the whirlers rushing through great arcs of space, and other buckets suddenly, and without warning, darting hither and thither overhead, it is indeed a reckless sight-seer who would venture into the vortex without a guide. The constant terrific din renders the sense of hearing useless for precautionary purposes, and even if not bewildered by the complexity of the picture, it is impossible that any one pair of eyes should follow the movements of all the ponderous pieces of iron speeding past like missiles bent on missions of destruction. It is in this helplessness of the uninitiated that danger lurks, for the innocent-looking red crumbs seemingly falling so lightly from the rapidly moving ore-basket may strike a man senseless with scant ceremony.

To appreciate the true grandeur of such a scene, a glimpse of it should be caught at night, when monster flaming torches transform the whole panorama into a wonderful battle of light and shadow, and the glare silhouettes the rugged figures of the longshoremen, standing among the skeleton battlements of the machinery, their red-smeared bodies seemingly aglow with the blood-waste of carnage. There are no men in all America who perform more arduous manual labor than these wielders of the shovel who fill the old-fashioned ore-buckets. To gain an adequate conception of how great a price may be paid for daily bread, one should watch these men on a hot summer day. Stripped to the waist, they stand for hours at a time under a burning sun, far down in the open hold of a vessel, the metal sides of which hold all the heat which comes to them, and yet do not permit the suspicion of a breeze to reach the toilers.

The ore-shovelers are principally foreigners, but many of them are men of exceptional stature. With the ore coloring clothes, hair, skin, and the very money which they handle,

a rich, deep red, they naturally present a most picturesque appearance. To watch them at their sports, playing with the good-natured ferocity of tiger cubs, and see them in fun initiate a new workman by rubbing the ore into his hair, is to gain a new conception of the animal element in human nature. These laborers work in gangs of two or three dozen, and each workman receives his share of the lump sum paid for the job undertaken by the entire party. Fourteen cents is paid for each ton of ore unloaded in this fashion, and a steady worker may earn from five to seven dollars per day. True, the men have a long season of idleness in the winter, but many of them are fairly temperate and frugal, and live in good style in homes of their own.

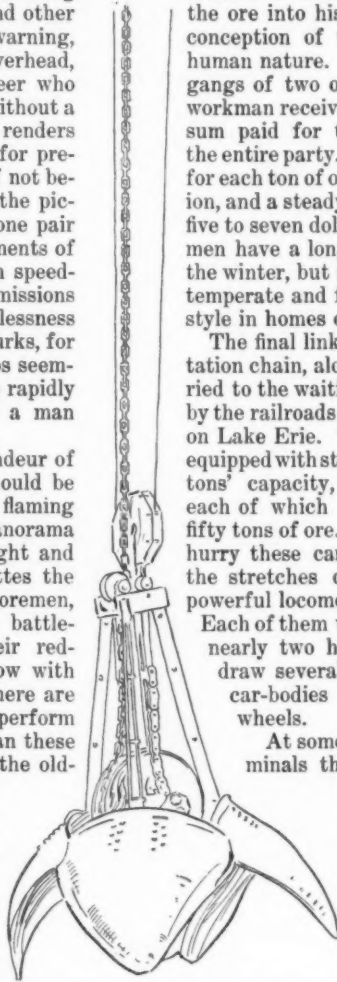
The final link in the great transportation chain, along which the ore is carried to the waiting furnaces, is afforded by the railroads leading from the docks on Lake Erie. These lines are in part equipped with steel gondola-cars of forty tons' capacity, and steel hopper-cars each of which is capable of carrying fifty tons of ore. The iron horses which hurry these cars back and forth over the stretches of road are the most powerful locomotives ever constructed.

Each of them weighs, with the tender, nearly two hundred tons, and can draw several dozen of the biggest car-bodies that could be set on wheels.

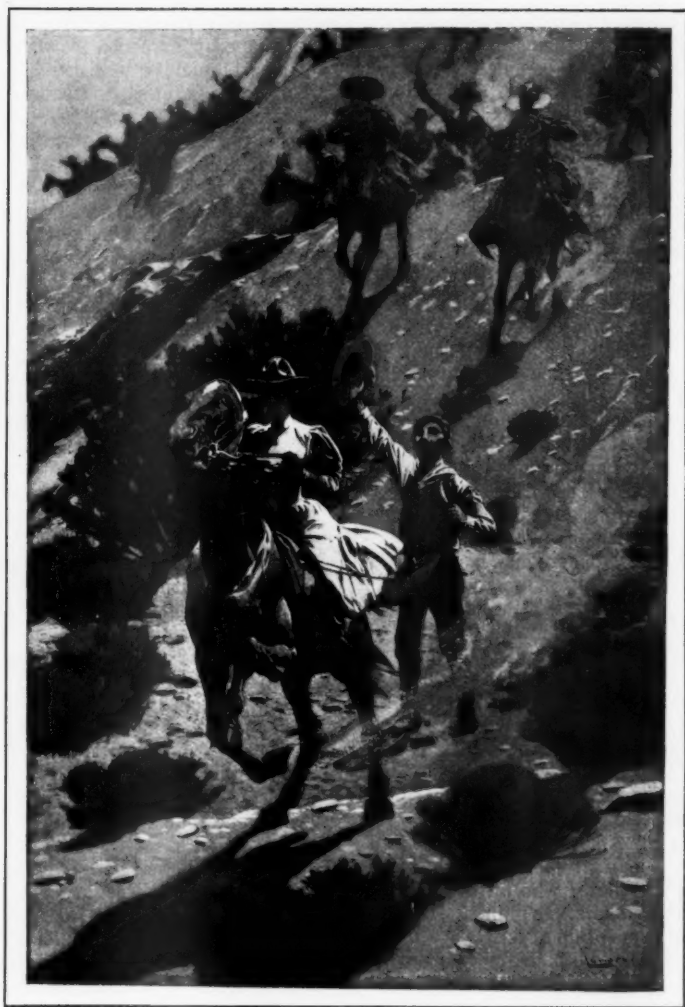
At some of the Lake Erie terminals there are sufficient sid-

ings to provide storage for half a thousand cars, and in order to move cars quickly on this huge checker-board of tracks there are endless cables kept constantly in motion, to any point on which a car may be attached just as it would be to a

locomotive. Very frequently more ore will be sent inland from one of these ports in a single day than all the farm-wagons in the greatest agricultural State in the Union could transport in a month. Moreover, the march of progress is still under way.



BASKET OF AN UNLOADING MACHINE.



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNDGREN.

THE RUN.

BY HENRY MILFORD STEELE.

IT was the middle of August, 1893, the memorable year of the opening of the Cherokee Strip, and the whole Southwest was in a tumult of expectation. Guthrie, the capital of Oklahoma, always described by the local press as "the Chicago of the Great Southwest," was the headquarters of the large army of home-seekers that was gradually mobilizing along the southern borders of the vast country about to be thrown open.

On the north was another army, with its headquarters at Arkansas City—an army of campers straggling along the boundary-line for more than fifty miles. Thousands had been living in wagons or tents on both sides of the new Territory for months, hopefully waiting for the signal that would set them on their way toward free homes in a new country.

Guthrie was crowded, and every train

from the North brought swarms of tattered, ill-fed "boomers," who, dismayed by the multitude along the northern side of the Strip, had come through in the hope of finding a less rigorous competition on the other side. The trains from the South were nearly empty, for everybody from the Indian Territory and Texas who could get away was already on the ground. But the railroad did not bring all the crowd. Hundreds came in wagons, scores on bicycles, and not a few on foot.

In the noisy throngs that pushed and jostled through the wide, unpaved streets of Guthrie there were not many friendships that could date back more than a few weeks, and probably more than nine tenths of those hopeful souls were total strangers to one another.

There was nobody to take any particular note of his arrival when Warren Dudley stepped from the train and was seized as lawful prey by the head porter of the Vanderbilt House. Warren had been bred in New York and was accustomed to crowds; but the noisy, turbulent horde that surged about him confused and irritated him, and he felt as oddly out of place as a backwoodsman at a county fair. He was not very glad that he had come, and he was already ashamed of the quarrel with his father that had neatly lopped him off the family tree so far as any substantial benefits were concerned. He knew his father pretty well, and he knew that the old gentleman's check-book, as well as the paternal door, was closed to him forever. There was nobody to help him. It was his own way he must make, and he had very little money to make it with. Then he thought of the girl at Westchester, and smiled a little as he wondered if she would wait for him to make it. He had never asked her,—there had been no time for that,—but he would some day.

When he reached the top of the hill that leads up from the station, Warren drew himself out of the crowd a little, and looked about him. Far away toward the west and south rolled the rough, broken prairie, burned to a reddish brown. Off to the northwest were a few cottonwood-trees growing along the edge of a crooked stream of liquid mud, which he afterward learned was the Cimarron River. He had heard and read wonderful reports of the richness of the Southwestern country; but there were no evidences of it before him. As a matter of fact, the heat had been so great that he had lost all interest in the landscape about

the middle of Missouri, and had since devoted himself entirely to novels supplied by the train-boy. These were muddled with an uneasy recollection of an almost endless stretch of corn-fields that he had taken for granted was Kansas; but the name Oklahoma—"pleasant land"—had somehow suggested green meadows, cool woods, and clear streams to his mind, and this vast, bare prairie, sprawling shameless in its nakedness, affronted him. Disappointed, he turned and fell in again behind the impatient porter.

The Vanderbilt House was hot and dusty, and had an evil smell. After a wretched dinner, Warren was glad to take to the streets again. In the first twinges of homesickness he was ready to talk to anybody who showed a friendly face, and the universal hopefulness and enthusiasm stimulated while it perplexed him. He had come to the Southwest without any definite plans beyond a vague idea that a new country must offer many opportunities; and the spectacle of thousands of people living in wagons, in sod houses, in tents, and even in the open air, waiting with almost pathetic confidence for the opening of the Strip, suggested to him the possibility that his own future lay also in that direction. Every one was talking of the prospective city of Perry, that was to be established about thirty miles north of Guthrie, and was to be made the chief town in the Strip; and the future value of real estate, and particularly of corner lots, was a matter about which there were usually as many different opinions as there were people drawn together to discuss it.

These gatherings were everywhere. It was impossible to live in that atmosphere without catching something of the spirit of the hour. Warren's blood was stirred, and in a day or two he was as eager as his neighbor to take an active part in the wonderful struggle for which all were preparing. He had never been so close to the soil before, and the shock of contact with the coarse and rough, but terribly earnest, natures about him set the blood hurrying through his body in a way that was quite new to him. Hitherto careless and indolent, he now spent his days upon the streets, listening, asking questions about the new country, offering suggestions, giving directions—all with as much excitement as the oldest boomers: veterans they were who had taken part in the settlement of Kansas and every Territory that had been opened since. The town was run on a "wide-open" plan that was the breath of life to the nostrils of the old

forty-niners, who were there in considerable numbers. Gambling-houses and saloons were never closed, and Warren was in and about everywhere. He attended the horse-sales every day; he inspected the markets, discussed the possibilities of the Strip as a cotton country with Mr. Hawley, the chief buyer, talked politics with everybody, and became wholly absorbed in the strange, feverish life about him.

Warren was not long in learning that capital was quite as needful in a new country as anywhere else, and he found himself unable to take advantage of many opportunities that came his way. There was one chance especially that he felt he could not afford to miss. A young fellow whose acquaintance he had made at the Vanderbilt House had established a grain business that promised great results in the immediate future. But the young man could not stand the climate, his health was nearly gone, and the doctors had ordered him off on a prolonged sea-voyage. He had large contracts, which he could not close at that season of the year, and he offered Warren his business at a ridiculously low price. Low as it was, the sum required in cash was more than three times greater than he could find; but he was determined not to let the opportunity escape him. He knew that lots in Perry would probably be in great demand during the weeks immediately following the opening, and he felt that if he could get a corner lot in the business portion of the town he could make a turn that would give him the necessary sum. If he lost that chance, his condition would begin to look serious. Such a thing as employment was out of the question. There were thousands of applicants for every situation, and wages had long ago been forced down below what is usually regarded as the starvation point. But he was full of confidence and had no doubts about the result. He bought a horse and began to work up his speed for the run. The animal was one of a lot sent up from Texas, and Warren selected him the moment he saw him. He had little beauty, but plenty of strength and wind, and Warren cheerfully paid out almost his last dollar to become his owner.

Shortly after the middle of August people began to move up to the little towns just south of the border; but Warren stayed on, eager to learn all he could about the new country, and finding a strange pleasure in the excitement of which he now felt himself a part. It was not until the 15th of Septem-

ber, the day before the opening, that he joined the motley caravan that had been passing through Guthrie for weeks, and rode north to the little village of Orlando, just south of the boundary-line, and eleven miles from the site of the future city of Perry. There was no shelter to be had in the town; but Warren was prepared for that, and went into camp on the prairie close by. A strip of mosquito-netting folded until it was about five inches wide, and then set up about four pegs which had been driven in the ground in a square, formed an efficient barricade against centipeds and tarantulas, and with a blanket about him, and his head on his saddle, he passed the night in comfort.

On the following morning all the excitement of the last few months seemed to reach a climax. On the north side of the Strip the army of boomers, which now numbered more than one hundred thousand, were seeking out the best places from which to make the start at noon, and on the south side a similar struggle was taking place. The great day for which thousands had been waiting for more than half a year had come at last, and these restless myriads were impatiently and feverishly awaiting the signal which was to throw open over six millions of acres of virgin land. Just outside of Orlando, Warren found himself one of some thirty thousand excited, half-desperate home-seekers who had gathered to make the run from that point. He moved about among the crowd for a time; but as the morning wore on and the hour for the race drew nearer, he felt himself becoming more and more restless, and at last he mounted his horse and rode out to the front of the line, until he was stopped by a dusty soldier in a slouch-hat, who savagely ordered him back. The soldiers had a hard time that morning in holding in check the long lines of people who kept swarming over the borders at every point. There was little time for politeness, and many a man felt the butt of a musket smash against his ribs before he had time to hustle out of the way.

The crowd was bewildering in its size and aspect. The very old were there as well as the very young, and the halt and lame besides those who were sound. The greater number were on horseback; but there were many in prairie-schooners, in buckboards, in buggies, in spring-wagons, and on bicycles; and there were hundreds who had no means of locomotion save their own two legs. These were the only ones in the multitude who had no

hope of securing town lots in Perry. The most they could expect was that those who were better provided than themselves would push on to the town sites and leave to them the farm-lands that lay near the borderline; and they jostled and fought for the best places, as eager and hopeful as the rest.

Hundreds of women were in the throng. Some of these were with their husbands or families; but many were alone. In the hurry and scramble for places the men regarded them as little as they did one another; but the women, as if expecting it, stolidly accepted the rough treatment, and pushed and elbowed their way in the crowd with grim energy.

The boomers were clothed in costumes as conspicuously varied as the wagons they rode in. Nearly every kind of coat and hat that had ever been in fashion had a more or less decayed representative, and tattered remnants of outgrown respectability fluttered defiantly on every hand.

High over this constantly moving, ragged, hungry, and picturesque crowd of boomers glittered the fiery sun, and a great cloud of dust, raised by the restless trampling of thousands of horses and mules, rolled far away toward the north before a blistering south wind.

Everybody was shouting or quarreling at once; stamping horses and insistent dogs added to the uproar, and as the day drew toward noon, the noise and confusion swelled and grew in volume until perhaps five minutes before the hour, when there fell upon that vast, uneasy crowd a stillness so deep and strained that it seemed as if every one had suddenly gone dumb. Warren felt his nerves tighten with a shock. He gave one hurried look up and down the long line of set, eager faces, and then settled well down into his saddle, leaned forward, and fixed his eyes upon a dusty, perspiring soldier in a sergeant's uniform, who stood a little apart from the others, holding a revolver in his hand. Suddenly the sergeant stepped forward a pace or two, swung his arm up, and fired into the air. With a yelp the crowd surged forward, and the Cherokee Strip was open.

In the days when he was a conspicuous figure among those who followed the varying fortunes of the anise-seed bag or hunted the wily golf-ball, Warren had been regarded by his friends as a little too pronounced in the refinements of dress. There was no thought of form in his mind now, as, grimy

and sweating, he urged his horse forward through the blinding dust. He had never been so much in earnest before; he would accomplish what he set out to do, no matter what happened. He was far better equipped for the race than the majority of his competitors, and he knew he would succeed. There was a fleeting thought of the girl in Westchester. He smiled a little grimly, and fell to watching his horse's stride. The thunder of the hoof-beats roared in his brain like the sound of the sea, and as he tore along he felt a sudden thrill of exultation at the fact that he was alive and in the thick of it.

He had been among the earliest to get off in the first wild charge, and he was now riding well up in front. Above the roar of that rushing army, the terrific speed of which made the ground shiver, rose the shouts of excited men urging their horses to greater efforts. Warren peered about him in the choking dust. Wagons had been left behind almost at the start, and after the first ten minutes men on horseback began to drop out. Only the stoutest could stand the pace.

Presently Warren became aware that some one was riding close to his right flank. He could hear the deep breathing of the horse, but he did not look behind him. He touched his own horse with the spur, and clucked an encouraging word to him; but the other kept close behind. Warren glanced back impatiently, and was surprised to see that the rider was a woman. In the same look he noted that they were drawing away from the others. Through the whirling dust-clouds he saw that she was young and that her face was white and drawn.

"Come on; we'll beat 'em out!" he yelled back at her, and she smiled at him with her eyes, urging her horse until she was beside him and they rode on together. The pace was awful, but the ride was short. In less than twenty minutes they were at the high bluff about half a mile southeast of the site of the city about to be established, and over the edge they went pell-mell, with the crowd thundering close behind.

Sliding and scrambling down through the dirt and small brush, they had just reached the bottom when the girl's pony stumbled, his leg snapped, and down they went in a heap. In an instant Warren was off his horse and at the girl's side. Picking her up, he tossed her into his saddle, thrust the bridle-reins into her hand, and gave the beast a slap on the flank that sent him for-

ward under the lighter weight at fresh speed as the great army of riders swept roaring past.

It was all over in a flash. He had not hesitated or even stopped to think. He stood for a moment with parted lips, and watched with eager eyes the great cloud of

dust roll across the narrow strip of bottom and up the slope toward the town site. Then he turned and shot the disabled pony, took off the saddle and bridle, and slinging them over his shoulder, fell in among the stragglers, and trudged on after the crowd. He had made the run.

THE ROSE OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE Rose spoke in the garden:
 "Why am I sad?
 The vast of sky above me
 Is blue and glad;
 The hushed deep of my heart
 Hath the sun's gold;
 The dew slumbers till noon
 In my petals' hold.
 Beauty I have, and wisdom,
 And love I know,
 Yet cannot release my spirit
 Of its strange woe."

Then a Wind, older than Time,
 Wiser than Sleep,
 Answered: "The whole world's sorrow
 Is yours to keep.
 Its dark descends upon you
 At day's high noon;
 Its pallor is whitening about you
 From every moon;
 The cries of a thousand lovers,
 A thousand slain,
 The tears of all the forgotten
 Who kissed in vain,
 And the journeying years that have vanished
 Have left on you
 The witness, each, of its pain,
 Ancient, yet new.
 So many lives you have lived;
 So many a star
 Hath veered in the Signs to make you
 The wonder you are!
 And this is the price of your beauty:
 Your wild soul is thronged
 With the phantoms of joy unfulfilled
 That beauty hath wronged,
 With the pangs of all secret betrayals,
 The ghosts of desire,
 The bite of old flame, and the chill
 Of the ashes of fire."





DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL.

HER MOUNTAIN LOVER.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," etc.

XV. ON THE GRIZZLY BEAR TRAIL.

JIM, imperturbable and serene, met the party at the station. He had gone back to his rightful character, and looked very handsome in a loose blue shirt, broad white hat, and dark trousers belted at the waist.

"Howdy, folks, howdy!" he said in general greeting, and shook hands all around without hurry or embarrassment. "Glad to see you all safe. I've herded the peaks all the week fer ye. They're all here, I think!"

"Oh, Mr. Matteson, how cool you look!" said Bessie. "And oh, is n't it wonderful here!"

Mrs. Ramsdell was gasping, also. "It is like the Alps. No wonder you grew enthusiastic about it."

"By Jove!" called Twombly, "it's more like the Andes. You know, I'd no idea it was to be like this."

"Where is the mine? Can we see it from here?" asked Bessie, eagerly.

"Now, doc, I reckon you'd better corral this drove of tenderfeet and get 'em off the platform," said Jim. "The bus is waitin' to take you all to a hotel; and I—"

"A hotel!" cried Bessie. "Oh, I thought we were going to camp out in the woods."

"Time enough for that," put in the doctor. "I want to see one square meal at the Occidental before getting down to beans and bacon. That buffet-car lunch was a hollow mockery."

Jim bundled them all into the bus without ceremony, and they were at the hotel before Bessie had time to exclaim twice. No sooner were they in their rooms than the women began again to cry out and exclaim

over the splendor of the mountains. They ran out upon the piazza to watch the light as it climbed the highest slopes and lighted them into unspeakable glory, second only to the clouds themselves. The women stood with clasped hands, but not in silence.

"Is n't it heavenly! Oh, if I could only paint it before it goes!" Bessie murmured in a sort of awe.

"I begin to understand why Willard always runs away to the mountains when he has a moment's leisure," said Mrs. Ramsdell. "I came to Denver with him once, but declined to go farther. I had no conception of this."

"Was n't he fine?" Bessie said musingly.

"Who, dear?"

"Why—Jim, of course."

"Oh, yes, indeed! He looks at home out here. He has quite forgotten his London trip, I hope. I like his rugged strength."

"So do I," replied Bessie. "But I never can forgive him for running away without saying good-by to me."

"Well, you know, I never blamed him very much. You certainly flirted unconscionably with Mr. Twombly that night."

"Well, suppose I did; there was that London affair to be explained, and Mr. Matteson did n't appear to think it worth while to refer to it at all."

"Perhaps it was a painful subject."

"You said that before," said Bessie, pouting. "I don't like it. I don't see why it should be painful. If he did n't encourage her, then his conscience is clear."

Ramsdell came out on the piazza, smiling and rubbing his hands as if he were the proprietor of the view, and anxious to sell it.

"Well, girls, what do you think of this? Up to the advance notice?"

"Oh, it is beyond anything!"

"Wait till you tread the Grizzly Bear trail, then you'll shout."

"We will *not* wait. We are going to shout now," replied Bessie. "There can't be anything finer than this. It is impossible."

"Where is Jim?" asked Mrs. Ramsdell.

"He's gone up the trail."

Bessie's face lengthened. "Why did he run away again?"

"To get out of danger, I reckon."

"Danger—what danger?"

"I don't know; but I think he was tempted to kill Twombly. But, girls, I've got great news—" he lowered his voice.

"What is it?"

"The Ella Grace has struck a wonderful vein of free-milling ore and doubled the value of our claim. We don't need Twombly at all."

"Oh, goody, goody!" Bessie began to dance. "I knew I'd bring good luck."

"But, Willard," said Mrs. Ramsdell, "I don't see—why that should—"

"Because, my dear, the Ella Grace and the Concordia are now on the same vein, and we are in exact line. We *thought* we had the same vein as the Concordia, but we did n't *know* it. Now we are certain, and Jim has an offer from the Concordia people of half a million for a half-interest. They want to consolidate."

The women stared in silence for a moment, then Bessie said:

"A half-million! And half of that is Jim's?"

"Now will you be good!" exclaimed the doctor. "I guess Twombly's nose is awry. But let me tell you this, my girl: you've got to eat humble hoe-cake with Jim. No more flirting with Twombly. You get your meek look on to-morrow."

"Well, I don't think I *shall*. Let him take his gold and go to England and get that 'society woman' if he wishes. I won't put a straw in his way."

"If you put a balsam-fir in his way he'd jump it, I reckon," laughed the doctor, in boyish glee. "But come; supper is waiting below. We must eat to live if we live to eat. All the world is ours to-night. To-morrow we'll go to see our golden mountain."

Twombly came down to supper in a frock-coat and a light tie, looking very well cared for, indeed; but Bessie was thinking of Jim and how graceful and big and *natural* he looked. He fitted into the landscape, while

Twombly grew more and more unpleasantly artificial by contrast, and his attentions at the moment were wearisome. She was bitterly disappointed in Jim. If he had only shown some constraint; but he did not. On the contrary, he was perfectly at his ease, and his eyes looked into hers like those of a casual acquaintance. He did not seem to notice what she wore or—or—anything. He did not seem to care what any one thought or felt.

"Jim will be down in the morning," the doctor was saying, "and we'll all go up to the mine and take dinner. He had to go home to set a ham a-boiling and wash up the table-linen. He's profoundly titivated at the idea of having a couple of women to dinner."

"He did n't look it," replied Mrs. Ramsdell.

"I don't think he cares in the least," said Bessie.

After supper they all went out and strolled up a side street to a little knoll which commanded a view of the valley and the town, and there sat to watch the sun go down. (For the most part they sat in silence, while the gloom deepened over the river and the lesser peaks grew cold, like torches blown out one by one.)

The valley was nearly circular in shape and had been formed, apparently, by the coming together of two swift streams.

"These first cliffs," said the doctor, in explanation, "are three thousand feet in almost sheer rise, while the true rim of the cañon or valley, that dove-gray amphitheater, is five thousand feet higher than where we sit; and lastly, that peak which still holds the light, old Lizard Head, is seven thousand feet above us." The doctor gave these figures with a sort of proprietary gusto. "This is the Wagon Wheel, and that is the Gap. The Rio Grande enters the Gap and stops. When the Rio Grande stops it is for cause. There is no other outlet, save by burro-trail."

"What is a burro-trail?" asked Bessie.

"You'll know to-morrow. And put on your divided skirts. Jim will put you on a man's saddle; it is n't safe to ride the Grizzly Bear trail womanwise."

The women looked at each other slyly, as if to say, "Well, now, the trail is upon us." Suddenly during a pause in their conversation a faint crackling, rattling noise was heard, and a far-off halloo. These sounds seemed above them on the almost perpendicular wall of the mountain.

"What is that?" both women inquired.

The doctor listened. "Sounds like a burro-train." He listened again. "That's what it is—a burro-train on the North Star trail."

The women rose and looked upward. "Willard," said Mrs. Ramsdell, "you don't mean to tell me that there is a living creature up there—a four-footed one?"

"I suspect there are about twenty," he replied, scanning the cliff. "There they come!" he exclaimed, pointing to a jutting shoulder of the cliff. "See them!" Round a lofty point the train of patient little animals crept, their sharp hoofs tossing the pebbles in their path.

"Why, they look like lambs!"

"How small they are!" exclaimed Bessie.

"They are about a third of a mile above us," laughed the doctor. "See the man! He's little, too. It's a long way up to them."

Thenceforth the sunset was forgotten, and the women watched the descending train with breathless anxiety.

"Oh, the poor things! Suppose one of them should fall!"

"Why do they weave back and forth that way?" asked Bessie.

"No other way to get down. That's the way the trail runs on steep slopes. They could n't come head on."

"A trail—is that a trail?"

"That's a trail."

"Is the trail to our mine like that?"

"Yes, only worse."

Mrs. Ramsdell fetched a deep sigh. "Well, I guess I don't care to see the mine, thank you."

The doctor changed his tune. "Oh, it is by no means as dangerous as it looks," he hastened to say. "This one is safe as a garden walk."

"I'm not afraid," said Bessie, "only I do think it mean to load those poor beasts and then hurry them down such steep places. Oh, see them go round that rock! Why, they're right on the edge of it. Oh, dear! They'll surely fall."

"Don't worry," the doctor said reassuringly. "You could n't push one of 'em from the trail. They go over that rock twice a day all the year around, and never slip a cog."

"This is all immensely foreign to my notion of America," put in Twombly. "If that driver were dressed in a conical hat and wore a gay sash, I could imagine myself in Spain. I had forgotten that your miners used these little asses."

"We borrowed most of our packing ideas

from Mexico, and these burros come from the Mexican settlements to the south of us."

At last, moving like some smoothly geared articulated machines, the laden beasts came past. Their heads were low, their ears flapped rhythmically, and their little feet made a pattering noise. They bore their burdens without apparent effort, and yet each carried, the doctor said, one hundred and fifty pounds of ore.

Not till they had passed did the women give another thought to the mighty pageantry of flushing, fading, passing color; and as it was growing dark and cool, they began to walk slowly back toward their hotel, cloyed with color and the grandiose, glad of the commonplace walls and furniture of their rooms. And Bessie went to sleep thinking up nice things to say to Jim when they should meet in the morning.

At breakfast Mrs. Ramsdell flatly refused to consider mounting a man's saddle.

"Very well," replied her husband; "then you must walk all the bad places, and that means nearly three miles. I'd advise stout shoes in any case; the road is rough."

"I'm not afraid," said Bessie. "Everybody rides that way out here."

"I don't care; that does n't help me any," Mrs. Ramsdell replied.

Once outside the hotel, they found Jim busy with a herd of saddle-horses. He was going from one to the other, examining stirrups and straining at the cinches. He wore a loose blue shirt with a small red-brown tie, and his trousers were tucked into a sort of tan-colored boot with side laces, the modern miner's boot. He looked extremely alert and very handsome and masterful as he moved deftly about his work.

"Good morning, Mr. Matteson. Which is my pony?" called Bessie.

"Right here," he replied, patting a small roan mare dozing with lax lips. "Safe as a clock."

As Jim took charge of the company his thought reverted to the make-believe pack-train he had organized and directed for Mary, and it seemed to him at the moment too absurd to have even been a dream. It was of another world. He shook himself free of the recollection, and his voice was clear and jovial as he said:

"Doctor, you take the bay and put Mrs. Ramsdell on the sorrel. Twombly, you jump that pinto, and bring up the rear."

"Are n't you going to ride?" asked Bessie.

"No; I'm going to walk and look after you tenderfeet," he replied. "All ready,

now." He put down his hand, and she put her foot into it readily enough, but her heart filled with a sudden timidity as she felt the power in his grasp.

The moment she touched the saddle she flushed. "Oh, I forgot. It's a man's saddle; I must get on differently. Look the other way, please."

Jim smiled, and did as he was bidden. When he faced her again she was seated astride, very self-conscious and flushed, but determined.

Jim looked at her as though nothing unusual had been said. "Now are you all right? Can you stand in your stirrups?" She rose on tiptoe. "That's about right. Now take the reins in your left hand. I'll lead the old mare, so you need n't bother to rein. Just take it as easy as you can." He had time now to look at the others. "Are you all set, doc? Line up, boys!"

As the horses fell into single file like trained soldiers, Bessie turned a radiant face to the doctor. "Oh, is n't this delightful!"

"Have all the joy you can now," he malevolently replied. "We may be obliged to blindfold you both before we round Hell's Corner."

"No, sir," cried Mrs. Ramsdell; "I go to my destruction with my eyes open."

"As you prefer," the doctor replied, as if yielding a point.

For the first half-hour they kept the broad wagon-road, and Bessie exclaimed: "Oh, this is splendid! I like trailing."

Jim smiled up at her. "When you get back to this road again you'll know what a mountain trail is."

"I want to know all about it. I want you to teach me," she replied. Her eyes fell before Jim's searching glance, but she was piqued at his silence. She had tried to be nice, and he had no reply.

A little farther on he halted the train and came alongside her pony to tighten the cinch. "We hit the trail now," he said.

The doctor dismounted, and tugged at the leatherette of his own saddle. Twombly was left to take care of himself, but he seemed to be getting on very well.

"Do you see that line across that black slide?" asked Jim of Bessie.

"Away up there? Yes."

"We cross there."

"Oh, no; it can't be possible!"

"All ready! Forward, march!" called Jim, and his voice rang out with such determination as men voice when going into battle. He intended Bessie to feel the solemnity of

entering upon the Grizzly Bear trail. He led the way into an obscure, narrow path which left the road and angled away among some small pines and shrubs. It ran for some minutes to the right, then turned abruptly to the left, and climbed again. As she rose, a sort of exaltation seized upon the girl, and she grew pale with a pallor that was beautiful to see.

"Oh, this is wonderful!" she exclaimed in a voice heard only by Jim. "Now I understand your love for the high country."

He looked back at her with a smile which she could not interpret. "Wait till we put the clouds below us," he replied.

The hills she had considered mountains sank low, dwarfed by the kingly peaks that rose beyond them. The town already looked like a handful of child's building-blocks. The air grew distinctly cooler and crisper. Immense snow-fields flashed into view, lying like capes of ermine on the northern side of looming crests. Faint clouds began to come into being far to the south, and still the pathway climbed, looping like braid on the mountain's breast.

Just as Bessie was getting used to the doubling of the trail, they came out upon an open space, the track of an avalanche, it seemed.

"Now don't be scared," called Jim. "Whatever happens, hang to your saddle—and nothing will happen. We've got to cross this slide."

The trail led nearly athwart the loose bed of shale which hung but insecurely on the slope. To Bessie each step of her horse seemed to threaten disaster. Below, for hundreds of feet, the slide ran, so steep, so unstable, it seemed a touch would set it in motion, carrying everything before it.

The girl clung to the pommel of her saddle and looked straight ahead, finding comfort and security in the sight of Jim's powerful and confident figure. It seemed to her that danger thickened at every step, but Jim called back cheerily: "Don't be scared. It's all right; it looks worse than it is."

Something in his face and voice made her very happy, and she smiled with a brave little contortion of the lips.

When they reached the firm trail beyond the slide, Jim halted and came back to her side.

"How do you like it—so far?"

"I don't like 'slides.' Are we over the worst of it?"

A scream from Mrs. Ramsdell prevented his answer. The doctor, walking beside her

horse, had crowded him off the path, and he was sliding slowly down the shale.

"Hang on!" shouted Jim. "He'll come up again."

The horse realized the situation and, struggling bravely, soon regained the path; but when they reached firm footing, Mrs. Ramsdell turned a white, accusing face upon her husband.

"Willard, I am going to walk."

"I would n't, my dear. You're over the worst of it," he replied, and persuaded her to remain in the saddle while they began to climb again.

"Where are we going?" called Bessie. "I can't keep direction, for the life of me."

"We turn right under that ledge," said Jim, pointing to a huge jutting cliff. "Right where you see that man the trail makes the corner."

"How small he looks! He's no bigger than a pin. Is that the very top?"

"Oh, no; but the trail is comparatively level after we reach that. It's a long way to the mine yet."

The mounting was now so rapid that Bessie was forced to cling to the saddle with both hands, while the mare toiled terribly, lunging upward for a few rods, only to stop to rest. These moments gave time for a word or two, and each moment Jim grew distinctly more intimately tender. He, on his part, was powerfully moved by the eager, wonder-filled face of the girl, who looked like some adorable child, with her hair blowing about her flushed cheeks.

"Is n't it nice to think the little burros don't have to carry their rocks of ore up these awful trails?"

Jim did not tell her that they carried lumber and sawmills, grindstones and stoves, big plates of boiler-iron and boxes and barrels. He left her in unpaired ignorance.

At last they reached the big rock, and Jim again halted and came back to say, "You'd better get off and rest," and putting his arm around her, took her from the pony and set her on her feet, all in so matter-of-fact a way that she could not cry out against it, or even refer to it.

"Perhaps he thinks that is the way to help ladies off," she thought.

"Now we are going to cover a piece of trail that will make you nervous; but you'll be all right if you stay right by your horse. You can walk if you feel like it; but it's just as safe on the horse, and a mighty sight easier. What do you say?" Jim said, as he stood looking down at her.

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"I'll do as you think best," she replied; "but I thought you said the trail was level?"

"It is; but it's a little rough underfoot, and almighty mean to look at."

"If you lead my horse I won't be scared," she said, with a smile which made him very tender of her.

He turned to Mrs. Ramsdell. "I'd advise you to walk, unless you feel all right in the head."

Mrs. Ramsdell stared with round and frightened eyes.

"Why, please?"

"The worst part of the trail is to come," said the doctor.

"I thought you said the worst was over."

"Reckon you'd better ride ahead, doc, and let her walk just ahead of me, so I can keep an eye on her."

The women looked at each other with a wordless communication of terror. Then Mrs. Ramsdell faced her husband. "Willard, what have you got us into? I'm going back."

Bessie deserted her. "Oh, no. Let's go on. I'm not afraid."

"That's the talk," said Jim.

Twombly, who was sticking to his saddle, to the dismay of the horse, called out: "Bravo! Let us proceed."

The doctor was disturbed. "You must n't turn back now, when the very finest scenery is coming. My dear, be a brave lady."

"Scenery is of no value to a lady with a broken neck," replied Mrs. Ramsdell, with a pitiful attempt at being jovial. "If I go on I shall walk."

Ramsdell helped his wife to the ground, and then rode by, leaving her horse to follow just ahead of Twombly. He was a little disgusted with her unreasonable terror.

"Line up! Line up!" called Jim, and the horses began to move. "Fall in just ahead of me," he said to Mrs. Ramsdell, "and look straight ahead. I'll take care of you."

Bessie fixed her eyes on the doctor's pony. As he reached the big rock he seemed to be walking calmly out into space to his destruction; but just on the verge, while outlined on the sky like a figure on a monument, the pony turned on his hoofs as if on a pivot and disappeared. A moment later the girl found herself gazing over her horse's head into an abyss a thousand feet deep. Her scalp seemed to lift in a spasm of mortal terror; she clutched the mare by the mane, and bowed her head. As she did so a vast report broke from an unseen cannon and went crashing away from cliff to cliff with portentous rumbling as of

certain doom. For a moment the girl believed she had fallen from the cliff; then she became aware of the calm movement of her horse, which neither started nor hastened her step at the monstrous crash.

Jim was saying, "Go on! There is no danger if you walk straight." He had one hand under Mrs. Ramsdell's shoulder, and was steadying her. She seemed about to faint.

The trail was indeed fearsome. It appeared to be nothing but a seam in a prodigious wall of rock three thousand feet in height. A stratum of slate had been picked out and crushed with hammers to make a narrow path, which was wide enough for safe passage where they stood, but in the distance appeared to narrow to a mere thread, as dangerous as a half-inch cable swung above Niagara. Far down below, the Grizzly Bear was roaring, and around old Lizard Head the thunder-clouds were developing with enormous power and celerity.

Jim looked back at Bessie. "It's all right. I won't get you into danger. Come on."

Mrs. Ramsdell tottered forward, encouraged by her husband and by Jim, until she reached a broader portion of the ledge, when she regained a little of her confidence.

"Keep your eyes high! Don't look down!" called Jim, and Bessie lifted her head. A sudden exaltation seized upon her. The rolling clouds on the high peaks, the roaring of the savage stream far below, the sound of the wind on the opposite wall of the cañon, the stupendous heights and depths, moved her so profoundly that she forgot her fears and rode forward with hands convulsively clutched in the mane of her loyal mount. Whenever she felt sick with terror of the abyss she fixed her eyes on Jim's tall form, and was made brave again.

Twombly rode along, exclaiming at intervals, "By Jove, now, this is impressive! It's like Bolivia. How high are we now?" he called to Jim.

"Only about ten thousand," replied Jim. "The trail is perfectly level now for two miles," he explained to Bessie.

As she gained in confidence, the girl began to look up and down, and to measure the immensity of the mountain wall, round which the trail ran like a girdle.

Suddenly a piercing, peculiar whistle sounded, followed instantly by a terrific crash of thunder, out of which Jim's voice rose: "Turn out, doc!"

"All right," called the doctor.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Ramsdell,

whose fright returned in full flood. "Was it a mine exploding?"

"A burro-train. We must reach a 'turn-out' before they do."

Across a side cañon and round a sharp point a drove of laden burros crawled in single file. It was precisely as if they were walking an invisible tight-rope. They slid across the face of the mountain like a string of beads on an oiled wire.

At the head of the side cañon a widening of the roadway permitted the two trains to pass, and there the doctor drew up. Riding his horse to the very edge of the cliff, he dismounted, and came back to meet his wife. "Come, my dear; there is n't a particle of danger."

Jim came back to Bessie's aid. "You'd better get off, I reckon. It's a tight squeeze, and sometimes those little jackasses get to crowding."

After helping her to alight, he led her horse close to the doctor's beast, and then, taking the girl by the arm, stood beside her and very close to her, with the horses crowded to the edge of the rock.

Bessie looked up at him archly, expecting to meet his glance, but he was looking away at the oncoming burros with an anxious wrinkle on his brow. As the timid beasts caught sight of the women they began to weave about and point their ears with concern.

"Whoo-oosh!" yelled the driver. "Go on there, you fools!"

"Don't crowd 'em!" shouted Jim. "Give 'em time. Don't you see the women here? Give 'em time."

Bessie realized that it was not quite so safe as Jim had tried to make her feel it to be.

"Don't take hold of the horse," he commanded. "Take hold of me. I'll take care of ye."

The leader of the train, with bright eyes fixed on Mrs. Ramsdell's skirt, sidled by; but the second beast paused, and those behind pressed on.

"Whoo-oosh! Go on, there!" yelled the driver.

"Don't hurry 'em, you idiot! Give 'em a chance," called Jim again. "Stand close, doc. Keep quiet, everybody. They'll pass in a minute."

Twombly had dismounted, and stood beside his horse also, and the three men formed a buffer between the burros, the women, and the horses.

"There is n't a particle of danger," Jim

said to Bessie, and something in his glance made her forget where she stood. Twombly was for the moment entirely forgotten by them all, but he was not alarmed.

Twice Jim laid his hand on a crowding, shuffling beast and held him from the two women, and at last the jam gave way. The slender stream of gray and brown mules passed on, and the way was clear.

Mrs. Ramsdell was sick with terror, but a knowledge that it was now as easy to go on as to turn back nerved her to go on. It was a tremendously dramatic half-hour. The sunlight failed suddenly as a heavy storm-cloud swept westward of Lizard Head, and pealing thunder broke like monstrous cannon from the heights. The scene that had been so radiant with beauty became suddenly gloomy and illimitably threatening.

At last they swept round a great gray wall of rock into a wooded, grassy, flowery country, where the trail was a smooth purple path winding among aspens and dwarf oaks.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Bessie, and Mrs. Ramsdell, drawing a deep sigh of relief, was able to smile faintly.

Far ahead of them rose a great peak, seemingly at the head of the grassy valley, which led upward at an easy grade. On this peak vivid sunlight lay warm and golden. All along the trail flowers waved—gentians, asters, Indian paint-brush, sweet-williams. The slopes were radiant with bloom, and the wind in the aspens was as gentle as a baby's breath. A few moments later the sunlight came racing down the gulch, and the world was again dazzling with light and odorous with bloom.

"There," called the doctor, triumphantly, "is n't this worth while?"

Mrs. Ramsdell could not instantly throw off her terror, but Bessie was radiant with delight. She asked Jim to pick some flowers for her, and he obediently did so, and she stuck a few in the band of his hat, and the action seemed to them both to be very significant. Jim was finding the trail more beautiful than ever before in his life. It was very much worth while, this playing guide to a pretty girl.

"An hour's climb, and we're at the mine," said he. "That is the Concordia. The Ella Grace is over the ridge to the left. We are between."

XVI. JIM ENTERTAINS BESSIE AT THE MINE.

THE cabin stood where a poet or a fastidious trailer would have set it, on a wooded terrace well toward the head of the cañon,

and about fifty feet above the stream. From the door, range after range of peaks, each more than fourteen thousand feet above the sea, billowed away, gleaming with green and gold and garnet, mingled with snow, over which the clouds dropped purple shadows.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Bessie. "I thought mountains were either bare or snowy. These are lovely."

Mrs. Ramsdell, having come safe through deadly perils, was also disposed to enjoy the scene to the full.

"I never expect to see it again," she said, after admitting the beauty of the view.

"Oh, I like it! May I come again?" Bessie asked of Jim.

"Why, sure. Every day, if you like."

"And I want to climb one of these peaks. That one—how high is it?"

"Nearly fifteen thousand feet—about as high as the Alps," replied the doctor.

Bessie stopped suddenly in the midst of her dancing, and laid her hand on her breast. "What's the matter with me, doctor? My throat hurts me, and so does my head."

"That's the effect of the rare air," laughed the doctor. "Better not get too ambitious. Put off the climb for a day or two."

"Oh, the poor horses! Did they feel this way carrying us up? And you, Mr. Matteson, it must have been hard on you."

Jim smiled. "This is my country. I'm used to it."

Bessie looked with admiration at Jim's great frame. He seemed larger and stronger about the shoulders than ever now that he was free from the pinching folds of a coat. He made all other men in the world of no account so far as she was concerned, and she resolved to be very humble.

"Well, now, folks," Jim said heartily, "make yourselves at home while I see what my Chinaman is doing about dinner. Doc, you might take the girls over to the mine."

"No, no!" cried Mrs. Ramsdell. "You must show us the mine. It would n't be right for anybody else to do that. Don't you think so, Bessie?"

"Oh, please do, Mr. Matteson; never mind dinner. No, I'll tell you, aunty; let's help him get dinner, and then we'll all go to the mine together."

Jim reluctantly permitted them to enter the cabin, which was built of the fine, straight boles of the aspen, and was cozily set among the stocky pines. It presented indubitable signs of having been recently swept and garnished. A smiling Chinaman was clat-

tering busily about on the bare floor of the kitchen lean-to, which Jim had hastily constructed after his return. Savory smells issued from various pots and tins, and the women looked at each other with sly grimaces of amusement while surveying the housekeeping methods and utensils.

The bunks were swung up against the wall. The chairs, which were made of long slabs, with a shorter slab nailed beneath for support, were freshly scoured, and a big table, also of slabs, filled the center of the room and supported some heavy crockery and tinware.

"Is n't it all delightfully primitive?" said Mrs. Ramsdell. "I'm glad I lived to see it. Who made the chairs?"

Jim looked a trifle self-conscious. "I did. Like 'em?"

"I think they are wonderful. How did you ever think of leaning two sticks together like that?"

The doctor interposed. "Come, now, I can't have Jim take undue credit. These are the regulation miners' chairs. They are not original with Jim. Nobody knows who invented them. I don't mind your thinking Jim a wonder, but I can't have you imputing supernatural powers to him."

Twombly, whom they had for the moment quite forgotten, appeared at the door with a silver-mounted fishing-rod in his hands. "Do you know, I believe I'll try for a fish."

"All right," said Jim, cordially. "This is free fishing. No Black Moor restrictions here. Fish in the ripples if you want a trout. Mountain trout are not dead-water fish."

As Twombly spoke, Jim's mind filled with the scenes of their camp-trip to the Black Moor and the little crawling stream wherein Twombly had angled while he prepared dinner with Mary looking on; and now, with Bessie's voice mingling with the roar of his river, Mary seemed as artificial and far off as England herself. Getting back to the hills had thrown London deep into a dim country crowded with unaccountable and irritating figures—a land of tragedy and dream.

He had sense enough to perceive the vast difference between Bessie's girlish chatter and the half-satiric, half-mournful charm of Mary's speech with him. Bessie was a girl; Mary was something singularly outside womankind as he conceived it. At the moment she seemed a diseased, unnatural being.

Bessie noticed his sudden abstraction. "What are you thinking of, Mr. Miner?"

He looked up with a sudden smile. "I was thinking what I could do with my quarter of the million—after I get it."

"Oh, let us help you! We can be of service there, can't we, aunty?"

"I don't think Jim will lack advisers on that score," Mrs. Ramsdell replied. "We are prepared to devote a good deal of time to the matter."

Jim shook off his abstraction, and said: "Well, now, you women-folks, *shoo* out o' here. John and I don't want any of your help," and spreading his arms, he drove them out. "Go set on a bench and watch the peaks go by," he ended, with a complete return to his familiar humor.

The women laughingly obeyed, and while the doctor unsaddled the horses and picketed them on the sunny slope, Mrs. Ramsdell drew Bessie aside and opened up an intimate conversation:

"How fine Jim is! He's finer than ever out here, for he's a part of this life. He seems very glad to have you here, and has quite taken possession of you. It was beautiful, his care of you on the trail coming up. I could see that, if I *was* scared nearly out of my wits. He took care of us all. Even Willard depended on him."

"He did n't seem to watch over Mr. Twombly," said Bessie, with a malicious glitter of her eyes.

Mrs. Ramsdell smiled. "That is true. He did leave Twombly to shift for himself; and I must say Mr. Twombly is quite capable of caring for himself, and he's very nice, too—not a bit officious. I don't think you are justified in snubbing him. I guess he understands that Jim 'has the inside track,' as Willard says. I'm sure it would n't require any wonderful insight to discover Jim's mind on the matter."

Bessie looked away at the splendid peaks with a musing smile on her lips. She was very happy, and she wished Mrs. Ramsdell would not define the situation so closely. It was so much lovelier just to enjoy it and never, *never* put it into words. The storm-dragons still circled old Lizard Head and Ouray like great angry birds struggling over a common prey, but the thunder had ceased. Occasionally a stately cumulus cloud moved out over the valley like a ship trailing a wine-purple cloud across the gold and green of the slopes, passing on to the west to catch and cling to some loftier crag and there dissolve in rain.

In the presence of such prodigious dramas the women ceased to speak, and only dreamed

with half-shut eyes, absorbing every detail of this marvelous upper world into which they might never again penetrate. All the world was belittled and made small by these resplendent walls.

Precisely at noon Jim came out, and, lifting his hands to his mouth, sent forth a mellow shout that went echoing down the valley like a strain of music.

"Hello! hello! Dinner-bell! dinner-bell! din-ner-bell!"

The women scrambled to their feet in haste, and Jim met them at the door with a smile.

"Want to wash?"

"Thank you; we should like to."

He led them to a squared pine-stump whereon was a basin, and beside it a pail of the cleanest water. "Here you are. Dip in. No extra charge for soap."

He brought an obviously new towel, which was as slippery as cambric, and the women eyed it and him with vast amusement.

"Company towel, is n't it?" said Mrs. Ramsdell.

"Sure thing. Do you know what else I've got?" he asked.

"We could n't possibly guess."

"Napkins!"

"Oh, what ruinous extravagance!"

"I bought a whole mule-load of things yesterday—canned peaches, canned corn, canned salmon, canned celery, canned tomatoes. I sure laid myself out to feed you well, so you'd stay all summer."

He looked at Bessie as he said this, and Mrs. Ramsdell smiled back at him significantly. Bessie exclaimed at the clean tablecloth and the napkins and the silver-plated knives and forks, and then Mrs. Ramsdell said:

"Now that we've seen them, please put them away, and let us eat with the very ones you use when you are alone. We want to live just as you do when we are not here."

"Impossible!" cried the doctor. "John did n't have time to scour the knives, and Bill was never known to wash a dish."

"Who is Bill?"

"Here he is to answer for himself."

An old miner, spattered with yellow clay, and looking as rusty as a tin can, stood looking in at the door. He seemed to be frozen in an attitude of suspense till the doctor said:

"It's all right, Bill; they're real. It's no dream this time. This is my wife and this is my niece. Girls, this is old Bill Williams, our foreman. Look at him close, for

he is to be superintendent of the mine hereafter."

Bill was apparently nothing but whiskers and dirt and two black eyes, but he had his share of wit.

"I never expected to see two such women up here—at once," he finally said, with a big smile.

"That 'll do, Bill," called the doctor; "you've said it. Go wash now and look pretty, or you 'll stand no show against Jim."

It was like a story to Bessie. Old Bill came back and sat in the doorway and told of the wonderful vein they had opened, and the doctor joked him about his worshipful glances at Bessie, and the Chinaman clattered about with chirping impertinence in interrupting the choicest joke by presenting a dish of huckleberries or canned corn. Jim sat at the head of the table, with Bessie at his right, but was kept too busy by the Chinaman and the doctor to be able to have connected conversation with any one.

The doctor expanded from moment to moment. "Come up here a month from now, and you 'll see a hundred men sitting down to dinner, and buildings all around here—a village of our own."

"Oh, no!" said Bessie. "That will spoil it all. One little cabin does n't matter, but—"

"How else do we get our million?" he replied. "Did you get a bite?" he asked Twombly, who had returned and quietly taken his seat.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I had the best of luck. I brought back four choice ones. I could have caught more, only I could n't keep away from the mine. I went over to the tunnel and took a look at the ore."

"What do you think of it?"

"It looks very well. Of course I can't tell till I make an assay of it."

"Assay till all's blue," said the doctor.

"We know what it is, and we're satisfied."

This made them all so anxious to visit the mine that dinner was hastened and the table turned over to Williams and his men. Jim led the way to the mine. It was not far away, though somewhat higher than the cabin, and they soon reached its mouth—an irregular opening in the granite side of the mountain. A heap of country-rock lay just below it, and close beside the narrow tramway was a pile of rusty-colored ore.

Jim picked up a piece from the heap nearest the entrance, and his voice was touched with awe, as he said: "Here's the vein, doc. You don't need any glass to see the color on it."

Ramsdell turned visibly paler as he scrutinized it. "By the Lord Harry, so it is." He turned to his wife. "Deary, this makes us!" His voice was tremulous with emotion, and his wife ran to him and threw her arms about his neck, unable to utter a word. Bessie looked at Jim with big, tear-misted eyes. She had never seen the jovial doctor so deeply moved. His emotion was much more convincing than the gold itself.

Jim was able to speak first, but he was forced into jocularly to conceal his emotion.

"Well, now, see here! Are any of you mourners going into the mine with me?"

At this they all laughed, and the tension of the moment gave way. The doctor straightened up. "Lead on, Macduff. Is it muddy?"

"Not much. Keep right in my track." Jim took down three candles, and handing one to the doctor and another to Twombly, lighted his own, and they all proceeded.

The tunnel ran nearly straight, with a little up grade, deep into the heart of the mountain. On the ties of the tramway strips of board were nailed, and footing remained fairly dry, though the ripple of a small stream of water could be heard beneath the track. The way grew darker and colder as they went in, and once Jim called:

"Shield your light, doc; we pass an old side shaft here on the right."

Once, as they stood waiting for the doctor to relight his candle, Bessie moved close to Jim as if seeking protection.

"Oh, is n't it solemn in here!"

He reached for her hand and held it firmly. "Keep close to me, and I'll take care of you. There's no danger."

"Suppose the mountain should cave in, or something!"

"We keep watch of that," he replied. "When we see a vein of water seeping in, we shore it up and go on."

It was very sweet to be the protector of such a little thing as Bessie seemed to him, and Jim was glad that the mine was growing colder and damper and more mysterious; it gave him an excuse to turn and reassure her.

"Step out bravely. Trust me. I won't take you into danger."

They heard, at last, the sound of picks, and came upon a couple of men working at the loosened rock. They had struck the vein at an angle, and were drifting to the left toward the Ella Grace claim.

"Well, boys, how does it go?" asked Jim, cheerily.

"She's widening out," replied one of the men. "Fully an inch in the last ten feet."

As the doctor and Twombly picked around the wall examining ore, under guidance of the men, Jim stood close beside Bessie.

"I can't realize that there is a great fortune there," said Mrs. Ramsdell. "It seems like madness to go digging into the mountains like this."

Jim took Bessie's hand, and as he replied, "It's all here, and it's ours," his powerful fingers closed on the small wrist. His words, so far as Mrs. Ramsdell knew, referred to the doctor and himself. To Bessie they meant something more—so much more that a little thrill of fear ran through her blood, and her throat constricted in a singular pain, a pain that was also a profound pleasure. For just a moment she was passive, then her hand struggled to be free.

"I don't like it in here. I want to get out," she cried in a sort of panic.

"Well," said Jim, "I reckon we've seen all there is to show. Let's jog along back to sunshine."

XVII. JIM CLIMBS THE MOUNTAIN WITH BESSIE.

JIM had determined to have a talk with Bessie which would set everything to rights, but he was too much a child of solitude to enter upon such a dialogue with the possibility of interruption. He preferred to be with her on a height overlooking the valley, where only the soaring eagle could listen. He had not yet arrived at a satisfactory line of explanation of his relation to Marv, but he trusted to the time when they were alone together.

Bessie was eager to climb a mountain, and when she spoke of it again, Jim said:

"You'd better wait till your lungs are stronger; the air is mighty thin and cold up there."

"How long must I wait?"

"Oh, a week or so—when you come up again."

"But we're not going down, at least not while the weather is fine. Auntie says she never expects to get up here again, and so she wants to stay as long as possible."

"I'm mighty glad of that," said Jim, with great satisfaction. "But I'll jest naturally have to rack down the trail and stock up, or we'll all go hungry."

While he was gone the doctor led his flock out upon a grassy shoulder of the mountain, and there they lay bathing in the sunlight, watching the splendid cloud-

dramas of the environing peaks and talking of the mine and its possibilities.

"It puts an end to my Chicago practice, my dear," he said. "I shall be needed here, and we must get a house in the Gap."

"Oh, Uncle Will! And I can come and live with you here?" cried Bessie.

"Don't you think you 'll be lonesome? Think of the plays and concerts you 'd miss."

Bessie stoutly shook her head. "I love it out here. I *never* want to go back."

The doctor laid his right hand over his heart, and sang in doleful voice,

"Where-e'er thou art is ho-o-o-me for me-hee-hee,"

and Bessie threw a pebble at him.

"You brought it on yourself," remarked Mrs. Ramsdell.

Twombly began to feel that he was very much outside of the "whole proposition," and seized the first opportunity to ask:

"About this mine, now, what terms can we agree upon?"

The doctor said: "To tell the square-toed truth, Mr. Twombly, we 're not so anxious to sell as we were; but, seeing that you have come so far and represent some of Jim's friends, we 'll let you have a block of stock at par, and that 's a concession, for we have a fortune under our hands. The strike in the Ella Grace just doubles the value of our claim; development may quadruple it. If you had taken Jim's offer over there, we should have stood by it; but as you came to examine first, with option of doing nothing at all, we have the same rights. We withdraw our first offer, and substitute one based on the newer developments." And with this Twombly was forced to be content. "I don't blame you, of course," he said. "But I could n't go into the thing without investigation." Nevertheless he was not displeased. He returned to Wagon Wheel the next day in good spirits.

Jim returned late for lunch, and they all gathered round him while he drank his warmed-over coffee and talked of the offers he had had for his share in the mine.

"We 're goin' to be overrun with yaller-legged experts," he said disgustedly, "and I 'm goin' to lock the trail."

Bessie waited on him at the table, and would have cooked him something nice, but she was afraid of John Chinaman.

Jim's love for her was very human, and his desire to reach out and encircle her

waist had no touch of awe in it. She looked very housewifely as she gathered the dishes together after he had finished. He thought of Mary at the moment, but put the thought aside.

The days which followed were filled with keen pleasure. When alone, the men discussed the mine; when together with the women, the doctor brought the young people into most intimate relation. He all but spoke of them as engaged. For their own part, Jim and Bessie kept to a laughing, elliptical sort of conversation, which allowed Jim to say things which meant little, so far as words went, but which were made meaningful by glances and by cadences in the utterance. Courtship could not have more favorable conditions.

Each morning the sun rose fair, and each day at eleven o'clock the great clouds gathered on Ouray and Lizard Head, and the thunder broke forth like monster cannon-shots. Each day the doctor said, "Well, shall we go down to the Gap to-day?" and each time Bessie quickly cried, "Oh, no; not to-day," and Mrs. Ramsdell, with a shudder, said, "Oh, that dreadful trail! No, let me stay a little longer, Willard. I shall never get up here again."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Jim. "We 'll build a stage-road for you."

It was not all courtship for Jim. He spent hours with the doctor and various business men in discussing the mine and plans for its development. He rode down nearly every morning to the camp, but contrived to spend his afternoons, and, above all, the sunset hours, with Bessie. The girl, on her part, assumed each day more and more of the management of the cabin, and Jim went so far as to kick the Chinaman for saying, "Lilly gal heap boss—no likee."

They were very comfortable, indeed, for Jim sent up all sorts of necessities from the camp, and the cabin came to look more and more like a home.

Bessie had not given up her desire to climb one of the peaks, and each day she said: "My lungs are getting stronger. I can run up that little hill and not hurt myself at all." One day she said: "I was half-way to the top of the trail to-day."

"Well, then," replied Jim, "we 'll make a try for the pass to-morrow. We 'll start right after dinner, and see how far you can go."

Of course Bessie invited Mrs. Ramsdell, who promptly refused, and equally natural was the doctor's ready assumption that he,

too, had been invited. He referred to the trip a great many times, and always in a way which left no doubt as to his intention to share it.

"I shall enjoy that trip to-morrow," he said. "I've always threatened to go up to the top of Lizard Head, but always put it off. Now I'm certainly going to reach there."

"I reckon you'd better put it off again," remarked Jim. "Cuyler is coming over to talk with you, and you'll have to stay here."

"Oh, I can send one of the boys over to tell him to come some other day."

He was relentless up to the moment when Bessie came from the cabin dressed for the walk. He rose, and said: "Well, I suppose we'd better be going. It is a nice little climb."

"Willard!" exclaimed his wife, and laid hold of his coat-tails.

He sighed, and said: "You see how it is. I'm quite willing to accept your kind invitation, but—"

"Are you ready?" said Jim.

"All ready."

"Then we go," he replied, and they set off up the trail, leaving the doctor behind.

Jim held himself down to a moderate pace, but Bessie's cheeks were soon pink with exertion. At times Jim stopped to call attention to the change in vegetation.

"Here we see the last of the aspen," he said. "The mountain pine will last far up to the snow-line; everything else will drop out."

The path was very beautiful even after it left the oaks and aspens behind; it was like a curving ribbon in the rich, thick, short grass of the mountain meadows, and in every ravine it crossed a stream of the purest water. Conies squeaked round the rocks, and young eagles cried from their nests; broad fields of snow lay all about, except in the broad, slowly ascending valley, which lay wide to the sun.

The girl had a sense of being in a world alone with her lover, and it troubled her breathing almost as much as the walking. When they sat beside the trail to rest, Jim talked of the mountains and the birds and beasts, and pointed out the route they must take to reach the summit.

"You can see both sides of the world from that peak," he said in conclusion.

"Oh, how much farther it is than I thought!" she said.

"It'll use up the evening," he replied in a tone of satisfaction. "I'm not worried; are you?"

She did not reply, and he rose. "Well, we must keep a-lopin'. Let me carry your jacket."

As they rose, the girl's heart expanded with a pleasure that was almost pain. The world of peaks became awesome with its grandeur of line and splendor of color. On every side great ranges tumbled against the sky like billows of an opalescent sea, with crests of gold and brown and purple, with shields of snow here and there like mighty foam-flecks. Every sign of man except the foot-path disappeared, and the girl walked a little nearer the stalwart figure of the man before her.

"It scares me," she said in a half-whisper, as they stood side by side to rest.

"I reckon the Almighty wrote his poetry right here," he said. "I wish I'd 'a' known this country before anybody else found it. I'm a miner, but it hurts me to see the country blasted into."

They came at last to a big snow-field, and there Jim turned. "Now, my girl, I reckon you better let me help you. It's a sharp raise here."

She took his hand, and skirting the snow, they came out upon a smooth, steep slope covered with crumbling masses of rock. With fifteen minutes' sharp climbing they reached a vast comb of rock rising from the smooth crest.

"That is the crest of Lizard Head," said Jim, as he drew the girl into a nook out of the wind, which was keen and strong. "Do you want to go up?"

"Yes; I want to go to the actual summit."

"I like that!" he said, smiling at her. "There's a whole lot of grit in your make-up. Well, fall in close behind me."

It was no easy task to reach the topmost crag, but at last they set foot there, and the girl clung to the mountaineer in wordless fear and awe. And he, setting his broad breast into the wind to shield her, felt a quick rush of love for her, she seemed so helpless, so tender, in the midst of the savage world of snow and peak. He put his arm around her, and drew her closer within his shelter.

"Did n't realize how cold it was up here, did you?"

"No; but is n't it grand! It makes me want to cry."

"It makes me want to sing," he replied exultantly.

Then, without another word of love, he pointed out rapidly the great ranges and peaks which could be seen. He indicated the direction in which lay the Elk Mountains,

the Needle Range, the Lone Cone of Sierra Blanca, and the great wall of the Sangre de Cristo. She, on her part, was feeling the sheltering power of his arm and the sturdy poise of his tall frame, and was happy in his nearness.

He had a watchful eye on her. "We must go down; it is too cold up here for you."

When they reached the little sheltering hollow in the ragged base of the crest, she was shivering with cold and nervous exhaustion. He took off his coat and made her put it on, and led her round to another niche where the sun fell.

"It was almost too much, was n't it?" he asked. But her chattering teeth prevented an answer.

"A mountain is always twice as high as it seems; that's the reason I wanted an early start. It'll be sundown before we reach the cabin."

He sat down beside her, and pulled the collar of the coat close around her face. He was a good deal concerned about her, but did not let her know it. She had over-exerted herself, and the reaction had set in.

"You'll warm up in a minute," he said reassuringly. "You're tired, you see, and that wind got into your bones. I wish I'd brought some whisky; but I never take it except for snake-bites, and I did n't think of it this time."

He put his arm around her again, and said: "I hope you're not goin' to be sick. I can't afford to lose you now I've got you." He laughed down at her, and when she turned her face up at him, he said: "I want you to stay in the high country with me."

She did not reply, and he hastened to say: "I need you bad. I've been chasin' round over these hills till I'm tired of it. I want to build a cabin up here somewheres, and put you in it, and kind o' take it easy and watch the sun pass by. I'm a shaggy specimen, but I can take care of a girl now the

way a man'd ought to do—and I want ye. Now, what do you say?"

She lifted her hands, and put them about his neck, and gave him a sudden pull.

"I love you, Jim."

"That settles the whole proposition," he said, giving her a squeeze that made her gasp. "And now we must hurry, for the sun has left us, and you'll be gettin' chilled again. It's a long way to the mine, and you'll find it as hard to go down; you'll be lame and sore."

As they stood facing each other, she put her arms about his neck again, and asked:

"Do you love me, Jim? Do you love me better than that London woman?"

He took her wrists in both his strong hands. The time for that explanation had come, and he was not prepared. He dominated her by his power and his sincerity.

"Now, see here, little girl; you must n't worry about that woman. It's like this: I went down into the low country and into strange company, and I had a queer dream: A woman was good to me, and I liked her. I liked her mighty well, but I was n't her kind, and she was n't my kind, and we said good-by. And I broke away and came back to my kind; and the girl I really wanted for my wife was prettier than ever, and I just calculated on gettin' her. But she had switched off, and was bein' nice to another chap—"

"It was your fault."

"—and so I said, 'Well, Jim, you're due to chew the bitter cud.' So I climbed higher. But the girl was only foolin', after all, it seemed, and, now we understand each other, let's let bygones go by, and see if we can't dig out a whole lot of comfort right here in the mountains. The other woman don't count here. Now, what do you say?"

"I wish she had n't been dreamed," she said wistfully.

"So do I, now," he replied. "But we're goin' to be happy just the same. Come, let's go home."



THE GREAT HERESY TRIAL OF THE REV. EPAPHRODITUS PLUMMER.

BY CAROLINE ABBOT STANLEY.

WITH DRAWINGS BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

NEVER since the day that the colored Baptist church of Fulton left its white brethren and went to itself had there been such an excitement in the religious circles of the town as now. In comparison, the calling of the Rev. Epaphroditus Plummer in the place of Uncle Isrul, retired, had been a mere circumstance.

Even the sudden death of Uncle Isrul on the very day of his successor's installation—thought by many to be a judgment on them for their disloyalty to their old pastor—had not disrupted the church as this had; for, logically reasoned the adherents of Brother Plummer, if it were “a jedgment, a sho-nough jedgment,” it had fallen upon the wrong person. This argument, though simple, was yet so conclusive that it silenced for a time the elderly sisters at whom it was principally aimed. But who ever knew a woman to be silenced permanently by logical argument? When the clouds began to envelop Brother Plummer there was a return to the “jedgment” theory. “Aha!” they said, they had “always known something was going to come upon him,” etc. The very vagueness of the impending disaster made it far more fearful and fascinating to them.

The undercurrent of excitement spread to the remotest ramifications of the local church. It culminated for the sisters on the day previous to the one set for the called meeting. Wherever there was a Baptist cabin there was some sign of internal commotion. Feather beds were out sunning, old quilts fluttered on the fences, and the bushes blossomed out in pillow-cases and ragged towels. Brooms, and even mops, were in vigorous demand, and no one familiar with the every-day condition of those abodes could doubt the efficacy of church courts as a means of grace.

Nor was the preparation confined to having the house swept and garnished. Fat black mammies, whose heads were a network of braids and strings foreshadowing to-morrow's hair-dressing, waddled from cabin to cabin on hospitable thoughts intent, trying

vainly to borrow from neighbors as impecunious as themselves. There was the wildest demand for something to eat, with depressing vagueness as to where to get it. Already portentous squawkings had been heard from hen-roosts, and it must be recorded that the victims were not always of the Baptist persuasion. Contributions were levied upon good, full chicken-coops without regard to the ecclesiastical preferences of their owners. This was not a time for splitting theological hairs.

Aunt 'Cindy Freeman, whose husband believed in woman's rights and lived up to it, had gone on a foraging expedition on her own account. As soon as she found that the called meeting was an assured fact, she started for Mrs. Sallie Marlowe's with bucket and basket.

“Miss Sallie, whut you gwine gimme fer de 'sociation?”

“The association! You don't tell me it's time for another! I believe you-all have a conference or a quarterly meeting or an association about every three weeks.”

“Well, Miss Sallie,”—Aunt 'Cindy had an injured air,—“we-all don't have nothin' to do wid de *cornfrence*, nor yit de *quart'ly meetin'*. An' dis ain't no common 'sociation; dis is a *call meetin'*. We got a case o' *har-rassy*!”

She announced it as one would announce a case of smallpox, and waited to see the effect. “Yessum, we got a harrytick to 'ten' to, I tell you!”

“I suppose you mean this foolish talk about the darky teacher,” said Mrs. Marlowe, who had heard the rumor before. “What's he done? What is your idea of a heretic, anyway?”

“I don't know jes whut dey is,” said Aunt 'Cindy, doubtfully; “kinder Catholics or witches or somep'n'. Anyway, Aunt Polly Henderson 'low dey mighty dang'ous, harryticks is. She say she gwine keep Liz up. Liz is dat ijit gal wha' lives wid Aunt Polly. Dey say harryticks is fearful dang'ous to ijits. Aunt Polly say she gwine mek Liz say

de catechiz ev'y day—"Who made you?" an' 'Who was de fus man?' an' 'Who was de stronges' man?' an' all 'bout Methus'lum. She ain't gwine tek no chances. You know, de Hendersons was Prisbyte'ians, an' Aunt

out now by *no* harrytick. You know dem Prisbyte'ians, Miss Sallie!"

"What does he teach that you object to?" asked Mrs. Marlowe, amused, and yet half indignant.



"MISS SALLIE, WHUT YOU GWINE GIMME FER DE 'SOCIATION?'"

Polly never got over it. She think dey ain't nothin' like de catechiz to keep off de pleurisy—I mean de harrassy. She 'low she jes is got it beat inter Liz' head dat 't wuz Jonah stidder Samson swallered de whale, an' she ain't gwine have de onderpinnin' knocked

"He 's goin' ag'in' de Bible," said Aunt 'Cindy, earnestly. "He say de sun don't move."

"Well, what if he does?"

"Now, you know, Miss Sallie, any fool nigger wha' all his lifetime has seed his

mammy tell time by de sun on de cabin flo', an' den say hit don't move, ain't right. He ain't safe."

"It 's what I believe," said Mrs. Marlowe.

Aunt 'Cindy looked at her yawning basket in great perturbation. It was a most inopportune time for a difference of opinion between herself and Miss Sallie. Still—

"It 's diff'unt wid you, Miss Sallie," she said, groping for an argument that would be both respectful and convincing. "You tells time by de clock. An' den you 's a 'Pistobal, an' holds to dancin' an' sprinklin', an' 't ain't to be 'spected dat—dat— But de Babtises, now, dey b'lieves in de Bible."

"I see," laughed Mrs. Marlowe. "Well, what do you want?"

"Some sugar, please, ma'am." Aunt 'Cindy's face wore a relieved expression. Theological argument was rather out of her line, but taking up a collection was familiar ground. "An' jes a leetle mite of coffee, an' den you might save de grinds fer me. I always biles 'em over fer de preachers. An' you ain't got any scroops of cake, is you? An' ef you got any pusserves 'at 's workin', I might cook 'm down fer you on de sheers. An' say, Miss Sallie, please, ma'am, gimme some—"

Her voice straggled off into the kitchen pantry after her fat body.

Aunt 'Cindy's presentment of the case indicated the drift of popular opinion. Brother Plummer certainly was in evil case. And yet no preacher or teacher ever entered upon his work with fairer prospects of success than he had a year or two before. In the first place, he enjoyed a reputation for boundless knowledge, befitting a man who could "read a whole chapter of de Chroni-clations widout battin' of his eyes," as Brother Jimmerson proudly asserted of him in his masterly defense at the church meeting.

Then, his school had prospered. The children were learning both books and manners, and in addition were beginning to show some faint sign of thinking about what they learned. Brother Plummer had the fullest confidence of his school board, all white men, who rejoiced that they had at last found a man for this place who was able to teach.

He was young and unmarried, and the younger sisters sustained his hands with great unanimity. There was seldom any complaint now, as in the days of Uncle Isrul's incumbency, of their straying off to the Campbellite meetings. The Baptist church exulted in the distinction of having a preacher who was a great scholar, head and shoulders above the other colored min-

isters, if, indeed, he were not superior to the white ones, as was more than once broadly hinted—somebody whose learning could safely be contemplated only at a great distance, because it was liable to go off at any time, and might prove fatal to one at close range.

This height of fame was not reached till the time of his famous answer to Brother Swoggle at a meeting of the association. Brother Swoggle, who represented a neighboring town, and whose word had hitherto been law, was making a labored argument in favor of immersion,—somewhat a work of supererogation, it would seem, since they were all ardent supporters of that particular tenet,—and had just said triumphantly, "Ef sprinklin' is babtizin', what I ax you is, why don't de Bible say sprinkle stidder plain babtize? Some of you answer me dat ef you kin!"

He made a sort of rhetorical pause just here, and the Rev. Epaphroditus took him at his word. He rose to explain that the Bible was said not to have been written first in our language, and that in the original the words "bapto" and "baptizo" both occurred. These words had both been translated "baptize," but the pedobaptists claimed—

They did not follow him in his explanation. They lost their balance when the ponderous words "bapto," "baptizo," and "pedobaptists" fell from his lips. With such a leader, why need they bother themselves to try to follow more than the man? They looked at Brother Swoggle, who had heretofore been regarded as invincible in argument. He was hiding his diminished head behind his hymn-book. That speech did the business. Before the week was out the deacons had challenged Uncle Reuben Swope of the Methodist church to an argument with Brother Plummer on the subject of baptism,—this was in the controversial belt,—which Uncle Reuben promptly and prudently declined. Never having got further than "baker," he, of course, could not be expected to cross theological swords with a man who was on speaking terms with "bapto" and "baptizo," and was acquainted not only with "Baptises," but "pedobaptises" as well.

From that time on, Brother Plummer's supremacy in the association was acknowledged by all but one man. That man was Brother Swoggle. Yet his renown had come through no intentional seeking. It happened that years ago he had heard that argument while driving the carriage for his master and

a clerical guest, and, having a retentive memory, it had remained with him. He had brought it up before the association solely in the interest of a better understanding of the Scriptures.

The Rev. Epaphroditus was really doing

largely and usefully a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

Brother Plummer perceived one day that a subtle change had come over his congregation. They listened, it is true, with even sharpened attention, but there was a differ-



"BROTHER SWOGGLE, . . . HOW DOES YOU HOLD 'BOUT DE SUN?"

a much more important work in the community than having discussions. He was trying to make his dusky flock see that there was some slight connection between their lives and their religion; that it was not all a matter of emotional fervor. So earnest was he in his preaching, and so consistent in his practice, that it is possible he might in time have done something for them; but all at once there rose on the blue sky of his popu-

ence in its quality. They had now a certain air of expectancy, as if they were more curious to know what he would say than to feed upon it when said. Their receptive mood was gone. He felt intuitively that his words fell upon closed hearts. When he came down among them there was a falling away from him and a perceptible constraint. Some looked askance at him, and some curiously; others whispered significantly as he passed.

He could not imagine what was the matter.

From that time on Brother Plummer was fighting with an unseen foe, the blighting power of which was felt on every hand. Every effort he made was neutralized by this intangible adversary. Church work languished. Individual piety was at a low ebb. They were all so intent upon watching their preacher that they had no time to watch the citadels of their own hearts, and the arch-enemy made good use of his opportunity. The spirit of worship, hitherto the strong right arm of this emotional church, was fled. In its place was a strange spirit of criticism, wholly foreign to the simple natures of this people—a spirit with which worship had no fellowship. Then the gathering clouds spread over the whole heavens, and the storm broke.

To understand this sudden change of the religious atmosphere we must go back to the time of the last association.

Brother Swoggle was being entertained at the humble home of Uncle Dan'l and Aunt 'Cindy Freeman. The youngest-born of this good couple, little Dan'l, who had just been promoted to "jogerphy," had come home from school one day with a strange tale about the sun standing still and the earth moving around it. Uncle Dan'l and Aunt 'Cindy had combated this teaching as a palpable falsehood, but little Dan'l was not to be moved. "Mr. Plummer he say so," was his unanswerable argument. Uncle Dan'l began to feel troubled. Where was such teaching as this going to end?

"Brother Swoggle," he said after the morning session, as they sat outside the cabin door waiting for dinner, "you 's a' egerated man. How does you hold 'bout de sun?"

The reverend gentleman tilted himself back comfortably and brought his fingers together in argumentative position. He did not quite see the drift of the question, but no man ever found Brother Swoggle unprepared.

"I holds dat it come up in de eas' an' go down in de wes'," he said tentatively, "de time fluxeratin' 'cordin' to de length of de day an' de dark of de moon."

Uncle Dan'l drew a relieved breath. "Dat 's de identical way I holds. But Brother Plummer *he* holds dat de sun don't move. He say hit 's de yearth."

It cannot be said with any certainty that Brother Swoggle remembered his vanquishment of a year ago, but then we are all human. He let his chair down on all four

legs, and laid his hand impressively on Uncle Dan'l's patched knee.

"Brother," he said, "dat 's a dang'ous harrassy!" He looked all around and lowered his tone. "You mark my words: *dat man ain't soun'.*"

The next Sunday the Rev. Epaphroditus preached a practical sermon, sorely needed, on the duty of the brethren to keep their wives supplied with split wood, and to rest on the Sabbath day *only*. He took for his text, "Six days shalt thou labor."

"Dat 'uz a pow'ful discourse," remarked Aunt Dilsy to Aunt 'Cindy as they came out of church. Aunt Dilsy always had to hunt her wood as well as chop it.

"Ya-as," assented Aunt 'Cindy, doubtfully, "it was so; but"—she whispered it with reluctance—"dey say he ain't soun'."

That was the beginning of it. Before the week was over the wildest rumors were rife in regard to the minister's heterodoxy. The brethren, never very reliable, threw all labor contracts to the winds in their thirst for discussion of the subject and their zeal for the truth. What did such trivial things as engagements and promises amount to when their orthodoxy was endangered? The women hurried for once over their wash-tubs, and got through in time to run in to their neighbors' and talk it over.

"Who ketched him?" asked Aunt Hannah.

"Brother Swoggle. Deysay Brother Swoggle is one of de finest harrassy-hunters in de country," said Aunt 'Cindy, with enthusiasm. "He got a nose fer it."

In a fortnight's time they were all taking sides. In another the church was well-nigh rent in twain. A church meeting was called and a delegation sent to the school to hear a geography class. They came back horror-stricken.

"He jes t'arin' de Bible to flinders an' puttin' of de jogerphy in its place," reported Uncle Dan'l at another church meeting called to hear the report. They fairly revealed now in called meetings, having two a week regularly.

Another delegation was appointed to wait on Brother Plummer and inform him that it was the voice of his constituency that the sun moved, and their wish that he should modify his teaching on this point to suit their consciences. Brother Plummer replied courteously that the church had nothing to do with it. He was engaged by the board, and the board was satisfied with his teaching. Moreover, it was the only thing he could teach if he taught this subject at all. The church

took great exception to this defiance of their wishes, and the result was a called meeting of the association to discipline the refractory minister. There was little doubt how it would go.

In the meantime, echoes of the conflict had reached the ears of the white people.

"Bob," said Dr. Melton, one morning, as his man brought his buggy around, "what 's this I hear about the darky teacher?"

Bob scratched his head thoughtfully. "I reckon he gwineter be chu'ched, suh. De meetin' 's done called."

"Churched! What for?"

"Harrassy, suh. He been teachin' contrary to de Bible, suh."

"You 're all a pack of fools!" said the doctor, with admirable frankness. "He 's got more sense than the whole of you."

"Ya-as, suh, he 's mighty smart man," assented Bob, cheerfully.

"And he 's honest. Why, I 'd trust that fellow with the key to my hen-house."

"Ya-as, suh, he 's mighty good man, Brother Plummer is. 'Co'se he ain't got no fambly—dat might mek a diff'unce 'bout de chickens; but dey say, suh, he ain't soun'. He 's upsettin' of de Bible."

"Nonsense! Is n't he trying to make you industrious and honest and saving and decent generally?"

"Ya-as, suh, he sholy does poun' dem doctrines into us scan'lous. I reckon dat 's one thing dey got ag'in' 'im. Dey claim he don't have no time lef' to 'spoun' de ordinances. Ya-as, suh, I reckon dey gwine chu'ch 'im. Brother Swoggle 'low he 'll git 'im out or die."

Dr. Melton gathered up his lines energetically. "Well, you 'll not get him out of the school, I 'll tell you that." The doctor was one of the school board.

The day of the called meeting arrived. The visiting brethren came from far and near. Every cabin was taxed to the utmost to accommodate its guests. The delegates reveled in good cheer, freedom from work, and the novel and solemn prospective pleasure of dealing with a heretic. The labor schedule of the town was utterly demoralized. Washings were laid by. Unironed clothes accumulated in drifts. Waiting woodpiles were as still as the grave. Not a negro could be had for love or money. Ten o'clock was the hour set for the trial. By half-past nine the church was filled.

At Uncle Dan'l's cabin there was an excitement of another kind. Aunt 'Cindy was deep in the mysteries of a "big dinner." She

had sacrificed her last chicken and laid it on the altar of zealous orthodoxy. Having done this, she found herself equal to the greater sacrifice of staying away from the morning session that the fowl might be properly cooked and served.

"Dey been wrastlin' fer de Bible over dar, son, I tell yer," she said piously to little Dan'l as she bustled about later, taking up the dinner, the odors of which appealed irresistibly to the nostrils of the hungry ten-year-old. "Dey 's laborers in de Lord's vineyard, an' I gwine give 'm dey hire." She piled up the crisp brown pieces of fried chicken on her dish and poured around them such cream-gravy as nobody but an old-time Southern darky knows how to make.

"Mammy, gimme de drum-laig," pleaded little Dan'l, "an' de gizzard. Please, ma'am!"

Aunt 'Cindy gave a searching look at her dish and shook her head.

"I gwine give it to you when dey 's th'ough, honey," she said. "Dat drum-laig look so noble up in dis hyeah cornder—hit jes fill up dat interval dar. But nem mind; I gwine tell daddy not to he'p dat laig; dat 'un 's yourn, *sho*."

"Mammy, give it to me now," urged little Dan'l. He had seen preachers eat. He dis-trusted the whole fraternity.

"I lay I 'll bus' yo' haid open ef you don't hush!" threatened Aunt 'Cindy, in a tone wholly at variance with her fierce words. "Go 'long, git me a limb."

The laborers in the vineyard, Uncle Dan'l, Brother Swoggle, and his deacon, were now resting outside the door. When they were called in it was to no mean repast. Aunt 'Cindy's fried chicken and hot biscuits might have tempted a more abstemious man than Brother Swoggle to a prolongation of the trial.

"Sist' 'Cindy," he remarked affably, "you cert'n'y does know how to fry chicken fer de ministry. Dis mus' be a yaller-laig."

Aunt 'Cindy gave her well-groomed locks a gratified toss.

"Why, Brother Swoggle, I don't think dey 's anything fitten to set a minister of de gawspel down to *but* a yaller-laig."

Brother Swoggle acknowledged this delicate compliment to the cloth by graciously taking another piece.

"How is it goin' wid Brother Plummer?" asked the hostess when the first throes of hunger had been quieted. "Does his sperit 'pear to be changed?"

"He 's *corntumelious* an' *ondegenerate* still, sister," responded Brother Swoggle.

He shook his head in gentle sorrow, and absently helped himself to a wing.

Little Dan'l gave a gasp and a sob. He was engaged in that most trying of all juvenile occupations, keeping off the flies, on an

"De brother did not convene," said Brother Swoggle, with dignity.

"You mean he wa'n't dar? Well, dat 's a pretty howdy-do! Did n' pay no 'tention to de call meetin'! Humph!"



"WE AIN'T GWINE STIR F'OM HYEAH TELL DE LAS' THING 'S CL'ARED UP."

empty stomach. Aunt 'Cindy cast a glance of sympathy toward him and motioned encouragingly with one eyelid toward the remaining "drum-laig," which did indeed now look noble in its solitary state.

"What did he have to say fer hisself?" she asked, returning to the weightier matters of the law.

"He sont a letter," admitted his opponent; "but de 'pistle was sont back to him wid de word dat de specialness of dis 'casion required him to 'pear befo' de tribunum in pusson. I reckon he be dar dis evenin'."

Now, this was the truth, but not the whole truth, the remainder being that when Bro-

ther Plummer's letter (which might have been an explanation of his absence, or a plea in self-defense, or a defiance of their authority, or a copy of the Ten Commandments, for anything they knew) was presented to that august body it forced them into a very awkward predicament. There was not a soul among them that could read! Brother Swoggle, as presiding officer, received it and turned it over helplessly. Then he wiped his forehead and his glasses, regretting audibly that he had left his "near specs" at home and did not find his "fer ones" equal to the occasion.

He inquired if any gentleman present could read with *his* specs, and it appeared that none could, with or without. He considered. It would never do to call in one of the children to read it. That would subvert all ministerial authority. To acknowledge inferiority to Brother Plummer was not to be thought of. But Brother Swoggle was a man of resources. He handed the letter back to Brother Jimmerson, with the stern command that the recreant brother appear in person.

They all breathed freely again. The dignity of the "tribunum" was preserved.

"Brother Swoggle," said Uncle Dan'l, who was now through with his dinner and had tilted back comfortably in his chair, "huc-come all dem Campbellites to be dar, you reckon?"

"Campbellites!" exclaimed his wife. "You don't tell me de Campbellites was dar!"

"Dey was—a whole passel of 'em. An' dey look mighty pleased 'bout somep'n'. I jes been stud'in' 'bout it."

"Dey mought 'a' come in to inspec' de manner of de Babtises in pussecutin' a case o' harrassy," said Brother Swoggle, his chest expanding. "I tuk notice dey observe me mons'us clost. An' dey seem pow'ful pleased wid de rulin' to bring Brother Plummer into co't."

"Did you notice a kinder cur'ous look on Brother Jimmerson's face whenst you give 'im back de letter, Brother Swoggle? I tell you, dey 's somep'n' goin' on dat we don't onderstan'—dey is, sho."

"An' I tell you, Brother Dan'l,"—Brother Swoggle raised his fork impressively and shook it in air,—"*dis 'society is bigger 'n any one man—bigger 'n any harrytick. Don't you be afeard. We gwine settle dis case. We ain't gwine stir f'om hyeah tell de las' thing 's c'ared up. No, suh!*"

The gesticulating fork descended upon the remaining leg, which was deftly trans-

ferred to the plate of the defender of the faith.

Then did little Dan'l throw down his bush and lift up his voice in a wail of despair.

"What 's de matter wid de little boy?" asked Brother Swoggle, sympathetically, pausing in the canine dissection of the toothsome leg. "Is he done et too much?"

"Humph!" said Aunt 'Cindy.

She followed the weeping Daniel to the shed room, and shut the door with some force.

"Nem mind, honey," she said, as she gathered him to her capacious bosom; "mammy gwine give you de bes' part of de watermill-yon—de heart. Yes, suh! An' she gwine do it right now! Mammy ain't gwine resk it in dar dis time. He ain't nothin' but a' ole gobbler," she said indignantly. "I don't b'lieve Brother Plummer's *got* de harrassy."

When the afternoon meeting convened there was a full house. The morning session had been, for the reasons already given, almost barren of results, but it was thought that the case would certainly come to an issue before night.

Over in the corner sat again the close corporation of Campbellites, still looking suspiciously pleased. Near them was Brother Jimmerson, with the little band of radicals supporting the minister. There were a few gray heads among them, but they were mostly from the younger part of the church. On the other side was the opposition, grim and inflexible, weighed down with the responsibility of defending the Bible against heretical and impious hands. Brother Swoggle presided.

The hour arrived, the meeting buzzed; but the accused did not appear. They sang and sang again. Still no Brother Plummer.

At last Brother Swoggle arose and sternly said that he would convict the absent brother of contempt of court, and the trial would proceed without him. And it proceeded.

The case was outlined, and the charges were made. The Rev. Epaphroditus Plummer was on trial for "harrassy in tryin' to circumvent de Bible." Testimony and argument followed each other without regard to right of priority. Both were overwhelming. One brother testified that he had even heard the misguided preacher declare the earth was round, not flat, and another rose instantly to ask, "Huc-come we don't all drap off, den?" and a third to propound the inquiry, "What de Bible mean, den, when it talk 'bout 'de een's of de yearth'?" A sister

so far forgot propriety at this juncture as to add in a shrill whisper, "Yes, an' de fo' corn ders!"

It was not all on one side. Old gray-headed Uncle Adam, who had lived more than a century, rose with difficulty and leaned on his staff while he pleaded for the accused. "He 's had de chance, brotheren, an' we ain't. Maybe he knows more 'n we do." Impossible! They silenced him at once.

One young fellow got up to ask what business the church had to meddle with this, anyway. In an instant three or four were on their feet, but Uncle Dan'l held the floor.

"Ain't we de bull-workers of de chu'ch?" he demanded. "Whut de chu'ch gwine do ef de bull-workers fall down? Tell me dat! Whut gwine keep de sheep inside de fol' when de bars down? An' whut gwine keep de goats out? Whut's dat? Dis ain't lettin'



"YOU CAN'T TECH 'IM!" HE SHOUTED, SHAKING HIS FINGER DEFIANTLY."

Bob Ballard, remembering Dr. Melton's vigorous indorsement, took the floor. He called upon them to remember Brother Plummer's great knowledge of languages and the Scriptures.

"He knows de whole of it f'om Generations to Hezekiah," he declared. "Yes, suh! An' de Sams—why, he 's 'quainted wid 'em all, f'om de infant Samuel, wha' 's settin' on Ole Miss' mantelpiece 'longside de green parrot at dis special po'tion o' time, down to de buryin' of Ole Man Samuels, which his grave is out hyeah on de St. Louis road, an' some of you is seed it." And they who lived in that favored locality nodded in confirmation, and felt their piety and importance materially though vaguely enhanced by this familiarity with the grave of the "p'ophet."

down de bars—hit 's jes lowerin' of de top rails? Well, I *know* some fool nigger 'low dat!" and Uncle Dan'l glared with withering scorn toward the corner whence the observation came. "Huccome you been tendin' sheep all yo' life, Diddle Dyer, an' don't know whut gwine happen when de ole bell-wether lip over de bars? Hey? Well, I'll 'splain dat meracle to you. De sheep gwine straight arter 'im. Dat whut dey gwine do!"

Brother Swoggle's speech was a marvel of logic and eloquence. He sailed around and into the heavenly bodies. He flattened and squared the earth in a manner to suit the most conservative belief and the most tender conscience. He pictured the dangers resulting from such teaching till Liz (Aunt Polly Henderson's "ijit") was scared and began

to weep, and one of the impressionable sisters went into hysterics and had to be carried out.

Strong men shuddered and groaned at the dire calamities which would come upon them if this heresy were unchained.

"An' now," said Brother Swoggle, in conclusion, "de time fer de votin' is 'rived. Is you gwine vote fer de Bible or de jogerphy? Ef you votes fer de jogerphy, de good book 's gone. Ef you votes fer de Bible, de young man draps f'om de pinnacle. Which you gwineter do?"

The excitement was intense. They felt it to be a choice between their preacher and their faith. Liz stopped her wails to listen.

"All dem," said Brother Swoggle, solemnly—"all dem wha' is in favor of Brother Plummer bein' guilty—"

Before he could finish the motion, Brother Jimmerson was on his feet.

"You can't tech 'im!" he shouted, shaking his finger defiantly at the prosecutor. "You can't tech 'im!" He had been waiting all day for this dramatic moment. "He's done j'int de Campbellites!"

It was even so. The Campbellites, realizing the strength they would gain by the accession of such a scholar, and being without a preacher, had made overtures to Brother Plummer, and he, in the interests of peace and harmony, had accepted them. This was the purport of the letter which they could not read. They had not even the pleasure of churching him!

Thus was lost forever to the Salt River Association and to the Baptist church, colored, the great man who knew the difference between "bapto" and "baptizo."



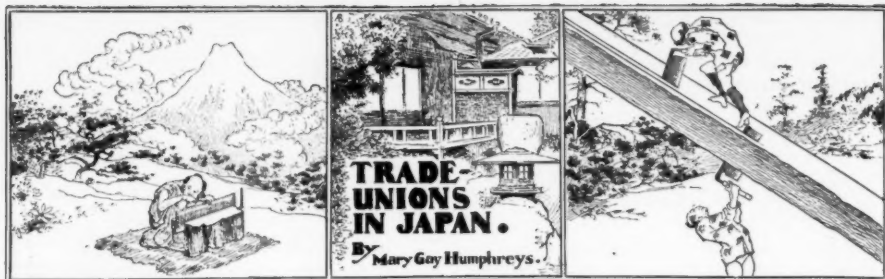
THE COMING OF THE PHŒBE-BIRD.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

WHEN buckets shine 'gainst maple-trees
And drop by drop the sap doth flow,
When days are warm, but nights do freeze,
And deep in woods lie drifts of snow,
When cattle low and fret in stall,
Then morning brings the phœbe's call,
"Phœbe,
Phœbe, phœbe," a cheery note,
While cackling hens make such a rout.

When snow-banks run, and hills are bare,
And early bees hum round the hive,
When woodchucks creep from out their lair
And glad to find themselves alive,
When sheep go nibbling through the fields,
Then Phœbe oft her name reveals,
"Phœbe,
Phœbe, phœbe," a plaintive cry,
While jack-snipes call in morning sky.

When wild ducks quack in creek and pond
And bluebirds perch on mullen-stalks,
When spring has broke her icy bond
And in brown fields the black crow walks,
When chipmunks court in roadside walls,
Then Phœbe from the ridge-board calls,
"Phœbe,
Phœbe, phœbe," and lifts her cap,
While smoking Dick doth boil the sap.



DRAWN BY ALFRED BRENNAN.

FORCED by the stronger powers to yield up the chief fruits of her military triumphs, left out in later international complications, Japan has been thrown back on her commercial and industrial development. The spirit of conquest aroused in the nation is only differently directed. Japan aspires to be the industrial power of the Pacific, the England of the East, and the industrial expansion of the last few years has been phenomenal. Great factories are replacing home industries, and machines are taking the place of men. The workman is no longer an individual; he is a piece of a man—a hand.

The Japanese power of assimilation has accomplished this transformation with an ease of which the Western nations, with their machine-breaking memories, can have no idea. It is not to be assumed, however, that these industrial changes have left the workman untouched. He marches with the times. It is interesting to see how ingeniously he fastens the customs of the West into the crevices of his moss-grown usage.

FEUDAL TRADE-UNION AND THE WALKING DELEGATE.

TAKE, for instance, the story of the methods of the Sawyers' Guild of Tokio. The Sawyers' Guild dates from the building of Yeddo Castle in the fifteenth century by Ota Dokan. Until the daring of Count Inouye, a score of years ago, introduced bricks into the earthquake-ridden land of Japan, all construction was of wood. In order to facilitate their work on the castle, one area was given to the sawyers, another to the dealers in lumber. These today are known in the vernacular as Sawyer street and Lumber street. The usages of that time, moreover, still obtain in the Sawyers' Guild, and have been ratified in the parliamentary gild law of 1885.

This gild is composed of three hundred masters and fifteen hundred workmen. The *wakete*, or workmen's branch of the gild, is governed by twenty-one delegates, each rep-

resenting a district. These delegates look after the interests of the workmen, collect the gild fees, a percentage of which is used for their support, and are the intermediaries of the workmen with the masters. They are called *jotobans*, standing watchers. Remembering that the *jotoban* is the descendant of several centuries, his resemblance to the walking delegate of our acquaintance makes him an interesting personality.

Twice a year, on the 25th of January and of June, the masters' branch of the Sawyers' Guild meets to settle the rates of wages. The day before, however, the *wakete* has met and discussed the same subject with the men, and is ready to lay their proposals before the masters at their meeting; for the rates of wages are settled by common agreement. There is, however, another factor to be taken into consideration. This is the Lumber-dealers' Guild. With this gild the *wakete* comes into no direct communication. The masters settle with it the rates of lumber. All, however, are parties to both transactions.

The rates of wages are primarily based on the price of rice. Rice is to the Japanese even more than flour is to the working-man of this country. It is commonly agreed that a workman, in order to support himself and a family, must earn five *sho* of rice a day. A *sho* is a little over three pints. Further, an ordinary workman can saw five *shaku* of wood a day. It is not essential that these terms be better understood. It is sufficient to say that the price of one *sho* of rice has come to be the equivalent in money of sawing one *shaku* of wood. As some woods are harder to saw than others, there are eight different scales of wages.

The discipline of the *wakete* over the workmen is very strict. On the 5th of each month the gild meets to hear the complaints or comments of the men. So intimate is this relation between the delegates and the men that it is said that it is possible to stop all the saws of Tokio in half an hour, and in an hour to bring together the entire body of

sawyers. The men, however, are able to depose the wakete if they think it is unwise or unfaithful to the gild's interests. A short time before I was in Tokio the workmen retired six of the delegates who ranged themselves with the masters in a strike. This strike presents some curious features. The men demanded a promised increase of wages, which the masters, having made their contracts with the lumber-dealers, refused. The men struck, and the matter was finally settled by the masters forfeiting fourteen per cent. of their fees on wages in order to raise the wages of the men one rin (a tenth of a cent) an hour. This transaction will be made clearer by stating that the men pay a certain percentage of wages into the masters' branch of the Sawyers' Gild. This gives to each member of the Workmen's Gild the privilege of being attached to a certain shop, and thus secures permanent work. In fact, without the master's certificate and the wakete's certificate, which he carries with him, a man cannot get work.

The masons, the blacksmiths, and the miners have similar organizations, but they are not so authoritative. They have passwords and secret signs. The traveling blacksmith in search of work slips his *geta* from his feet in a certain way, and is taken by the hand. If there is work, he gets it; but if there is none, he is fed, lodged, and, if need be, a sum of money is given him for his journey. The miners have their *oyakata*, or head man, a person of great influence, who is to their gild what the *jotoban* is to the Sawyers' Gild. The prejudice against the foreman as a person in the interest of the master rather than of the men scarcely exists in Japan.

THE RICE-COOLIES.

THE rice-coolies are to me the most inspiring of all the working-people I have seen. You find them on the wharves, along the canal-bank, lusty young fellows, always singing, their jaunty blue tunics picturesquely tucked up under their belts. Every species of labor in the East, when two or three are gathered together, has what seems to be a sort of shanty song. Most melancholy is the "Hootai, hontai" of the patient human beasts of burden toiling up the bluff roads of Yokohama, every muscle strained, streams of perspiration pouring from their faces, the most piteous of sights and sounds. The cheery cries of the rice-coolies, on the contrary, are more like our ideas of melody than the music of the players on the koto,

or than any of the persistent tunes on our neighbor's samisen. Each man has a musical phrase as he lifts or shoulders. The words, I am told, are meaningless, and not a joyful eulogy of life or labor, of sake or geisha. At least they seem to come from happy, careless throats.

Although these coolies are the lowest, most ignorant of their class, they have a strong organization of fifteen hundred men. This is called the Three Trades Unions, uniting the handlers, the carriers, and the storsers. The business of loading and storing the rice is let out to contractors who employ the men. There are many possibilities of loss and leakage and false weights, but so dexterous and accustomed is the rice-coolie that he can handle a bag without injury, and can tell in lifting whether it is under or over weight. This skill on his part obviates a great deal of circumspection on the part of the contractor, for which he would otherwise have to make provision.

STRIKES.

NOT long ago the rice-coolies at Tokio struck for higher wages. The strike lasted just half a day. Without constitution or by-laws, governed only by the usages of the trade, the organization is as compact as that of any legally incorporated body. The rice-coolies know nothing of government of the law, and care nothing for the police, whom, indeed, they could easily shoulder like a bag of rice. If it had been possible to get men to replace them they would not have permitted it. None would have dealt more summarily with a "scab" than they. But it was not possible, and the contractors, who were forced to have the rice stored to meet their obligations, yielded.

As yet the "scab" has but little place in the industrial world of Japan. Last spring six hundred and fifty of the ship-carpenters of Yokohama formed a union and asked to have their wages raised. Previously, however, they sent word to the ship-carpenters of Kobe of their intention to quit work if their request was refused, and asked them not to take their places. The request for an advance was refused, and the men struck. As was expected, the dock company sent for ship-carpenters from three great centers, but even at higher wages the men refused to come. Carpenters were eventually secured from towns not previously warned, but the greater number of these, when informed of the situation, gave up their work and returned home. The result was that

the smaller companies took back their men at reduced wages. The Yokohama Dock Company, a powerful corporation, held out, but paid its new men larger wages than were asked for by the men who struck.

THE ETHICS OF LABOR IN JAPAN.

THE disposition to live and let live is characteristic of the Japanese workman. Remembering the enthusiasm of our cabbies and porters at railway-stations, it is interesting to watch the jinrikisha men decide by lot who is to have the profit of pulling you. Or perhaps you are going a number of miles by jinrikisha, and you have carefully picked your men. After ten miles, if they are tired, they will calmly sell you out to another couple, who will in turn sell you to still another couple, each more hollow-chested and slender-legged and more dilatory than the last. Against these customs, which "give the other man a chance," the traveler beats his breast in vain.

There is no trade-union in the Western world the machinery of which moves more smoothly and with more certain results than that of the Cooks' Guild. To call upon a servant to do work that properly belongs to another man is to violate all the laws of the guild. The exacting housewife who discharges her cook without reasons that satisfy the guild will be patiently tolerated once or twice, and there may be mitigating circumstances a third time; but afterward she will be as effectually boycotted as if that word were Japanese instead of Irish. There are certain peculiar features in this guild, for the outgoing servant always furnishes the new man, and the new man in turn always pays his first month's wages to the outgoing man. Usage is as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The financial complications arising from frequent discharge inevitably cause the guild to keep strict watch over the idiosyncrasies of mistresses, and to discourage too much individualism on the part of these foreign ladies.

This spirit of union, mutual helpfulness, and dependence is common to the trades. In it Japan has a system on which to graft the modern trade-union. This, in the quick transition of Japan from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation, must soon be taken into account. At present there is not, I am told, a sawmill in Japan. The sawyers of Tokio, one of the great cities of the world, still use hand-saws, and hold the board steady with a rope attached to the foot. When sawmills take the place of hand labor,

as they inevitably will, a new set of men will come in, and the whole status of the trade will be changed. The system which supports three hundred masters is too expensive to be sustained by hand labor, admirably as it has served hitherto. Unions, to be effective, will have to be based on Western methods.

COTTON-MILLS.

THIS is already shown in the cotton-spinning mills. Cotton-spinning is one of the new industries of Japan. Osaka, where I have not been, is the great center. In Tokio there are three mills, with seventy thousand spindles, employing twenty thousand hands, and turning out two hundred and forty thousand pounds of cotton yarn a day. These factories run twenty-two hours a day. Their system is based on paternal methods unknown to us, and under which the newly awakened workmen are becoming restive. The larger number of employees come from the country, the girls largely outnumbering the men. These are under contract for from three to five years, and are supplied by agents to whom they pay two per cent. of their wages during the entire term. These wages, according to the latest reports, average a little over fourteen sen, or seven cents, a day. The girls earn from fifteen to eighteen sen, and I have heard of a few who earn thirty-five sen. The girls board at the factory boarding-house for seven sen a day. Each factory has a uniform, for which a certain sum is paid. There is no Sunday in Japan, and the hands work seven days a week. There are only half a dozen holidays during the year, but New Year's week is allowed. A physician employed by the mill looks after the health of the employees, and during illness one half of the lowest wages is given. If an employee is injured by machinery he receives "consolation money." This is rarely over twenty yen, the equivalent of ten dollars in our currency. In one case that I have heard of, a boy was killed, and his parents received thirty yen consolation money. Another unusual feature is that of compulsory savings. On these the mills allow ten per cent. interest; but if an employee leaves before the term of contract expires, these savings are forfeited. Large numbers of children are received as apprentices. These receive no wages, but are allowed forty sen a month pocket-money. If they live at home, a certain amount is allowed for their board. There are four thousand of these children under fourteen in the cotton-mills.

of Japan, and they work the same number of hours as their elders. In the Japan "Times" I observe that in November last these children worked fifteen days and fifteen nights, from nine to twelve hours a day, a period longer than the strongest man would be allowed to work in America or England. Some of these factories the "Jiji Shimbun," the moneyed organ of Japan, characterized the other day as "hellish pits."

I went over the Tokio cotton-spinning mill, which employs three hundred and fifty girls and children. The discipline there is evidently not severe, for when the news of the presence of a foreigner flew from aisle to aisle, bobbins and spindles were left, and I moved surrounded by the most curious, unhesitating crowd I have ever encountered. These country girls had probably never seen a foreign female costume before, and no detail escaped them. The interest was mutual. Very picturesque they looked in their white cotton kimonos, their heads covered with the oblong strips which the Japanese women know how to lay on their heads with such grace. Even here feminine vanity asserted itself in dainty strips of pink, lavender, and yellow folded beneath the necks of their kimonos. They all had the characteristic cherry cheeks and plump, rounded forms. But cotton-spinning is too new an industry yet to have exhausted the vitality of these country-bred girls. Troops followed me to the stairway, heads hung over the rail, windows were packed, as Mr. Kajima, the manager of the mill, led me to see how the Tokio-Boseki-Kabushiki-Kaisha looks after its girls out of mill hours. The buildings occupy a vast inclosure in the rear. Most prominent is the big kitchen, with its pots and pans, and its cooks at work. The dining-room adjoins, and it is worth noting that these young people all eat at tables and sit on benches. Doubtless, as do the clerks in the office, they still sit on their heels on top of the benches; but at least the foreign attribute seems to go with the foreign machinery. Above is the dormitory, divided into rooms covered with spotless Japanese mats. A glimpse into several showed girls wrapped in their *futons*, the Japanese bed, their carefully dressed heads resting on little wooden blocks, surmounted by a hard flannel roll, which constitutes the Japanese pillow. All were sleeping the sleep of the weary before they joined the night shift. Farther on was the hospital, where two women were making bandages. Near by was the great bath-house with its two steaming pools. No

work-people of the world compare in personal cleanliness with the Japanese. The lowest coolie takes his hot bath nightly in one of the public bath-houses. Each mill-girl goes from her work to parboil in one of these pools before going to bed. The custom of indiscriminate bathing is also peculiar to the country; but on this point the management here is strict. The men and the girls have different hours. The school-house properly follows the bath-house. There were ample accommodations for the girls. That they availed themselves of the school-house was evident from the number-work on the black-board. They were also taught sewing. That girls who work twelve hours a day, with half an hour for lunch, and smoking-time later, should benefit greatly by these instructions does not seem likely. But I am assured that many girls come for an hour or two, and others have been known to spend four hours in the school-room.

Such are the conditions of labor in the cotton-spinning mills of Tokio. In Osaka I am told that they are much less favorable, and there are by far the greater number of the fifty-nine spinning-mills in Japan, employing 60,000 laborers, of whom 45,367 are women. There is no factory law, and still further to fortify the mill-owner's position the Criminal Code (Chapter 8, Article 270) contains this clause: "All workmen engaged in industrial or agricultural labor who, with the object of increasing their wages or changing the conditions of the aforesaid labor, shall have employed stratagem or force against the workmen so as to hinder their work, shall be punished with imprisonment of from one to six months and a fine of from one to thirty yen." This is vague and comprehensive enough to meet almost any situation. At Osaka, the Manchester of Japan, a city ordinance prohibits striking, with a fine of from five sen to one hundred and ninety-five yen. The cotton-spinning union, however, has not gone to the lengths of the carpet-mills of Osaka, which fine the promoter of a strike one third of his wages for five months, and those who assist one third for three months. Inevitably precautions of this sort have tended to arouse the spirit of the working-people and to influence them toward other means of asserting themselves.

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

A STRIKE of the engineers and firemen of the Japan Railway, in 1898, did more to call attention to the coming labor problem of that

country than any previous event. The Japan Railway, originally a government undertaking, is now a private corporation with a capital of forty million yen, and is largely subsidized by the government. It runs from Tokio to Hokkaido, the island of the north. It employs ten thousand men, but only four hundred were engaged in the strike. Nevertheless, these prostrated the traffic for five days.

The demands of the men were for "better treatment," "better wages," and a "better social position." Better treatment, however, was put forth as a matter of policy. These grievances had been frequently laid before the company, with the result that the men making them were invariably sent to do night duty on the north end of the line, where the work was so severe that they had no time for disagreeable agitation. At length the men managed to form a "Treatment Improvement Association." The company, through its detectives, was able to discover the originators of the movement, and summarily dismissed them. The men then quit work. The company succeeded in getting fifty engineers from the east coast. These, as soon as they were informed of the situation, stole away in disguise, and all efforts to supply the places of the men failed. After five days of discomfiture the company gave in. More pretentious positions—I am sure the gratification of this naïve demand will amuse the railway men of the United States—were granted, and the men were placed on the level of station-masters and clerks, although their wages were paid daily as before. What is more important, their wages were raised from one to three yen.

It was significant that this strike, which was widely discussed, had the sympathy of the public. "Jiji Shimbun" said: "The company has passed into the hands of men who want good profits before everything else. . . . It is certain that the strike was long pending and that the railway officials had cognizance of the fact. They ought to have been able to avert it, for their ultimate action shows that they were able to make satisfactory concessions." The "Nippon," another influential journal, discussing strikes as one of the concomitants of Western civilization, proceeding from the hot pursuit of self-aggrandizement and money-making, said: "Among the most serious dangers of the time the foremost is railways run in the interest of selfish companies." The outcome was the resignation of the entire directory of the Japan Railway under these strictures,

and a new election in which the Reform party secured representation. What was even more significant, the Railway Bureau of the government, which owns the line from Tokio to Kobe, known as the Tokaido, learning that its employees were holding secret meetings, decided to raise the wages of the men from twenty-six yen to twenty-eight and thirty yen. This increase took place April 1, 1898.

All this, it must be remembered, took place without any union. Immediately after, however, the Japan "Times" announced that the employees of the railways, both governmental and private, had decided to form a union. They put forward in their manifesto that their object was "to maintain strict discipline over the morals of drivers and stokers, and to supply, when called for, competent men of good conduct for railways in China, Korea, and Formosa." Thus the situation is being forced more and more into public notice. The only official notice yet taken by the government of the labor movement in Japan has been an investigation into the number of strikes occurring between June 20 and November 15, 1897. The following synopsis of their report was taken from the "Labor World":

Number of strikes	29
Number of strikers	3,768
Men	3,584
Women	184
Largest number of strikers engaged in any one instance	500
Smallest number of strikers engaged in any one instance	7
Strikes ended by police interference.	5
Wages increased	12
Partially increased	1
Those succeeded	12
Partially succeeded	6
Those failed	11
Those uncertain	2
Principal strikers dismissed	over 28
Length of strike, longest	25 days
Length of strike, shortest	5 hours

IMPENDING QUESTIONS.

The impetus toward trade-unions as they are manifested in Europe and America is now conspicuous in the world of working-men of Japan. This is guided by men like Mr. Joseph Katayami, a Yale theologian, a Toynbee Hall man, and the founder of Kingsley Hall, a college settlement in one of the great industrial districts of Tokio, and Mr. Shimada, a member of the Diet, and other men who have studied these matters in vari-

ous countries. These, with some of the foremost mechanics of Tokio, have formed the Rodo-Kumiai-Kwisai-Kwai, a species of federated union, the object of which is to promote trade-unions and to unite with these certain educational and ethical influences.

The most important result at this writing has been the Teko-Kumiai, or Iron-workers' Union, which has seventeen branches and twenty-five hundred members. From its articles I quote: "It is the purpose of the members of this union to strive for the advancement of their skill and art; to preserve and foster their common interests; to help one another in time of need; to endeavor to elevate their moral and social standing."

The object of the Rodo-Kumiai-Kwisai-Kwai is not only to promote trade-unions, but to unite these in a federated union, as its name implies. The idea of union in the new sense is permeating the skilled workmen in all the large towns. They do not make haste slowly in new Japan. One now reads that the workmen of Tokio and Yokohama are contemplating coöperative stores on the "Rochdalean plan." Nor have they delayed to suspect that their cause needs the ballot. The government is the largest and most powerful of the employers of labor. On its roll are 129,464 men, who work three hundred days in the year, and it pays 18,185,000 yen in wages. Sunday, it will be observed, is a free day. This is a tribute to the influence of the Christian missionary in Japan. These government employees work thirteen hours a day. This consumption of the energy of so large a body of men in so exhaustive a manner has attracted attention, and the government is called upon to take the first step in ameliorating the situation.

The head of the Industrial Bureau of the government at the moment was said to be in favor of a factory law. Count Okuma, who, in the quick changes of the cabinet in Japan, has since been premier, has not publicly identified himself with the labor movement, but in conversation with me he said: "Labor troubles, owing to our industrial changes, are likely to occur. Japan has always been socialistic, and tends naturally in the direction of trade-unions. With the effort to better our coolies by education, their demands will increase. But I do not regard this as an evil."

The extension of the franchise is the dream

of the working-man. In the "Labor World" one reads: "We, the laborers, had a dream of a constitutional government some years ago, but we have not realized that dream, for we have no voting power. What we want is manhood suffrage, that will enable us to secure the rights of labor in the industrial world." How far from the realization of this wish the laborers are may be seen in the fact that at the general election that took place when I was in Tokio, in one district, Kunda, where there are large government works employing thousands of men, its population of one hundred thousand numbered only three hundred and fifty voters. The qualification for voters restricts them to males of twenty-eight years and over paying fifteen yen direct taxes.

Recently Marquis Ito and Viscount Aoki, Minister of Foreign Affairs, have urged greater attention to industrial matters. The increasing price of labor, owing to the large importations of rice at higher prices, has affected an economic situation which before was not encouraging. A list of the prices of labor in forty-six industries at Osaka discloses a rise of seventy per cent., and in some cases more since 1892. Twelve cotton-mills have recently formed a trust. At the same time we are informed that ten per cent. of the operatives fall out every month through disaffection, and their places must be filled with unskilled labor.

The paternal aspect of feudalism still has a great hold upon the Japanese. Whatever may be in the future their industrial problems, it is doubtful if they will ever, owing to this fact, reach that irritated form to which we are becoming so accustomed in the United States. The working-people have one newspaper in Japan. This is the "Rodosekwai," whose one page of English, edited by Mr. Joseph Katayami, is called the "Labor World." It is aggressive, able, and has secured a hearing. Caricature is one of its weapons. The effort of the Japanese artist is scarcely up to our standards; but he succeeds in conveying his meaning with bitterness, if not with laughter. The capitalist, it is to be observed, always wears European clothes, a Western mustache, and abundant jewelry. The inference is plain. He is supposed to represent that class of progressive Japanese who see in Western civilization only clothes and money-grabbing.

FASHIONS IN LITERATURE.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



If you examine a collection of prints of costumes of different generations, you are commonly amused by the ludicrous appearance of most of them, especially of those that are not familiar to you in your own decade. They are not only inappropriate and inconvenient to your eye, but they offend your taste. You cannot believe that they were ever thought beautiful and becoming. If your memory does not fail you, however, and you retain a little honesty of mind, you can recall the fact that a costume which seems to you ridiculous to-day had your warm approval ten years ago. You wonder, indeed, how you could ever have tolerated a costume which has not one graceful line, and has no more relation to the human figure than Mambrino's helmet had to a crown of glory. You cannot imagine how you ever approved the vast balloon skirt that gave your sweetheart the appearance of the great bell of Moscow, or that you yourself could have been complacent in a coat the tails of which reached your heels, and the buttons of which, a rudimentary survival, were between your shoulder-blades—you who are now devoted to a female figure that resembles an old-fashioned churn surmounted by an isosceles triangle.

These vagaries of taste, which disfigure or destroy correct proportions or hide deformities, are nowhere more evident than in the illustrations of works of fiction. The artist who collaborates with the contemporary novelist has a hard fate. If he is faithful to the fashions of the day, he earns the repute of artistic depravity in the eyes of the next generation. The novel may become a classic, because it represents human nature, or even the whimsicalities of a period; but the illustrations of the artist only provoke a smile, because he has represented merely the unessential and the fleeting. The interest in his work is archaeological, not artistic. The genius of the great portrait-painter may to some extent overcome the disadvantages of contemporary costume, but if the costume of his period is hideous and lacks the essential lines of beauty, his work is liable to the apology of quaintness.

The Greek artist and the medieval painter, when the costumes were really picturesque and made us forget the lack of simplicity in a noble sumptuousness, had never this posthumous difficulty to contend with.

In the examination of costumes of different races and different ages, we are also struck by the fact that with primitive or isolated peoples costumes vary little from age to age, and fashion and the fashions are unrecognized, and a habit of dress which is dictated by climate, or has been proved to be comfortable, is adhered to from one generation to another; while nations that we call highly civilized, meaning commonly not only Occidental peoples, but peoples called progressive, are subject to the most frequent and violent changes of fashions, not in generations only, but in decades and years of a generation, as if the mass had no mind or taste of its own, but submitted to the irresponsible ukase of tailors and modistes, who are in alliance with enterprising manufacturers of novelties. In this higher civilization a costume which is artistic and becoming has no more chance of permanence than one which is ugly and inconvenient. It might be inferred that this higher civilization produces no better taste and discrimination, no more independent judgment, in dress than it does in literature. The vagaries in dress of the Western nations for a thousand years past, to go back no further, are certainly highly amusing, and would be humiliating to people who regarded taste and art as essentials of civilization. But when we speak of civilization, we cannot but notice that some of the great civilizations, the longest permanent and most notable for highest achievement in learning, science, art, or in the graces or comforts of life, the Egyptian, the Saracenic, the Chinese, were subject to no such vagaries in costume, but adhered to that which taste, climate, experience had determined to be the most useful and appropriate. And it is a singular comment upon our modern conceit that we make our own vagaries and changeableness, and not any fixed principles of art or of utility, the criterion of judgment on other races and other times.

The more important result of the study of past fashions, in engravings and paintings, remains to be spoken of. It is that in all the illustrations, from the simplicity of Athens, through the artificiality of Louis XIV and the monstrosities of Elizabeth, down to the undescribed modistic inventions of the first McKinley, there is discoverable a radical and primitive law of beauty. We acknowledge it among the Greeks, we encounter it in one age and another. I mean a style of dress that is artistic as well as picturesque, that satisfies our love of beauty, that accords with the grace of the perfect human figure, and that gives as perfect satisfaction to the cultivated taste as a drawing by Raphael. While all the other illustrations of the human ingenuity in making the human race appear fantastic or ridiculous amuse us or offend our taste,—except the tailor fashion-plates of the week that is now,—these few exceptions, classic or modern, give us permanent delight, and are recognized as following the eternal law of beauty and utility. And we know, notwithstanding the temporary triumph of bad taste and the public lack of any taste, that there is a standard artistic and imperishable.

The student of manners might find an interesting field in noting how, in our Occidental civilizations, fluctuations of opinions, of morals, and of literary style have been accompanied by more or less significant exhibitions of costumes. He will note in the *Précieux* of France and the Euphuist of England a corresponding effeminacy in dress; in the frank paganism of the French Revolution the affectation of Greek and Roman apparel, passing into the Directoire style in the Citizen and the Citizeness; in the Calvinistic cut of the Puritan of Geneva and of New England the grim severity of their theology and morals. These examples are interesting as showing an inclination to express an inner condition by the outward apparel, as the Quakers indicate an inward peace by an external drabness, and the American Indian a bellicose disposition by red and yellow paint; just as we express by red stripes our desire to kill men with artillery, or by yellow stripes to kill them with cavalry. It is not possible to say whether these external displays are relics of barbarism or are enduring necessities of human nature.

The fickleness of men in costume in a manner burlesques their shifty and uncertain taste in literature. A book or a certain fashion in letters will have a run like a gar-

ment, and, like that, will pass away before it waxes old. It seems incredible, as we look back over the literary history of the past three centuries only, what prevailing styles and moods of expression, affectations, and prettinesses, each in turn have pleased reasonably cultivated people. What tedious and vapid things they read and liked to read! Think of the French, who had once had a Villon, intoxicating themselves with somnolent draughts of Richardson. But, then, the French could match the paste euphuisms of Lyly with the novels of Scudéry. Every modern literature has been subject to these epidemics and diseases. It is needless to dwell upon them in detail. Since the great diffusion of printing these literary crazes have been more frequent and of shorter duration. We need go back no further than a generation to find abundant examples of eccentricities of style and expression; of crazes over some author or some book, as unaccountable on principles of art as many of the fashions in social life. The more violent the attack the sooner it is over. Readers of middle age can recall the furor over Tupper, the extravagant expectations as to the brilliant essayist Gilfillan, the soon-extinguished hopes of the poet Alexander Smith. For the moment the world waited in the belief of the rising of new stars, and as suddenly realized that it had been deceived. Sometimes we like ruggedness, and again we like things made easy. Within a few years a distinguished Scotch clergyman made a fortune by diluting a paragraph written by St. Paul. It is in our memory how at one time all the boys tried to write like Macaulay, and then like Carlyle, and then like Ruskin, and we have lived to see the day when all the girls would like to write like Heine.

In less than twenty years we have seen wonderful changes in public taste and in the efforts of writers to meet it or to create it. We saw the everlastingly revived conflict between realism and romanticism. We saw the realist run into the naturalist, the naturalist into the animalist, the psychologist into the sexualist, and the sudden reaction to romance, in the form of what is called the historic novel, the receipt for which can be prescribed by any competent pharmacist. The one essential in the ingredients is that the hero shall be only got out of one hole by dropping him into a deeper one, until—the proper serial length being attained—he is miraculously dropped out into daylight, and stands to receive the plaudits of a tender-

hearted world, that is fond of nothing so much as of fighting.

The extraordinary vogue of certain recent stories is not so much to be wondered at when we consider the millions that have been added to the readers of English during the past twenty-five years. The wonder is that a new book does not sell more largely, or it would be a wonder if the ability to buy kept pace with the ability to read, and if discrimination had accompanied the appetite for reading. The critics term these successes of some recent fictions "crazes," but they are really sustained by some desirable qualities—they are cleverly written, and they are for the moment undoubtedly entertaining. Some of them as undoubtedly appeal to innate vulgarity or to cultivated depravity. I will call no names, because that would be to indict the public taste. This recent phenomenon of sales of stories by the hundred thousand is not, however, wholly due to quality. Another element has come in since the publishers have awakened to the fact that literature can be treated like merchandise. To use their own phrase, they "handle" books as they would "handle" patent medicines, that is, the popular patent medicines that are desired because of the amount of alcohol they contain; indeed, they are sold along with dry-goods and fancy notions. I am not objecting to this great and wide distribution any more than I am to the haste of fruit-dealers to market their products before they decay. The wary critic will be very careful about dogmatizing over the nature and distribution of literary products. It is no certain sign that a book is good because it is popular, nor is it any more certain that it is good because it has a very limited sale. Yet we cannot help seeing that many of the books that are the subject of crazes utterly disappear in a very short time, while many others, approved by only a judicious few, continue in the market and slowly become standards, considered as good stock by the booksellers and continually in a limited demand.

The English essayists have spent a good deal of time lately in discussing the question whether it is possible to tell a good contemporary book from a bad one. Their hesitation is justified by a study of English criticism of new books in the quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals from the latter part of the eighteenth century to the last quarter of the nineteenth; or, to name a definite period, from the verse of the Lake poets, from Shelley and Byron, down to

Tennyson, there is scarcely a poet who has attained world-wide assent to his position in the first or second rank who was not at the hands of the reviewers the subject of mockery and bitter detraction. To be original in any degree was to be damned. And there is scarcely one who was at first ranked as a great light during this period who is now known out of the biographical dictionary. Nothing in modern literature is more amazing than the bulk of English criticism in the last three quarters of a century, so far as it concerned individual writers, both in poetry and prose. The literary rancor shown rose to the dignity almost of theological vituperation.

Is there any way to tell a good book from a bad one? Yes. As certainly as you can tell a good picture from a bad one, or a good egg from a bad one. Because there are hosts who do not discriminate as to the eggs or the butter they eat, it does not follow that a normal taste should not know the difference. Because there is a highly artistic nation that welcomes the flavor of garlic in everything, and another which claims to be the most civilized in the world that cannot tell coffee from chicory, or because the ancient Chinese love rancid sesame-oil, or the Eskimos like spoiled blubber and tainted fish, it does not follow that there is not in the world a wholesome taste for things natural and pure.

It is clear that the critic of contemporary literature is quite as likely to be wrong as right. He is, for one thing, inevitably affected by the prevailing fashion of his little day. And, worse still, he is apt to make his own tastes and prejudices the standard of his judgment. His view is commonly provincial instead of cosmopolitan. In the English period just referred to it is easy to see that most of the critical opinion was determined by political or theological animosity and prejudice. The rule was for a Tory to hit a Whig or a Whig to hit a Tory, under whatever literary guise he appeared. If the new writer was not orthodox in the view of his political or theological critic, he was not to be tolerated as poet or historian. Dr. Johnson had said everything he could say against an author when he declared that he was a vile Whig. Macaulay, a Whig, always consulted his prejudices for his judgment, equally when he was reviewing Croker's Boswell or the impeachment of Warren Hastings. He hated Croker,—a hateful man, to be sure,—and when the latter published his edition of Boswell, Macaulay saw

his opportunity, and exclaimed before he had looked at the book, as you will remember, "Now I will dust his jacket." The standard of criticism does not lie with the individual in literature any more than it does in different periods as to fashions and manners. The world is pretty well agreed, and always has been, as to the qualities that make a gentleman. And yet there was a time when the vilest and perhaps the most contemptible man who ever occupied the English throne,—and that is saying a great deal,—George IV, was universally called the "First Gentleman of Europe." The reproach might be somewhat lightened by the fact that George was a foreigner, but for the wider fact that no person of English stock has been on the throne since Saxon Harold, the chosen and imposed rulers of England having been French, Welsh, Scotch, and Dutch, many of them being guiltless of the English language, and many of them also of the English middle-class morality. The impartial old Wraxall, the memorialist of the times of George III, having described a noble as a gambler, a drunkard, a smuggler, an appropriator of public money, who always cheated his tradesmen, who was one and sometimes all of them together, and a profligate generally, commonly adds, "But he was a perfect gentleman." And yet there has always been a standard that excludes George IV from the rank of gentleman as it excludes Tupper from the rank of poet.

The standard of literary judgment, then, is not in the individual,—that is, in the taste and prejudice of the individual,—any more than it is in the immediate contemporary opinion, which is always in flux and reflux from one extreme to another; but it is in certain immutable principles and qualities which have been slowly evolved during the long historic periods of literary criticism. But how shall we ascertain what these principles are, so as to apply them to new circumstances and new creations, holding on to the essentials and disregarding contemporary tastes, prejudices, and appearances? We all admit that certain pieces of literature have become classic; by general consent there is no dispute about them. How they have become so we cannot exactly explain. Some say by a mysterious settling of universal opinion, the operation of which cannot be exactly defined. Others say that the highly developed critical judgment of a few persons, from time to time, has established forever what we agree to call master-

pieces. But this discussion is immaterial, since these supreme examples of literary excellence exist in all kinds of composition,—poetry, fable, romance, ethical teaching, prophecy, interpretation, history, humor, satire, devotional flight into the spiritual and supernatural, everything in which the human mind has exercised itself,—from the days of the Egyptian moralist and the Old Testament annalist and poet down to our scientific age. These masterpieces exist from many periods and in many languages, and they all have qualities in common which have insured their persistence.

To discover what these qualities are that have insured permanence and promise indefinite continuance is to have a means of judging with an approach to scientific accuracy our contemporary literature. There is no thing of beauty that does not conform to a law of order and beauty—poem, story, costume, picture, statue, all fall into an ascertainable law of art. Nothing of man's making is perfect, but any creation approximates perfection in the measure that it conforms to inevitable law. To ascertain this law, and apply it, in art or in literature, to the changing conditions of our progressive life, is the business of the artist. It is the business of the critic to mark how the performance conforms to or departs from the law evolved and transmitted in the long experience of the race. True criticism, then, is not a matter of caprice or of individual liking or disliking, nor of conformity to a prevailing and generally temporary popular judgment. Individual judgment may be very interesting and have its value, depending upon the capacity of the judge. It was my good fortune once to fall in with a person who had been moved, by I know not what inspiration, to project himself out of his safe local conditions into France, Greece, Italy, Cairo, and Jerusalem. He assured me that he had seen nothing anywhere in the wide world of nature and art to compare with the beauty of Nebraska.

What are the qualities common to all the masterpieces of literature, or, let us say, to those that have endured in spite of imperfections and local provincialisms?

First of all I should name simplicity, which includes lucidity of expression, the clear thought in fitting, luminous words. And this is true when the thought is profound and the subject is as complex as life itself. This quality is strikingly exhibited for us in Jowett's translation of Plato,—which is as modern in feeling and phrase as anything done in

Boston,—in the naïf and direct Herodotus, and, above all, in the King James vernacular translation of the Bible, which is the great text-book of all modern literature.

The second quality is knowledge of human nature. We can put up with the improbable in invention, because the improbable is always happening in life, but we cannot tolerate the so-called psychological juggling with the human mind, the perversion of the laws of the mind, the forcing of character to fit the eccentricities of plot. Whatever excursions the writer makes in fancy, we require fundamental consistency with human nature. And this is the reason why psychological studies of the abnormal or biographies of criminal lunatics are only interesting to pathologists and never become classics in literature.

A third quality common to all masterpieces is what we call charm, a matter more or less of style, and which may be defined as the agreeable personality of the writer. This is indispensable. It is this personality which gives the final value to every work of art as well as of literature. It is not enough to copy nature or to copy, even accurately, the incidents of life. Only by digestion and transmutation through personality does any work attain the dignity of art. The great works of architecture, even, which are somewhat determined by mathematical rule, owe their charm to the personal genius of their creators. For this reason our imitations of Greek architecture are commonly failures. To speak technically, the masterpiece of literature is characterized by the same knowledge of proportion and perspective as the masterpiece in art.

If there is a standard of literary excellence as there is a law of beauty,—and it seems to me that to doubt this in the intellectual world is to doubt the prevalence of order that exists in the natural,—it is certainly possible to ascertain whether a new production conforms, and how far it conforms, to the universally accepted canons of art. To work by this rule in literary criticism is to substitute something definite for the individual tastes, moods, and local bias of the critic. It is true that the vast body of that which we read is ephemeral, and justifies its existence by its obvious use for information, recreation, and entertainment. But to permit the impression to prevail that an unenlightened popular preference for a book, however many may hold it, is to be taken as a measure of its excellence, is like claiming that a debased Austrian coin, be-

cause it circulates, is as good as a gold stater of Alexander. The case is infinitely worse than this; for a slovenly literature, unrebuked and uncorrected, begets slovenly thought and debases our entire intellectual life.

It should be remembered, however, that the creative faculty in man has not ceased, nor has puny man drawn all there is to be drawn out of the eternal wisdom. We are probably only in the beginning of our evolution, and something new may always be expected, that is, new and fresh applications of universal law. The critic of literature needs to be in an expectant and receptive frame of mind. Many critics approach a book with hostile intent, and seem to fancy that their business is to look for what is bad in it, and not for what is good. It seems to me that the first duty of the critic is to try to understand the author, to give him a fair chance by coming to his perusal with an open mind. Whatever book you read, or sermon or lecture you hear, give yourself for the time absolutely to its influence. This is just to the author, fair to the public, and, above all, valuable to the intellectual sanity of the critic himself. It is a very bad thing for the memory and the judgment to get into a habit of reading carelessly or listening with distracted attention. I know of nothing so harmful to the strength of the mind as this habit. There is a valuable mental training in closely following a discourse that is valueless in itself. After the reader has unreservedly surrendered himself to the influence of a book, and let his mind settle, as we say, and resume its own judgment, he is in a position to look at it objectively and to compare it with other facts of life and of literature dispassionately. He can then compare it as to form, substance, tone, with the enduring literature that has come down to us from all the ages. It is a phenomenon known to all of us that we may for the moment be carried away by a book which upon cool reflection we find is false in ethics and weak in construction. We find this because we have standards outside ourselves.

I am not concerned to define here what is meant by literature. A great mass of it has been accumulated in the progress of mankind, and, fortunately for different wants and temperaments, it is as varied as the various minds that produced it. The main thing to be considered is that this great stream of thought is the highest achievement and the most valuable possession of mankind. It is

not only that literature is the source of inspiration to youth and the solace of age, but it is what a national language is to a nation, the highest expression of its being. Whatever we acquire of science, of art, in discovery, in the application of natural laws in industries, is an enlargement of our horizon, and a contribution to the highest needs of man, his intellectual life. The controversy between the claims of the practical life and the intellectual is as idle as the so-called conflict between science and religion. And the highest and final expression of this life of man, his thought, his emotion, his feeling, his aspiration, whatever you choose to call it, is in the enduring literature he creates. He certainly misses half his opportunity on this planet who considers only the physical or what is called the practical. He is a man only half developed. I can conceive no more dreary existence than that of a man who is past the period of business activity, and who cannot for his entertainment, his happiness, draw upon the great reservoir of literature. For what did I come into this world if I am to be like a stake planted in a fence, and not like a tree visited by all the winds of heaven and the birds of the air?

Those who concern themselves with the printed matter in books and periodicals are often in despair over the volume of it, and their actual inability to keep up with current literature. They need not worry. If all that appears in books, under the pressure of publishers and the ambition of experimenters in writing, were uniformly excellent, no reader would be under any more obligation to read it than he is to see every individual flower and blossoming shrub. Specimens of the varieties would suffice. But a vast proportion of it is the product of immature minds, and of a yearning for experience rather than a knowledge of life. There is no more obligation on the part of the person who would be well informed and cultivated to read all this than there is to read all the colored incidents, personal gossip, accidents, and crimes repeated daily, with sameness of effect, in the newspapers, some of the most widely circulated of which are a composite of the police gazette and the comic almanac. A great deal of the reading done is mere contagion, one form or another of communicated grippe, and it is consoling and even surprising to know that if you escape the run of it for a season you have lost nothing appreciable. Some people, it has been often said, make it a rule never to read a book until it is from one to five years

old. By this simple device they escape the necessity of reading most of them, but this is only a part of their gain. Considering the fact that the world is full of books of the highest value for cultivation, entertainment, and information, which the utmost leisure we can spare from other pressing avocations does not suffice to give us knowledge of, it does seem to be little less than a moral and intellectual sin to flounder about blindly in the flood of new publications. I am speaking, of course, of the general mass of readers, and not of the specialists who must follow their subjects with ceaseless inquisition. But for most of us who belong to the still comparatively few who really read books the main object of life is not to keep up with the printing-press, any more than it is the main object of sensible people to follow all the extremes and whims of fashion in dress. When a fashion in literature has passed we are surprised that it should ever have seemed worth the trouble of studying or imitating. When the special craze has passed, we notice another thing, and that is that the author, not being of the first rank or of the second, has generally contributed to the world all that he has to give in one book, and our time has been wasted on his other books; and also that in a special kind of writing in a given period—let us say, for example, the historico-romantic—we perceive that it all has a common character, is constructed on the same lines of adventure and with a prevailing type of hero and heroine, according to the pattern set by the first one or two stories of the sort which became popular, and we see its more or less mechanical construction, and how easily it degenerates into commercial book-making. Now, while some of this writing has an individual flavor that makes it entertaining and profitable in this way, we may be excused from attempting to follow it all merely because it happens to be talked about for the moment, and generally talked about in a very indiscriminating manner. We need not in any company be ashamed if we have not read it all, especially if we are ashamed that, considering the time at our disposal, we have not made the acquaintance of the great and small masterpieces of literature. It is said that the fashion of this world passeth away, and so does the mere fashion in literature, the fashion that does not follow the eternal law of beauty and symmetry, and contribute to the intellectual and spiritual part of man. Otherwise it is only a waiting in a material existence, like the lovers, in the words of

the Arabian story-teller, "till there came to them the Destroyer of Delights and the Sunderer of Companies, he who layeth waste the palaces and peopleth the tombs."

Without special anxiety, then, to keep pace with all the ephemeral in literature, lest we should miss for the moment something that is permanent, we can rest content in the vast accumulation of the tried and genuine that the ages have given us. Anything that really belongs to literature to-day we shall certainly find awaiting us to-morrow.

The better part of the life of man is in and by the imagination. This is not generally believed, because it is not generally believed that the chief end of man is the accumulation of intellectual and spiritual material. Hence it is that what is called a practical education is set above the mere enlargement and enrichment of the mind; and the possession of the material is valued, and the intellectual life is undervalued. But it should be remembered that the best preparation for a practical and useful life is in the

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, June, 1900.

high development of the powers of the mind, and that, commonly, by a culture that is not considered practical. The notable fact about the group of great parliamentary orators in the days of George III is the exhibition of their intellectual resources in the entire world of letters, the classics, and ancient and modern history. Yet all of them owed their development to a strictly classical training in the schools. And most of them had not only the gift of the imagination necessary to great eloquence, but also were so mentally disciplined by the classics that they handled the practical questions upon which they legislated with clearness and precision. The great masters of finance were the classically trained orators William Pitt and Charles James Fox.

In fine, to return to our knowledge of the short life of fashions that are for the moment striking, why should we waste precious time in chasing meteoric appearances, when we can be warmed and invigorated in the sunshine of the great literatures?

SOME AMERICANS ABROAD.

IV. LITTLE MISS FLUTTERLY'S DISSERTATION ON WAR.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

SHE was just as pretty as she knew how to be, and she did n't have to help nature much. Day after day I had seen her talking to the young men on the steamer, but I did not come under the spell of her tongue until the evening before we landed at New York.

She was about seventeen, with a voice wonderfully sweet and almost Southern in its softness. I had long desired to meet her, because I like to hear a pretty woman talk. The army chaplain introduced me to her. They had evidently been talking about war, for as I sat down and the chaplain went below for a smoke, she said:

"When do *you* suppose the Boer war will end?"

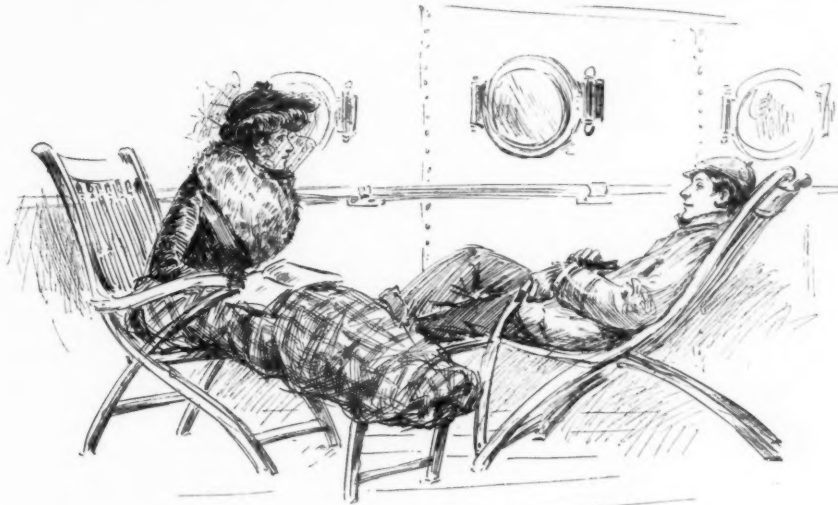
Before I could reply, she went on, swiftly and softly and irresistibly: "Don't you think wars are cruel? I'd hate to see a French war, because the French must be awfully cruel, judging by their cabmen. My! their horses did look so tired out. So different from the horses in Amsterdam and The

Hague. Did n't you love Holland? So awfully neat. The vegetables were piled up so prettily on the carts. That reminds me that I saw in a paper the other day that sweet potatoes are unknown in England. Just fancy! Well, they're only just beginning to use ice, they're so conservative. You know, they think it's bad for the stomach. I heard pa say that he thought gin was much worse. It must be awful stuff, almost as bad as absinthe. I never tasted absinthe, but in Paris my brother Tom wanted to see what it was like, and he had to be brought home, although there is n't any word for home in French. I wonder how they can sing 'Home, Sweet Home.' But did you know that we have n't any word for country? You know, the French say *patrie*, but we can only say 'country,' and of course that might mean the place where you go on your vacation.

"Oh, dear me hum, my vacation's almost over, and I have had the loveliest time. I'll have to begin school the week after we land.

I tell mother I've learned more about foreign countries than all the arithmetics and grammars in the world could teach me. What country did you like best? I thought that Belgium was next to Holland. I don't mean geographically; of course I know that; but it was neater there than in Paris. But Holland was the neatest. I'll never forget the vegetables piled up on the carts. But in Holland I saw a mother smoking—a lady,

mineral water all the time. I think they must use all their best water to keep the streets clean. Paris seemed dirty after Holland, and then the French horses did look so thin and abused. So did the Belgians'. I think they must have French blood. They are so cruel, those French. But the women certainly are stylish. Only I can't say as much for the men. Their bushy, long hair, and their baggy trousers, and their ridicu-



"WHEN DO YOU SUPPOSE THE BOER WAR WILL END?"

too. Don't you think it is shocking for a mother to smoke? Like as not when her sons grow up they'll take to smoking, too. I think it's kind of fun, don't you know, but awfully improper. But are n't the French improper? I wanted to go to some of those queer places, but ma said it would never do: that we might meet somebody there that we knew. You know, we were always meeting somebody that we knew. Why, it seemed as if you could n't go to any large city without seeing Americans. Awfully nice to meet Americans, I think. There are n't any people as bright as Americans. Don't you think so? And what is your candid opinion of German girls? Don't you think our girls are prettier? And the Dutch. They are n't pretty, but they are so neat. It seems a pity that the Dutch and the English should be fighting, for the Dutch are so neat, and the English are our cousins, and blood is thicker than water. But was n't the water awful in Holland? I had to drink

lous hats, and the girls with bloomers on wheels! Oh, I think they were anything but stylish. The English never wear bloomers. I will say that for them, although I'm no Anglomaniac. But I *did* like London. Awfully dirty, but awfully fascinating. If England were as clean as Holland I think I'd like it better than Holland, because you can understand the language; but they don't make any attempt with their vegetables, and they don't use sweet potatoes; but they certainly are great fighters, only I think it is a pity that the poor little Dut— Oh, here comes Miss Standish. I promised to play shovel-board with her, so I must go. I've been awfully pleased to talk about the war with you—and the trip. Awfully jolly to travel, don't you think? It makes one keep one's eyes open. Hello, you dear thing! I know you'll beat me all to pieces. [To me] I really think that conversation is more intellectual than games. You must tell me some more about that horrid war to-morrow."



(THE FOUNTAIN, MONTACUTE.)

“**G**REAT cages make the bird never a whit better,” says an early writer, and garden-hunting for several years at home and abroad has brought me to a similar conclusion. Especially in England, great size seldom seems to increase the beauty or comfort of an inclosure intended to serve as common ground for plants and people. To their moderate dimensions many of the most characteristically delightful English gardens owe much of their homelike appearance. “Formal” they are sometimes called, but, never laid out according to rigid

rules, they are seldom even perfectly symmetrical in reality. Each is the expression of its owner’s individual preferences, each has a peculiar and irregular charm, because one feature after another has been added for its own sake, often regardless of the general effect. Love, not money, has been lavished everywhere, and the result lies within the reach of every one caring for flowers and able to give them a limited amount of space and an unlimited amount of devotion.

Such gardens were first frequently designed in old and New England nearly three



hundred years ago. But their arrangement is so simple and so well adapted to the climate of both countries to-day that they appeal to us now as much as they did formerly to our ancestors. In slightly different materials they could be readily copied in the United States, and might easily belong there to you or to me, or to any other garden-loving American. Practical as well as

in the box-bordered knots curiously designed according to the taste of the Renaissance.

The essential idea of seclusion came, perhaps, from the East. In Egypt the earliest pleasure-grounds of which we have any record inspired those of classic Greece and Italy. They consisted of courtyards, planted with trees and ornamented with fountains, forming a part of the women's quarters.



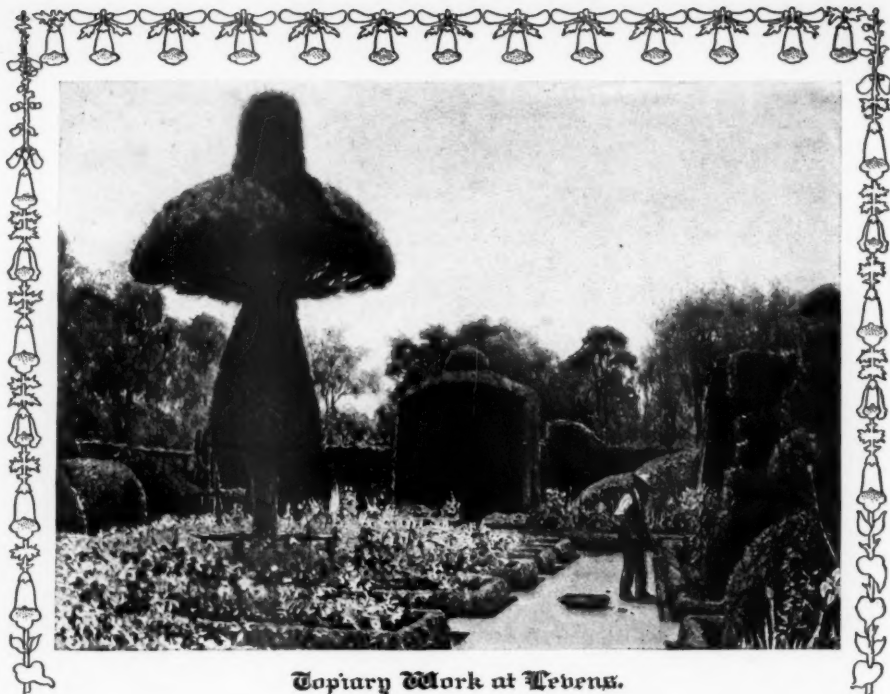
Bowling-Green-Berkeley Castle.

sentimental reasons make them particularly appropriate for us.

What out-of-door home can be imagined more lovely than one of these seventeenth-century gardens? Many exist almost unaltered, as perfect to be looked on and to be lived in as when they were planned and planted in the days of Queen Elizabeth or King Charles II. Though ivy garlands the gnarled trunks and twisted branches of the sturdy old trees, and grayish-green lichens have crept over the weather-beaten stonework, while the fruit-covered walls of red brick have deepened into a rich purplish color, these changes merely intensify their original beauty without altering its character. Quaint sun-dials still mark, year after year, each fresh hour of sunshine; high yew hedges are clipped fantastically as in the past; and old-fashioned flowers blossom gaily

Here the harem gathered together in the shade of the cloisters, reserved as their sitting-room, or, as it might be called, their sitting-garden. During the middle ages, also, the gardens appropriated to the women, and furnished with arbors and other seats, remained the only place where they could safely walk in the fresh air. Within the outer walls of almost every castle was a narrow strip of ground called "my lady's bower," whither the chatelaine and her ladies, before the introduction of drawing-rooms and parlors, were accustomed to withdraw from the noise and confusion of the great hall. This bower, also known as the pleasance, usually contained a herbarium, or collection of plants intended for medicinal purposes, the predecessor of the later physic-gardens.

There were no beds of cultivated flowers,



Topiary Work at Tivens.

but there was sometimes a grass-plot thickly sprinkled with blossoming plants, such as is often represented in old tapestries and is described by Chaucer:

There sprange the vyolet al newe,
And fresshe pervynke riche of hewe,
And floures yelow, white, and rede,
Suche plente grewe there never in mede.
Ful gaye was al the grounde, and queynt
And poudred, as men had it peynt
With many a fresshe and sondrie floure,
That casten up ful good savour.

When a new era in domestic gardens, as well as in buildings, began early in the sixteenth century, the medieval conception of the pleasure underwent many alterations in form, although fundamentally it was based on the same ideas. The garden was still designed as a place for people to sit and to walk in, although it was then for the first time ornamented with growing flowers. The Oriental courtyards had contained some, and the classic Italian villas all, of the architectural features of a garden; but they were virtually without flowers, except roses, violets, and occasionally lilies, grown chiefly for their fragrance, to be picked and woven into garlands, or to be strewn upon the floors. Even in the early Tudor times, a

"fayre garden" was described as "repleated with herbs of aromatic and redolent savours."

The intrinsic beauty of flowers and their decorative value in the garden were not fully realized until the seventeenth century. The garden of flowers was essentially the production of the English Renaissance, while in Italy it still retained more the appearance of a sculpture-gallery, and in France that of a parade-ground. But the inclosure attached to the manor-house was often planted with fruit-trees, vegetables, and herbs, as well as with flowers, though sometimes these were separated and distinguished as the orchard or fruit-garden, the kitchen- or vegetable-garden, the physic- or herb-garden, the pleasure- or flower-garden. Each was intended to be both ornamental and useful. After enumerating these divisions, Markham, the best of the old authorities, adds: "Not that we mean so perfect a distinction that the garden for flowers should be without herbs good for the kitchen, or the kitchen-garden should want flowers, on the contrary; but for the most part they should be severed, because your garden-flowers should suffer some disgrace if among them you intermingle onions, parsnips, etc."

When the flower-garden was separated from the ground devoted to more practical



The Sundial at Levens.

purposes, it was always surrounded by a wall, hedge, or fence. It was taken for granted that the traditional rectangle should be divided into quarters by two straight paths, at the intersection of which the cen-

ter was accentuated by a fountain, a sundial, or a statue; but the old writers were careful not to lay down any hard-and-fast rules, and fancy was given free play as to every detail. The proportions of the paths



Herbaceous Garden-Bulwick.

to these quarters, and of the flower-beds and knots they contained, were carefully considered, and planned according to the extent of the inclosure. A great variety of designs for the knots is given in old gardening-books, with intricate patterns to be outlined by evergreen borders, some to be kept "open," others "closed" by planting them with flowers. Next the wall was a broad border, in which were grown hollyhocks, larkspur, sunflowers, and other tall, showy plants.

Only a step from within doors, where could an airing be taken more agreeably than in an old pleasure? After a storm, or early in the morning, when the grass-paths were wet, others expressly prepared made it easy to walk dry-footed. Befitting the season, there were alleys, arched with pleached trees to protect the walkers from the sun, or open, so that they might enjoy its warmth. Terraces were raised above the walls, where, in the heat of summer, was felt the slightest breeze, wafting up the



Surprise waterworks. From Tapestry

Playgrounds, forming a part of the pleasure-gardens, remain much as when they were first designed. Sometimes tennis is played on the old bowling-greens, but the smooth grass, restful and attractive to the eye, looks the same whichever game happens to be in favor. Mazes are still great fun for children, although grown-up visitors may not, nowadays, enjoy losing themselves in the winding paths. Nothing has wholly disappeared except the waterworks cunningly concealed to surprise an unsuspecting stranger with a shower. For our sense of humor, unlike our sense of beauty, has changed, and we do not take a keen, Elizabethan delight in practical jokes at the expense of our bewildered guests. It would be difficult to find reason to suppress any other features, or to suggest innovations which would be improvements.

fragrance of the flowers and a refreshing moisture from the cool fountain on the many-colored parterre beneath; while gazebos, banqueting-houses, arbors, and other more or less open pavilions, conveniently scattered about, formed attractive shelters for book-reading, letter-writing, and tea-drinking.

Nooks and corners in the garden were also arranged for bees and birds. The later aviaries were elaborately constructed of wrought-iron, and occasionally sheltered human inmates. In one of these, Pepys describes Lady Castlemain, the favorite of Charles II, as receiving her friends, who laughingly called her the bird of passage.

Peacocks, in spite of their decorative appearance, were not usually admitted within the gardens because of their mischievous propensity to dig up the flower-beds, but

were often seen strutting about in the courtyards. "The peacock is a bird of more beautiful feathers than any other that is," writes Dr. Andrew Borde, in the sixteenth century; "he is quickly angry, but is far off from taking good hold with his feet; he is goodly to behold and very good to eat, and serveth as a watch in the inner court, for that he, spying strangers to come into

Here, perhaps, came a rollicking crowd of foppishly dressed courtiers, roaring with laughter at the plight of an unwary newcomer, whose silken costume, lace, and ribbons have been drenched by an unexpected spout of water, or merrily disporting themselves in the intricacies of the maze, and ending with a game of bowls on the green. From a grass-mount like that beside the



Gazebo-Montarute

the lodging, faileth not to cry out and advertise them of the house."

In the courtyards, dove-cotes were frequently placed, although, unless a man were above a certain rank, he was not privileged

to keep doves until after the seventeenth century.

But let us go back to the garden, where, comfortably seated under a vine-shaded arbor, sent almost to sleep by the murmur of water trickling and sparkling in the sunlight, it is easy to dream of bygone scenes and to picture both the Cavaliers and the Puritans, who, however different their point of view, were alike in their affection for these sweet places.

wall, Nell Gwynne, in a bewitching new hat, audaciously peeped down on her royal lover, walking in the mall below her garden, one Sunday morning, and shocked the privileged frequenters of the park. While under that horn-

beam alley, Pepys, our garrulous informant, might have retired to give a friend his private opinion as to the king's rumored conversion to Catholicism.

Not far away, in the stillness of twilight, as the shadows lengthen, and leafy images, counterfeiting men and beasts, move darkly forward from the background, a somber, cloaked figure might be imagined pacing up and down the alleys, tenderly glancing at every loved spot, his heart aching at the

thought that all this must be abandoned for the sake of religious freedom. Even his narrow creed, inculcating an abhorrence of external beauty, has not taught him to condemn as wicked his love for flowers. And with both the Cavaliers and the Puritans were carried to the new colonies seeds gathered in these old homes and carefully tended, even when the necessities of life could not be got without a struggle.

Thus the same old-fashioned annuals and perennials, derived from a common stock, were planted by our forefathers on both sides of the Atlantic, and still grow. Tall blue larkspur, spikes of pink foxglove, hollyhocks, peonies, snapdragon, heart's-ease, gillyflowers, and others equally familiar, because among the fittest for our soil, have always been cherished in the posy-beds of our scattered farm-houses, while some now self-sown, such as the common barberry,

mullen, purple loosestrife, bouncing-bet, and eglantine or sweetbrier rose, have run wild so long in New England that we think of them as native.

On the banks of the Connecticut, with wild pine-covered mountain slopes in the distance, is a little colony of garden-lovers, each giving to his own its individual character. In England there are more complete out-of-door dwelling-places, but none more lived in and none set among such wonderfully contrasting scenery. Just as the fire-side is pleasantest when a storm is raging, so a garden seems most attractive when beyond its walls there is an untouched wilderness. In America we have the distant loveliness of the wilderness, and as a foreground we can feel the intimate charm of trim flower-beds, the form of which has been handed down to us from the old manor-house gardens.



AN OPTIMIST.

BY LULU W. MITCHELL.

SHALL I, by Life's close commonplaces hedged,
 Misrate the casual sunbeam, or, austere,
 Regard the wild flower pale, chance-rooted here,
 Scorning the song-bird this dull thicket fledged?
 Nay! Heart's-ease, Fortune, I have never pledged,
 A hostage for thy favor all too dear.
 Ah, Heaven's light downshineth strangely near,
 When outward view hath long been casement-edged.
 Though grim mischance with evil hour conspire,
 The balanced soul they shall not overstay,
 Nor circumstance abash, nor failure bar.
 They vex me not, the lamps of old desire,
 Unlighted in the bare room of To-day.
 Somewhere the morning waits! Meanwhile—a star.

"FAIR INES."

BY EVA WILDER BRODHEAD,

Author of "Bound in Shallows," etc.

IT was "chicken day" in Aguilar, and though evening shades were falling, a throng of Mexicans, who had pursued since noon the sport common to this occasion, were still lingering in the village offing as if reluctant to acknowledge the end of the festivity. Now and again one of the group, sitting straight in his horned saddle, made a sort of wild sally across the prairie; sometimes two or three riders appeared as if engaged in a final skirmish with the victor, a brown young fellow, —Cristobal Garcia, in fact,—whose blue cotton garments were fluffy with the feathers and dabbled over with the blood of his headless trophy.

Some vague sense of the pictorial quality of the scene struck upon Alonzo Penhallow as he hopelessly regarded it from the window at which he stood. The prancing broncos and dark-skinned men, the merry din of far-off voices, the placid stretch of prairie and azure ring of snow-touched mountains—all these features of the outlook gave his perturbed mind a suggestion of something like theatrical regulation. It was quite as if the stage waited, and he himself, heroic and impressive by reason of his misery, had only to appear to precipitate a drama truly tragic.

The sound of his mother's sobs, reaching him intermittently, aided this impression as an undercurrent of melancholy music emphasizes the approach of a distressing crisis. She herself lay prone upon a wood settle in a corner of the neatly papered sitting-room, and from the window at which he stood Alonzo was wretchedly aware of every detail of her appearance. Like the withered shale of an autumnal ear, her garments limply clung about her. In thin, heelless slippers, her feet had assumed a position which curiously conveyed to Alonzo a complex intimation of emotional weariness, inflexible resolve, and conscious rectitude; while, as regarded the thin, dust-colored hair trailing over her temples, there was about it a disorder such as he had never before witnessed.

For the moment, he thanked Heaven, her accusing eyes were shut. The stained, yellowish lids indeed were eloquently reproach-

ful, but anything was better than the mortal battery of her sad, beseeching glances. Her comparative silence also was a relief; and Alonzo felt himself turning cold when she presently stifled her moans in preparation, evidently, for a more articulate statement of her grievance.

"It won't be for long," she said in a wet quaver. "I've never been a robust woman. I hope it is n't wicked to say I'm glad now I'm not real strong. No, Alonzo. Another such week as I've just spent will be enough. All is, I do hope you won't reproach yourself when I'm gone. I would n't rest easy in my grave, Alonzo, if I thought you was thinking too much about having shortened my life."

"Oh, mother, mother!"

"No, Alonzo. You must try to forget how I gave up my good, comfortable home in the East to come and be with you in this mining-camp. I don't say you was n't right to come yourself. You had a cough and all. Only the climate has n't built me up like it has you. I might have gone on for some years if I had n't got this stroke, Alonzo. But I make no complaint, I say nothing, knowing how soon my troubles will be hid beneath the sod. It'll only be a few days. If you'll wait till then, Alonzo, it's all I ask. Then you can do what you like, and bring into my house any worthless, trifling, shiftless girl you please, to shame my memory—oh, me! oh!" She went off again in a thin monotone of wailing.

Alonzo Penhallow let his clenched fist fall on the window-sill; then he wheeled round, and his young, unbearded face was stern.

"Don't," he said—"don't! I'll have to give in. I see I'll have to. It shall be—as you wish. If it kills me, it must be as you want it to be." Unconsciously he had caught the tone of her mortuary appeal; but though her own demise was always a touching subject of contemplation with Mrs. Penhallow, she exhibited great fortitude in receiving her son's statement of a fatal contingency in his own case.

"Lonny!—oh, my boy!—but it will only be for a few weeks or months at the most. When I'm gone—"

"I don't want you to go. I want you to be well and happy, mother. I won't do anything you're opposed to. Only—"

"Only?"

"There is one thing I must ask you. I give her up. I won't ask Ines to marry me, though I'll never care for any one else as long as I live; but I don't want you to speak of her to me or any one as you've just spoken."

Mrs. Penhallow had drawn herself into a less prostrate attitude, and her small, nervous face was assuming those lines which speak of the exalted spiritual consolation inherent in getting one's own way.

"My son," she said crisply, "remember you're speaking to the one that bore you. I cannot admit that I've said anything untrue of Ines Salazar. I stated that a girl whose parent kept a drinking-place was no mate for my only son."

"As if Ines could help such a thing!"

"She don't seem to feel the awful degradation of being allied to a person who runs a saloon, Alonzo. She's just a little addled, vain, lazy thing, that's what! I stand by what I've said. And because she's some better-looking than most of these greasy, ginger-colored, thick-set Mexican girls hereabouts, why, her folks have set her up for a beauty, and have educated her in a convent, and humored her and dressed her forth till she thinks she's every bit as good as people born in the State of New Hampshire, and raised to every religious privilege, and Chautauqua circles, and ministers in the family, and all that. I've a right to speak my mind, Alonzo. I'm glad you can see how near you've been to being a fool. I am so! I'm your mother, and what I say comes from a mother's loving heart. There'll be a time when you'll remember it with burning tears in your eyes. Ines Salazar does n't know a thing in the world but to tie red ribbons in her hair, and play on her mandolin till I'm that nervous with the twang of it, seems as if I should go deranged. Do you hear it? That's it now. If I was you, Alonzo, I'd stay away from the window; indeed, I would."

Just across the wide adobe road stood the long, low shape of Antonio Salazar's place, lifting its clay walls out of the clay of the earth like a natural growth. Several wax-leaved cottonwoods grew along the wide ditch before it, and under the plummy tufts of green two rude benches afforded a number of idlers a seat. Salazar's place had green net doors inscribed in white chalk with a word of greeting. Through the gauzy tex-

ture of these came an enlivening tinkle of glasses; a gay *bebamos!* rang out; and the clink of the drinking-mugs and the ring of the men's voices mingled cheerily enough with the light snapping of a stringed instrument close at hand.

Ines Salazar had come to the door of the domestic portion of her father's establishment—a portion to the left of the green doors, plastered ambitiously in a mixture of lime outlined to represent blocks of white marble, and overhung with eaves of a brilliant red color. Lace curtains hung conspicuously in the deep-set window. A glimpse of crimson carpet and cushioned chairs indicated the splendors of the interior; and upon this glowing background the girl's muslin frock unfurled its flower-like frills in a startling effect of pure white.

She was glancing furtively across the way, giving ear, meanwhile, feignedly enough, to the tone of the chord she was tuning up. A sort of nervous eagerness betrayed itself in the turn of her dark, silky head; and nervousness sat oddly on her, for her beauty was of a calmly placid, almost stolid kind, thick-skinned, unspeculative, mute. There was not the smallest hint of vivacity in the large, lovely eyes which she directed toward her neighbor's house. They had simply a primal sweetness, a virginal quietude which even the perplexed pain behind them could only a little mar.

Pain and perplexity, however, were indeed swelling Ines's bosom, for how should it be otherwise when Alonzo Penhallow, for two nights, had not come over to sit upon the Salazar door-step? Two nights, look you! and never before in all the course of the summer days since Ines came from school, educated and elegant, with a little medal pinned upon her breast in token of her intellectual triumphs in Pueblo, had the young man shown himself so neglectful of his privileges.

He was not ill. Ines knew this, for she had seen him at six o'clock coming down the street from the store in which he had some proprietary interest. She had seen that he walked with a dragging step, with a head downcast, with eyes which were newly determined in their direction from Salazar's place. Ines had sat in the front window, ready—only too ready, she began to fear—to smile and nod to Alonzo as he looked over. She had set a flower in her braids, a beautiful big, white, poppy-like flower, such as, under the nurture of a wet spring, flare all along the swales of the Apishapa. Behind

her left ear she had put the shining thing, realizing well that, like a knot of pearls, it brought forth a richer color in her creamy cheek. And he had not looked!—Mary, Mother of Many Sorrows!—he had only banged the gate of his dwelling and let himself in at the decent drab door beyond. And now that evening was falling, he did not come forth, though it was *gallo* day, and a time of *fiesta*, with a dance forward in the hall over the livery-stable; and though she, Ines, preferring to play her mandolin to him beside the door-step, had refused seven separate offers of escort to the ball!

Ines's hand lay cold upon the strings. Cristobal Garcia, cleansed of the stains of conquest, observed her wistfully as he rolled a cigarette in the gloom of an adjacent porch. He was one of the seven who had gone away miserable. Perhaps he gathered a forlorn hope from the tears which he now saw swimming in her lashes, for he made a step toward her, at which Ines drew back and let the door close upon her grief.

A small elderly woman, half dozing in a rocking-chair behind the lace curtains, gave a start as the door swung sharply to.

"Ines," she said anxiously, "is anything wrong? What made you—why, Ines, you ain't crying?"

"I am crying a little, yes," said Ines. "A little, my mother."

"Well, of all! What for? Ain't you right well? Maybe you've et something."

"Oh, I am well," said Ines, hopelessly. The tears raining over her face seemed no more to disturb its tranquil lines than if her features had been defined in marble. And as Mrs. Salazar, whose married life had done much to familiarize her with the Protean characteristics of the Southern temperament, observed this underlying calm in her daughter, she sank back in her rocking-chair, prepared, with a sigh of relief, to go into the matter in a comfortable way.

Mrs. Salazar was a native of Arkansas, who had drifted West in the train of an adventurous brother. To drift was, indeed, her natural tendency. She had never held up destiny with any bold demand for anything. She had never even questioned if her lot in life were to her liking. The slave of circumstance she was not, for to be a slave implies subjection to an admittedly higher power. Subjection, in its turn, implying the throttling of will and the violent negation of personal desires, could scarcely be mentioned in connection with Mrs. Salazar, since she was ideally free from volitive processes, and sim-

ply resigned herself without question to the current of any stream in which she found herself. In this amiable spirit of acquiescence with the supreme ego, she had, upon the death of her brother, married Antonio Salazar, who chanced to live next door and to be about to open a place of public entertainment. In the furtherance of his enterprise, he needed some one about who spoke English. Satisfied with this candid explanation of his motive in requesting her hand, she had accepted him; and, indeed, the marriage, while not contracted upon those idyllic conditions supposed by persons of exalted sentiment to be necessary to happiness in this estate, had by no means been a failure.

Their love for Ines cast for each a sort of illumination on the other. She was their altar, their shrine, the taper which showed them God's face and the goodness in each other's common visage. And docilely, mutely, sweetly, with the submissiveness of the subjugated race prepotent in her blood, Ines took their adoration as unquestioningly as she would have taken harshness and abuse had they chosen so to dower her.

"You're getting your eyes all red," warned Mrs. Salazar, beginning to rock. "And for what, Ines—for what?"

Ines thrust her hand into the frilled muslin above her heart. "He has not been over for two nights," said she, with shameless maidenly candor. "Alonzo, I mean. He must be mad at me. He is offended! Oh, mother, mother! *Qué haremos? Qué haremos?*"

Hearing this, Mrs. Salazar sat upright, with a sudden dash of crimson in her faded cheeks. "Ines!" she gasped. "Have n't you any *pride*? Why, I feel as if I could go right through the floor just to listen at you! My goodness me! When I was a gyrl I'd of no more let a young man suspicion I keered about him than I'd of flown. And you,—if I do say it,—the prettiest-looking gyrl anywhere round, and best-dressed, free to pick and choose, a-taking on like this because a poor little Yankee man don't see fit to cross the street! Why, law, child, your pa would n't let you marry him noway in the world. He was saying only yesterday that nobody'd git you that could n't give you a house in some big city like Trinidad or New York. He said you'd ought to do well, and he'd never see you marry unless you did."

"I shall never marry!" sobbed Ines, rising to dizzy heights of tragedy. "Never!"

"Law, yes, you will," disputed Mrs. Salazar. "You'll have a white satin gown as

you'll look a perfect statute in, and a veil to your feet, and a gold watch and chain. Alonzo Penhallow's nothing to fret over. He'd be willing enough to come over, most likely, if 't was n't for that mother of his," added Mrs. Salazar, astutely. "Most likely she's down on us 'cause we run a bar."

Ines suspended her tears in a look of vacancy. "Is it not good to run a bar?" she asked.

"Well, there's some has a prejudice against it," admitted her mother. "They wear white ribbons tied onto 'em, I believe. I would n't wonder if Mis' Penhallow was one of 'em. She sets up for being better than other folks, but I just as live take my chance of reaching heaven by hooking on to some one that was less dead sure of gitting there. Oh, I know her kind! She's one of these weak, sick, helpless, clinging critters that's hard as nails when you git to the bottom of 'em. She's got around Alonzo with her sniffings and snuffings," declared Mrs. Salazar, roused to unwonted insight by the contemplation of the slight upon her child. "And I don't think much of no man that lets himself be worked on by a few grunts, so I don't. Now, Ines, if I was you I'd put on my pink sash and go to the dance. I'd be gay as a bird and let Old Lady Penhallow see she could n't faze me, not a' eye-winker. There's Cristobal Garcia lighting him a cigarette yonder. He'll be proud to carry you to the hall. Shall I call him?"

Ines rose with an air of such bitter resentment and determination as an affronted rabbit might display. "Call him!" she cried. "Tell him I will go."

It chanced, therefore, that Alonzo Penhallow, having despairingly watched her departure with Garcia, was smitten to the soul by the gaiety of the girl's manner. Perhaps his mother was right, and Ines was a shallow creature, since she could glance into the young Mexican's dark eyes with a look differing in no obvious respect from that which she had often bestowed on him. Alonzo turned from the grievous spectacle with a sense of incredible loss. After this, he thought, it would be easy to obey as a son without any regretful sighing as a lover. It is not, however, through argumentative processes that love justifies its ways to man; and Alonzo, in spite of pain, anger, and resolution, found his heart proving recusant to its own ends. Ines had too long been to him matter for young dreams easily to be cast out of his thoughts. She had possessed him entirely from the day when he saw her crossing

an alfalfa-field hard by her father's house, with a pet kid trotting at her side. They were cutting the first crop, and the purple-gleaming swaths lay billowy within the inclosure. Men were singing as they tossed the balmy bales aloft. And in this pastoral scene Ines had an air of something beautifully poetic and alien as she came into the New England boy's ken. She was like Rachel when her lover first saw her; like Rebecca; like some lost maiden of old years, leading home a youngling of her father's flocks, and shedding the maze and mystery of her beauty over all the common earth.

Alonzo had stood dumbly staring as she passed, and Ines, aware of his long look, had felt a strange tremor at her temples, as if the blood were murmuring there some new, inexplicable note of joy. And she had been sensible of no shame in thinking how angelic a young man may seem when God has given him eyes as blue as the shadows of mountain ravines and hair as yellow as the breast of a meadow-lark.

"Your system needs toning up," remarked Mrs. Penhallow to her son as days passed. Flown with the rich insolence of victory, she was very indulgent to Alonzo. He might smoke, now, if he liked, in the front room. And though the weather was hot and dry, and the town lived out of doors, Alonzo seemed to like sitting in the house of evenings. There, in a cloud of smoke, he sat while the stars shone on the plains, and the moon waxed and waned upon the foot-hills, and young people walked abroad, making merry in a minstrelsy of mouth-harps and accordions.

Sometimes, too, the tinkle of a mandolin reached him. There had been a week or two when it was silent—a week in which he had one day met Ines in the street. He had stopped at sight of her, with a tumultuous lifting of the heart, and seen that her face was sad. A word of greeting touched his lips, but Ines had not spoken. She had only lifted her dark, heavy eyes upon him silently, in a kind of dumb, piteous appeal.

Thereupon Penhallow had rushed home and flung himself down and wept. He had wept and, with the passion of young despair, prayed to die; but he had not died, though he began to look ill enough certainly, in his air of resignation and misery.

"It's the altitude," said his mother. But in her heart she suspected that it was less the altitude than certain facts which, having reached her own ears, had presumably found their way to Alonzo's.

She had noticed that, during these later weeks of summer, a smart carriage, drawn by two black horses, was more and more often to be seen under the shade of the cottonwoods in front of Salazar's place. Once, also, as she brushed the bulwarks of dust from her window-sills, she had seen this equipage turn in from the Trinidad road and dash up the street; while, seated within, a puffy gentleman of indeterminate age, with fierce black whiskers and a great expanse of shirt-bosom, appeared to be replying in a cold, indifferent way to the impressive salutations of such Mexicans as were abroad in the street.

"It's José Baca," explained the woman next door, relaxing against the fence-rail. "He's rich as cream, they say. He's got some big political pull, I disremember what. Owns one of the finest houses in Trinidad. He's a widower this last year."

"He seems to be in Aguilar a good deal," remarked Mrs. Penhallow. "I suppose it's in reference to the primaries."

"Law, no! He's here account of Ines Salazar. They say he's real foolish about her. Ain't it queer what luck some girls have! Here's Ines'll drop into as soft a snap as any person could wish,—fine house and fixings and all,—and her only sixteen, and not so awful good-looking, neither, with them big eyes. And I was considered as taking a girl as there was anywhere round, and here I am slaving my life out in the desert, and no thanks for it. There's no justice in this world, Mrs. Penhallow."

"He's quite old, is n't he?" inquired Mrs. Penhallow, watching the pompous descent of Señor Baca.

"Old! He'll humor her that much more. If I had it to do over again I would n't marry the best man going if he was under forty. Look at me, working like I do, and Henry Adkins thinking it no more 'n right! Marriage ain't all posies and picnicking, Mrs. Penhallow. Give me the man that's got the penny in his pocket, and I'll never ask you if his hair is gray or black."

With this exalted strain in her ears, Mrs. Penhallow had retreated to the house, determining to say nothing to Alonzo of the Salazar girl's conquest. As his failing looks became evident to her, however, she judged it likely that he had gathered the news from other sources and was distressing himself over the extreme probability of the success of Señor Baca's suit.

That Alonzo had not heard of the elderly Mexican's infatuation was disclosed to her rather suddenly upon a day along in September,

when, as she busied herself about the house, she heard the door open tempestuously, and, turning alarmedly, saw her son, pale and disordered, standing on the threshold.

"Mother," he cried, "I've just heard—I've only just heard that they're trying to make Ines marry old Baca! Cristobal Garcia told me. O God! I'm nearly crazy! A man old enough to be her grandfather! A politician suspected of corruption—of—of—My head's swimming. I can't think. But you must n't hold me to my promise any longer. I can't stand by and see the girl I love forced to marry such a man. It would be a crime. But it sha'n't be—it—I'm going over there now to—to—"

Mrs. Penhallow's face had been drawing together as with the effort of inner concentration. If Alonzo burst out of the house in this frenzy, all her work would be undone, all her plans overthrown forever. He would, in a breath, say to Ines Salazar that which he must not be permitted to say if force or strategy could stay him.

"Alonzo," she began in a low voice, at the stern note of which the young man started as if the cold accent had chilled him. Out of her weakness she evoked an imperious psychological force which constrained him, and he found himself listening quietly as she said: "Go over there, if you want to. I'm only an old woman. I've no control over you. Only it's a kind of risky thing to interfere in other people's business. Ines is likely real pleased to be noticed by as rich a man as Baca; and if she's inclined to obey her parents' wishes, I'd of course hate any one connected with me to try to turn her from her duty. 'Sharper than a serpent's tooth is a disobedient child.' Well I know that truth, Alonzo. When your mother's heart no longer beats, when you stand looking on her cold face in the coffin, remember, Alonzo, that though you was disobedient and ungrateful, she—she—ah, me! ah!"

Her voice had ranged from sternness to the quaverings of imminent hysteria, and casting up her shaking hands, she seemed as if about to fall. "In that hour remember your mother forgave you."

"No, no!" expostulated Alonzo, sustaining her. "No, I won't listen. There, you're better now; I—I must go and try to think what's best. I hate to grieve you. But I can't promise that I won't marry Ines Salazar if she's willing."

His words rang vigorously. His step, also, as he walked to his own room, had an intima-

tion of manhood which gave Mrs. Penhallow a feeling of renewed alarm.

He shut his door, and she felt certain that behind it he was making up his mind to repudiate her authority and emancipate himself from the thralldom of her omnipotent feebleness. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly.

"I will go to her," she resolved, with a sudden inspiration. "I'll tell her there'll be no blessing on such a marriage, and that I won't leave him a cent of my property if he marries her. I'll show her that she'll ruin him if she takes him."

Imbued with this desperate resolve, Mrs. Penhallow hastily got out her best black gown and the opulence of crape veiling with which, since the long-past days of her early widowhood, she had accentuated her idea of the personal dignity of bereavement. She listened at her son's door as she fumbled on her gloves. He was steadily pacing the floor. There was no time to lose.

Crossing the dusty street, Mrs. Penhallow drew up before the Salazar house, and paused an instant, a little deterred by the noise of confused voices within. It is certainly not encouraging to the casual visitor to find some manner of domestic unpleasantness going on at the hearth which he is about to honor with his presence; and that some untoward event was in progress in the Salazar household seemed positive to Mrs. Penhallow as she stood on the step.

Salazar himself appeared to be dominating the scene. His stentorian voice, raised in an incomprehensible flood of Mexican, distinctly indicated, if modulation goes for anything, an irate condition of mind. Some one was softly sobbing, also, and now and then the drawling accents of a third voice chimed in as with a listless effort at peacemaking.

"Now, pa," besought this pacifying voice, "don't you git all het up like you're doing. Your collar's right wet. Ines wants to do what's right, don't you, honey? All is, pa, that Señor Baca's kind of elderly-like, and fat, and some bald, and Ines ain't nothing but a gyrl, pa. He ain't like her idy of what a beau'd ought to be. But if you think best, pa, why, she'll have him. Speak up, Ines. He'll give you every last thing you want, hon', and just carry you round. I would n't urge you, honey, only it always 'pears to me a heap easier to do according as other people want; and, seeing your pa's so set on you having Señor Baca, and him controlling so many votes and all, why, maybe you best say the word."

The sobs became louder at this. Then Salazar uttered a word of invective in English, as being a language perhaps likelier than his own tongue to evoke some reply from the inarticulate culprit.

"Ines!" he roared, "why you not talk, eh? But thees women iss hell! Iss—look here, Ines. Me, I am no devil—me. Tell me, iss there some one else, eh, you like more as you do Baca? Eh, eh?"

There was now an ominous silence. Even to Mrs. Penhallow, seizing this chance to announce at last her presence by a polite rap, it was clear enough that Ines would find it hard to admit a regard for one who had never declared his own passion. As those genteel knuckles made their appeal on the panel, there was a bustle within. It was Salazar, big and burly, who opened the door. At sight of the visitor the Mexican looked taken aback; even him this elderly lady in crape had impressed long since with a vague sense of respectful awe; and beholding her on his threshold, he expanded in courteous uncertainty.

"May I come in?" asked Mrs. Penhallow, entering majestically, and casting back her veil with an impressive hand. "I have something to—" But at this juncture a most unlooked-for occurrence shattered her dignified composure.

Ines had risen at the other's entrance, overcome with wonder at seeing Alonzo's mother apparently approaching her. What—what could it mean, this kindness, this condescension? Santa Maria! could it be that Alonzo had forgiven her—that he was no longer angry? Could it be that Señora Penhallow no longer eyed amiss the occupation of Antonio Salazar, and was come to plead her son's cause? Ines began to shiver in a sudden fearful ecstasy. Yes! Señora Penhallow was turning toward her, was looking at her sweetly, lovingly. Ines uttered a cry, and, stepping forward, flung herself wildly on the astounded bosom of Alonzo's mother, wrapping her young arms about the crape-engulfed neck of the blessed messenger of peace.

"He has heard me—the good St. Anthony!" wept Ines. "I vowed him a vow if Alonzo still loved me—and he does! he does! I read it in your dear eyes, señora! I see it in your so gentle face! And you will explain—you who are wise and good—to my father, who is angry? He has but just asked if I liked some one better than Señor Baca, and I am afraid; I have not dared to say it is Alonzo. He will be gentle, my father, when

he knows it is Alonzo that is of my adoration, and that you are come, full of wisdom and holiness, to make all right. At first he may a little be loud because Alonzo is not rich like Señor Baca, but poor, poor." The thought of Alonzo's poverty in its probable effect on her father's temper overcame the girl with a rush of tears. "Señora," she wailed, clasping her staff more closely, "help me—help me!"

Mrs. Penhallow's amazed breath seemed to be stifling her. This, with the weight of Ines on her bosom, gave her a sensation of having actually arrived at that mortal scene which she had so often graphically depicted. She was either about to die or to faint, surely! Yet, as the girl went on sobbing out her childish confidences, and Mrs. Penhallow felt the soft form hanging upon her as upon a strong rock of holy refuge, a queer sort of composure began to creep over her; and when Ines broke down in that last lamentable appeal, she was surprised to find herself patting the girl's shoulder.

Salazar was inspecting this scene in perplexity. "Qué hay?" he demanded of his wife.

But Mrs. Salazar, finding the current strong, had resigned herself to it, without knowing whither the tide led. She shook her head at him, and he, left to his own wits, presently decided that Alonzo Penhallow loved Ines, but dared not propose to her because he was poor.

"To be poor iss bad," said Salazar, vaguely aware of having to maintain a stiff neck. "Your son, señora, he iss poor. That iss bad, bad."

A little quiver went through Mrs. Penhallow at this. She straightened herself and surveyed Salazar with so chastising an eye that he began to feel overwhelmed with guilt.

"My son is not a beggar," said she. "I presume he's full as well off as any young man in the county. Of course he is n't an old man or a corrupt politician. But the

Penhallows owned property when this State was nothing but a camping-ground for Nevvyhoes and Utes. I've money of my own, and it'll go to my son, though he's full able to make as good a living as any one need want. If—if Ines—marries him—I guess she won't want for nothing."

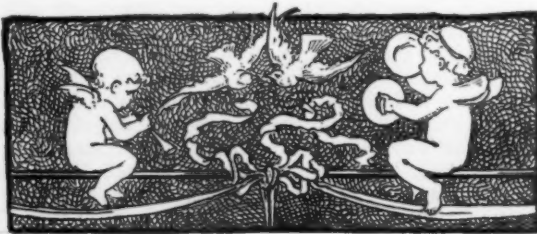
"I would starve with him, and be glad!" cried Ines, lifting Mrs. Penhallow's black kid fingers to her soft cheek.

"I guess there need n't be any talk of starving," commented Mrs. Penhallow, a little confused at her own situation. "And if your father—"

"Me?" interposed Antonio, meekly. "I am only a father. The young man iss good, and if she will have him, what will I do? I am only a father." He made a little gesture to indicate the radical nothingness of his position, and added gaily, "The lover—already he comes—eh?"

Alonzo, in truth, pale and resolute, was on the door-step. He had evidently decided to raise the standard of revolt, to defy his mother and assert a final and irrevocable right to arrange his life to suit himself. In this recalcancy he had come, and Mrs. Penhallow, looking at him, had an agreeable feeling that though her defeat was assured it wore all the aspects of a victory. She observed the blankness with which he saw her drawing Ines to her side, and his bewilderment added something to her sentiment of gratitude toward the obliging fate which had made her overthrow so dignified and dramatic. It was still she who occupied the center of the stage, beneficent and patronizing, where she might have been set aside and held simply to be malevolent and selfish, had not Providence arranged things conformably with her worth.

"Alonzo," she said graciously, "Ines has promised me to marry you. I don't suppose you will realize what it is to me—poor, frail creature I am!—to think that when I die there'll be a daughter to wear mourning for me."



A STORY OF BLEECKER STREET.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

Author of "Out of Mulberry Street," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.

MRS. KANE had put the baby to bed. The regular breathing from two little cribs in different corners told her that her day's work was nearing its end. She paused at the window in the middle of her picking-up to look out at the autumn evening. The house stood on the bank of the East River near where the Harlem joins it. Below ran the swift stream, with the early twilight stealing over it from the near shore; across the water the myriad windows in the Children's Hospital glowed red in the sunset. From the shipyard, where men were working overtime, came up the sound of hammering and careless laughter.

The peacefulness of the scene rested the tired woman. She stood absorbed, without noticing that the door behind her was opened swiftly and that some one came in. It was only when the baby, wakening, sat up in bed and asked with wide, wondering eyes, "Who is that?" that she turned to see.

Just inside the door stood a strange woman. A glance at her dress showed her to be an escaped prisoner. A number of such from the Island were employed under guard in the adjoining hospital, and Mrs. Kane saw them daily. Her first impulse was to call to the men working below, but something in the stranger's look and attitude checked her. She went over to the child's bed and stood by it.

"How did you get out?" she asked, confronting the woman. The question rose to her lips mechanically.

The woman answered with a toss of her head toward the hospital. She was young yet, but her face was old. Debauchery had left deep scars upon it. Her black hair hung in disorder.

"They'll be after me," she said hurriedly. Her voice was hoarse; it kept the promise of the face. "Don't let them. Hide me there—anywhere." She glanced uneasily from the open closet to the door of the inner room.

Mrs. Kane's face hardened. The stranger was a convict, a thief perhaps. Why should she—A door slammed below, and there were excited voices in the hall, the tread of

heavy steps on the stairs. The fugitive listened.

"That's them," she said. "Quick! lemme get in! O God!" she pleaded with desperate entreaty, as Mrs. Kane stood coldly unresponsive, "you have your baby. I have n't seen mine in seven months, and they never wrote. I'll never have the chance again."

The steps had halted in the second-floor hall. They were on the last flight of stairs now. The mother's heart relented.

"Here," she said, "go in."

The bedroom door had barely closed upon the fugitive when a man in a prison-keeper's garb stuck his head in from the hall. He saw only the mother and the baby in its crib.

"Hang the woman!" he growled. "Did yez—"

A voice called from the lower hall: "Hey, Billy! she ain't in there. She give us the slip, sure."

The keeper withdrew his head, growling. In the street the hue and cry was raised; a prisoner had escaped.

When all was quiet, Mrs. Kane opened the bedroom door. She had a dark wrapper and an old gray shawl on her arm.

"Go," she said, not unkindly, and laid them on the bed; "go to your child."

The woman caught at her hand with a sob, but she withdrew it hastily and went back to her baby's crib.

THE moon shone upon the hushed streets, when a woman, hooded in a gray shawl, walked rapidly down Fifth street, eying the tenements with a searching look as she passed. On the stoop of one, a knot of mothers were discussing their household affairs, idling a bit after the day's work. The woman halted in front of the group, and was about to ask a question, when one of the women arose with the exclamation: "Mother of God! it's Mame."

"Well," said the woman, testily, "and what if it is? Am I a spook that ye need stare at me so? Ye knowed me well enough before. Where is Will?"

There was no answer. The women looked at one another irresolutely. None of them

seemed to know what to say. It was the newcomer who broke the silence again.

"Can't ye speak?" she said in a voice in which anger and rising apprehension were struggling. "Where's the boy? Kate, what is it?"

She had caught hold of the rail, as if in fear of falling. The woman addressed said hesitatingly:

"Did ye never hear, Mame? Ain't no one tole ye?"

"Tole me what?" cried the other, shrilly. "They tole me nothing. What 's wrong? Good God! 't ain't nothin' with the child?" She shook the other in sudden anger. "Speak, Kate, can't you?"

"Will is dead," said Kate, slowly, thus urged. "It's nine weeks come Sunday that he fell out o' the winder and was kilt. They buried him from the Morgue. We thought you knowed."

Stunned by the blow, the woman had sunk upon the lowest step and buried her face in her hands. She sat there with her shawl drawn over her head as, one by one, the neighbors went inside. One lingered; it was the one they had called Kate.

"Mame," she said, when the last was gone, touching her on the shoulder—"Mame!"

An almost imperceptible movement of the head under its shawl testified that she heard.

"Mebbe it was for the best," said Kate, irresolutely; "he might have took after—Tim—you know."

The shrouded figure sat immovable. Kate eyed it in silence and went her way.

The night wore on. The streets were deserted and the stores closed. Only the saloon windows blazed with light. But the figure sat there yet. It had not stirred. Then it rose, shook out the shawl, and displayed the face of the convict woman who had sought refuge in Mrs. Kane's flat. The face was dry-eyed and hard.

THE policeman on the beat rang the bell of the Florence Mission at two o'clock on Sunday morning, and waited until Mother Pringle had unbolted the door. "One for you," he said briefly, and pointed toward the bedraggled shape that crouched in the corner. It was his day off, and he had no time to trouble with prisoners. The matron drew a corner of the wet shawl aside and took one cold hand. She eyed it attentively; there was a wedding-ring upon it.

"Why, child," she said, "you'll catch your death of cold. Come right in. Girls, give a hand."

Two of the women inmates half led, half carried her in, and the bolts shut out Bleecker street once more. They led her to the dormitory, where they took off her dress and shawl, heavy with the cold rain. The matron came bustling in; one of the girls spoke to her aside. She looked sharply at the newcomer.

"Mamie Anderson!" she said. "Well, of all things! Where have you been all this while? Yes, I know," she added soothingly, as the stranger made a sign to speak. "Never mind; we'll talk about it to-morrow. Go to sleep now and get over it."

But though bathed and fed and dosed with bromide,—bromide is a standard prescription at the Florence Mission,—Mamie Anderson did not get over it. Bruised and sore from many blows, broken in body and spirit, she told the girls who sat by her bed through the night such fragments of her story as she could remember. It began, the part of it that took account of Bleecker street, when her husband was sent to State's prison for robbery, and, to live, she took up with a scoundrel from whom she kept the secret of her child. With such of her earnings as she could steal from her tormentor she had paid little Willie's board until she was arrested and sent to the Island.

What had happened in the three days since she escaped from the hospital, where she had been detailed with the scrubbing squad, she recalled only vaguely and with long lapses. They had been days and nights of wild carousing. She had come to herself at last, lying beaten and bound in a room in the house where her child was killed, so she said. A neighbor had heard her groans, released her, and given her car-fare to go down-town. So she had come and sat in the doorway of the Mission to die.

How much of this story was the imagining of a disordered mind, the police never found out.

Upon her body were marks as of ropes that had made dark bruises, but at the inquest they were said to be of blows. Toward morning, when the girls had lain down to snatch a moment's sleep, she called one of them, whom she had known before, and asked for a drink of water. As she took it with feeble hand, she asked:

"Lil', can you pray?"

For an answer, the girl knelt by her bed and prayed. When she had ended, Mamie Anderson fell asleep.

She was still sleeping when the others got up. They noticed after a while that she

lay very quiet and white, and one of them, going to see, found her dead.

That is the story of Mamie Anderson, as Bleecker street told it to me. Out on Long Island there is, in a suburban cemetery, a lovely, shaded spot where I sometimes sit by our child's grave. The green hillside slopes gently under the chestnuts, violets and buttercups spring from the sod, and the robin sings its jubilant note in the long June twi-

lights. Half-way down the slope, six or eight green mounds cluster about a granite block in which are hewn the words:

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

It is the burial-plot of the Florence Mission. Under one of the mounds rests all that was mortal of Mamie Anderson.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES DURING THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

BY LIDA LORD REED.

IN the middle of May, 1863, a dense fog of mystery and conjecture enshrouded the military tactics and immediate future of the Confederate army in the Southwest. Porter thundered at Vicksburg from the river; Grant held Mississippi in the hollow of his hand; Johnston had vanished like a ghost; Pemberton, dignified generalissimo and "pet of Jeff Davis," inspired no confidence; and the government at Richmond gave no sign. But the soldiers and citizens, men, women, and children, penned like sheep in the hot little Southern city, felt from the bottom of their hearts that "some one had blundered"; and the feeling embittered and made less endurable all the subsequent horrors of the siege. Scared from our home by the gunboat shelling, we had passed the entire winter, an unusually severe one for Mississippi, on a lonely plantation in Warren County. The house stood very near the banks of the Big Black River, so near that during the battle of Big Black we could hear the firing and smell the gunpowder, while the atmosphere was dull and leaden with smoke.

On May 16 a neighbor rode over to report the evacuation of Jackson, and we were surprised and dismayed by the news that Pemberton was falling back, closely pressed by Grant, upon Big Black and Bovina. We did not allow ourselves, however, to doubt either the valor or the wisdom of our generals, but felt confident that this ambiguous movement was but a part of a preconcerted plan of Pemberton and Joseph E. Johnston—a plan which would lead up to the speedy surrounding and utter annihilation of Grant's

army. We had no foreboding of the fact that Grant's army would in a very short time effectually surround us.

About sunset of the same day a soldier rode into the yard to inquire the road to Bovina.

"What news?" was the eager question, as every one, black as well as white, rushed out upon the front piazza.

But the gaunt gray cavalryman hung his head. "I am ashamed to tell you, madam," was his answer. "We are terribly whipped, and are retiring upon Bovina and Bridgeport Ferry."

All that night we were packing and watching. By daylight the next morning the yard was thronged with tired, hungry soldiers, all with the same words upon their lips: "We are sold by General Pemberton." Our hearts sank like lead. It was a dismal day for Vicksburg if Pemberton was a traitor. But there was little time to spare that day for hopes or fears. From early dawn the cook was busy boiling coffee and baking biscuit, which Minnie, our zealous mulatto maid, handed in buckets and big trays to the scores of dusty, ragged, and foot-sore men who pressed up to the front door. How they enjoyed their breakfast, poor fellows, thanking and blessing the ladies; and how they swore, within bounds, at Pemberton and the Yankees! They did not tarry long, and, strange as it seems now, we were in a tremendous hurry to follow them. I don't believe the people of the North could ever be made to comprehend what an awful bugaboo their armies were to the women and children of the South—unless some few upon the borders still remember their own horror of the

"rebels." There were four magnificent blood-hounds upon the plantation, and the quarters were full of muscular and professedly loyal negroes, but no one even suggested making an effort for the protection of our persons or property. The servants and provisions were packed into a wagon and the family into a carriage, the rector followed in a buggy, and the whole train started for town, though we were warned that we ran the risk of meeting the enemy at the cross-roads. The roads, always bad, were simply frightful for the passage of ambulances, artillery, and army wagons, and it was ten o'clock that night when our driver halted upon Prospect Hill, a sharp ridge above Vicksburg, overlooking both river and town. Below to the right and left, before us and behind us in the valleys, were thousands of camp-fires, above us gleamed the stars—all so closely blended in a gloom of haze and smoke that we literally seemed to be within the hollow center of a great star-sprinkled sphere. It was a beautiful, even wonderful sight, but we did not linger to admire it, for behind us on the dark road to Bovina crept closer and closer the awful shadow of—Grant.

From the time that we met our pickets, stationed about half a mile from Vicksburg, the place seemed alive with soldiers. We found rows of them sound asleep upon our own front gallery, and the street full of their wagons and artillery. At midnight the lines were closed, and our little city was in a state of siege. On Monday, except for some picket shooting, all was quiet. On Tuesday morning the musketry began, but our house was entirely out of range. All day the cannonading was terrific and the air was full of conflicting rumors, but toward evening the news was brought that in three tremendous charges the enemy had been repulsed with great slaughter. Then began the moral reconstruction of our army. Men who had been gloomy, depressed, and distrustful now cheerfully and bravely looked the future in the face. After that day's victory but one spirit seemed to animate the whole army, the determination never to give up.

Our own trials began on Thursday, when the gunboats opened fire. The night had been quiet, and we all gathered about the breakfast-table with good appetites and light hearts. The sky was blue, and free from the familiar battle-smoke; the smell of the roses came in through the open windows; on the table were glass and silver and dainty china, delicate rolls and steaming coffee. Our friend the major proved to us conclusively

that morning that we need have no fear, as our home was out of range from the river, though it was stated as ominous news that the gunboats had advanced as near to the batteries as they dared. Before sunset that evening a bombshell burst in the very center of that pretty dining-room, blowing out the roof and one side, crushing the well-spread tea-table like an egg-shell, and making a great yawning hole in the floor, into which disappeared supper, china, furniture, and the safe containing our entire stock of butter and eggs. We were all in the study, and were just rising to go in to supper when the roar and crash came. Minnie, after ringing the bell, had gone into the kitchen for the coffee, and so saved her life. At first we were too much stunned to realize what an escape we had made. I think I speak only the literal truth in saying that one minute later we should have been seated about that table, now a mass of charred splinters at the bottom of that smoking gulf.

We very soon decided to seek safety somewhere, and found it temporarily in the cave of a friend. Now, the caves of Vicksburg were not, as many suppose, natural caverns, but hastily dug passages, like the burrows of rabbits, running straight into the hillsides, and many of them in the heart of the city. The streets of Vicksburg form a succession of terraces, very striking and distinct from the river, and it seems miraculous that under the direct fire of the gunboats a single house should have escaped. Yet, except for broken glass and loosened bricks, many were uninjured. The caves protected the people in them from fragments of shell and cannonballs, but only the mercy of God could have saved them from a bombshell; and the fact may be classed among singular providences that in all that prolonged and heavy bombardment no shell ever struck directly above an occupied cave.

Our refuge consisted of five short passages running parallel into the hill, connected by another crossing them at right angles, all about five feet wide, and high enough for a man to stand upright. In this nest of caves were eight families, with children and servants. Our own was a fair sample as to size. There were eleven of us—three white adults and four children, with our maid Minnie and cook Chloe and Chloe's two little girls. These faithful women served us cheerfully during the siege and stood by us stoutly afterward. In fact, Minnie followed us "into the Confederacy," was an ardent defender of "the cause," and was al-

ways called "the secesh darcy" by her colored friends.

The people in our cave that night were not counted, but I have heard it stated since that, including three wounded soldiers, there must then have been at least sixty-five human beings under that clay roof; and I can say positively that they were packed in, white and black, like sardines in a box. A big store-box lined with blankets held several babies, and upon a mattress on the damp floor lay a lady accustomed to the extremest luxury, with an infant beside her only eight days old.

All that Thursday night the shelling never ceased. Candles were forbidden, and we could only see one another's faces by the lurid, lightning-like flashes of the bursting bombs. Sometimes a nearer roar, a more startling gleam, would cause us all to huddle closer together and shut our eyes, feeling that our last hour had come. Frightened women sobbed, babies cried, tired and hungry children fretted, and poor soldiers groaned; and a little girl, crushed by a fall of earth from the side of one of the caves, moaned incessantly and piteously. No wonder that the blessed daylight came like heaven.

All that Friday the horrible fight between gunboats and batteries continued. The noise and concussion were deafening, the strain upon nerves and senses unrelaxed for hours. But our greatest misery was the suspense and inaction. The worst sufferers during a battle are the non-combatants. The victors and victims suffer afterward.

In addition to our other woes we were hungry, not having had a morsel to eat for nearly twenty-four hours. But about dusk on Friday, Chloe's husband, a fine fellow, afterward an alderman, came bravely through the heavy firing, bringing us a tray of ham and bread and butter. In the afternoon of the same day a bombshell struck the side of the hill, caving in one of the entrances, and causing a frightful panic. A rush of hot smoke and a strong smell of powder filled the passages. Some one yelled, "Out of these caves!" Some one else cried that the soldiers were killed. Almost immediately a strong voice was raised to quell the confusion. "All right," it cried, "and nobody hurt." But for this timely check there must have been a disastrous crush; for many were rushing for the openings, while others, blinded and terrified, were plunging farther back into the hill. For, truly, though there were horrors enough within, where else could the poor souls go?

We felt, however, that it was quite time for us to move on, and on Saturday morning the major got us a carriage, and we proceeded, during a lull in the storm of shot and shell, to drive out into the suburbs, where, though nearer to the breastworks, we hoped—a last hope—to be out of range of the mortars. The two ladies and four children were in the carriage, the gentlemen on the box, and Minnie, with Chloe and her children, had to follow on foot. After the confinement in the cave the drive in the fresh air was delightful, and we finally found ourselves in a green little valley directly behind the ridge on which the hospital stood. Here, under the protection of the yellow flag, we literally pitched our tent. Sleep was sweet that night, though our bed was a blanket on the grass, and one small canvas roof sheltered the whole party. There was another tent in the valley, occupied by some bright, cheery young ordnance officers, whose chief, General Bowen, had his quarters just around the hill. They were gallant, handsome fellows, whose jokes and genial camaraderie lent a charm even to those dark hours. From that time on they were identified with our daily life, shared our few pleasures and many anxieties, and gave us in return heart and hope, and the benefit of all the thousand incidents and rumors of trench and camp.

These officers worked with the rector and the major, under the hot June sun, to dig us a cave in one of the hills surrounding our valley. When finished it was the coziest cave in all Vicksburg, and the pride of our hearts from that day until the fatal Fourth of July. There was first an open walk, with parapet six feet high cut into the hillside. In one wall of this was a low and narrow opening overhung by creeping vines and shaded by papaw-trees. This was our side door. Here the rector smoked his cocoanut pipe, and the children made mud-pies and played with paper dolls cut from a few picture-papers and magazines that happened somehow to be among our belongings. This cave ran about twenty feet underground, and communicated at right angles with a wing which opened on the front of the hill, giving us a free circulation of air. At the door was an arbor of branches, in which, on a pine table, we dined when the shelling permitted. Near it were a dug-out fireplace and an open-air kitchen, with table, pans, etc. In the wall of the cave were a small closet for provisions, and some niches for candles, books, and flowers. We always kept in tin cups bunches

of wild flowers, berries, or bright leaves which the children gathered in their walks. Our cave was strongly boarded at the entrances, and we had procured some mattresses which made comfortable beds. For a time we slept in the tent, and only used the cave for a shelter.

It was curious to see how well trained the little ones were. At night, when the bombs began to fly like pigeons over our heads, they would be waked out of sound sleep, would slip on their shoes, and run, without a word, like rabbits to their burrows. In the daytime they climbed the trees, gathered paw-paws, and sometimes went blackberrying up the road, but never far, for the first sound of cannonading sent them scampering home.

We took into Vicksburg with us, besides bedding and clothing, a barrel of flour, a barrel of white sugar, some corn-meal, a few sides of bacon, coffee (Rio and ground chicory), tea, butter, and eggs. The fate of the butter and eggs has already been told; of the sugar we made many a plateful of taffy to the music of Minnie balls and Parrott shells; the rest of the provisions fed the eleven during most of the siege. At the last we would really have suffered for food but for the kindness of a friend who furnished us facilities for buying absolute necessities from the army stores.

While we had no actual communication with our friends, we heard through the officers and the rector a great deal that was going on in the town. Many of the citizens lived in caves, going to their homes as often as they dared. One young lady, spending a sultry night in her own bedroom, could not sleep, but got up and sat by the window; and while she was there a spent ball went right through her bed, crushing a bonnet-box and bonnet under it. A mother, rushing to save her child from a bursting shell, had her arm taken off by a fragment. Another mother had her baby killed on her breast. My own little brother, stooping to pick up a Minnie ball, barely escaped being cut in two before our eyes, a Parrott shell passing over his back so close that it scorched his jacket. There were many other narrow escapes and some frightful casualties; but, taking the siege as a whole, there was among the citizens a surprisingly small loss of life.

The loss in the trenches was heavy. The men suffered terribly. The hot sun burned and blistered them, while the freshly dug earth poisoned them with malaria. They were half starved, shaking with ague, and many of them afflicted with low fevers and

dysenteric complaints. There was a "bloody flux" prevalent among them that was both distressing and contagious. Many succumbed and had to be taken to the hospital, where kind ladies tended them as best they could.

If the men suffered, the officers had compensation; they were absolute heroes in the eyes of some of the prettiest girls in the South, who knitted their socks and hemmed their handkerchiefs, put blossoms in their buttonholes when they started for the batteries, and welcomed them back to an evening in the caves, where home-made candies, flowers, songs, flirtations, and what combined to wring some festivity even out of those gloomy hours. And when the officers could not leave their posts, the girls, fearless as they were fair, made up riding-parties to the forts and trenches, going in the twilight so that they could see and dodge the fuses of the shells.

Speaking of fuses, the rector told us one day a very funny thing he had seen during one of his trips to town. Every day, as long as the siege continued, he crossed that hospital ridge and passed over the most exposed streets on his way to the church, always carrying with him his pocket communion-service, apparently standing an even chance of burying the dead, comforting the dying, or being himself brought home maimed, or cold in death. His leaving was a daily anguish to those who watched him vanish over the brow of the hill. One evening, coming back in the dusk, he saw a burly wagoner slip off his horse and get under it in a hurry. His head appeared, bobbing out first from one side, then from the other. Above him in the air, bobbing too, and with a quick, uneasy motion, was a luminous spark. After a full minute spent in vigorous dodging, the man came out to prospect. The supposed fuse was still there, burning brilliantly. "Darn the thing!" he grunted. "Why don't it bust?" He had been playing hide-and-seek for sixty seconds with a fine specimen of our Southern lightning-bug, or firefly!

Service was held daily in the Episcopal church, and was always well attended by citizens, ladies, and soldiers off duty. No one seemed to be deterred by fear of casualties, though the church was pretty badly riddled by fragments of shell and cannon-balls. However, it was struck only once during prayers, and then there was no excitement or damage. Before the siege ended a great deal of the beautiful ivy that had covered it for years had been torn, scorched, and killed, and every pane of glass was broken; but no drop

of blood ever stained its sacred floor. That daily church service was very impressive. The responses were often drowned by the rattle of musketry and the roar of bombs. The gold buttons of the rector, who was also a chaplain, gleamed under his surplice, and many of the women were in deepest black; for Bull Run and Manassas, Fort Donelson and Chickasaw Bayou, had already desolated Mississippi homes.

I need not describe here the daily newspapers printed on wall-paper, for they are historical, and found their way to many a Northern fireside after the siege. I find in one of them a mere mention of the most distressing accident of the whole siege. A family living on the Jackson road were sitting together in their house when a shell came through the roof, and, bursting, killed the mother and one child, not even a fragment of the child being found. I find, also, a little later, the death of Major Hoadley, one of the handsomest officers in the army, and a great favorite with the girls.

In our own cave we lived in constant danger from both rear and river. We were almost eaten up by mosquitos, and were in hourly dread of snakes. The vines and thickets were full of them, and a large rattle-snake was found one morning under a mattress on which some of us had slept all night. We had to buy water by the bucketful and serve it out in rations, so that we realized what thirst meant, and were often hungry, though, when we knew our men were living on mule-meat and bread made of ground beans, we did not grumble at our scanty fare. We tasted a mule-steak once, but did not like it; it was very dry and tough. We heard wonderful tales of the officers experimenting upon rats and mice and cats and puppies, but I believe such stories were canards.

Canards were plenty, and we had rumors enough and to spare. Our ears were always strained to catch the first sound of Johnston's guns; every extra-heavy cannonading was a message of hope, and every courier brought in, it was said, news of most encouraging victories. On Sunday, June 21, our friends, the young ordnance officers, were in jubilant spirits. They had seen an acquaintance, a St. Louis man, one Bob Lowder, who brought despatches to Pemberton, and letters from home for them. They described him as a most daring man, but when cross-questioned admitted some doubts as to his being very reliable. He had passed the gunboats on the Yazoo, dressed as a fisher-

man, in a skiff full of lines and bait; but at the mouth of the river he saw so many men and boats that he had taken to the woods, and finally had floated down the Mississippi after dark on a plank canoe. He stated that he had been sworn to secrecy, but when eagerly questioned he replied: "Now, boys, *don't!* I can only tell you that in three or four days you will hear the biggest kind of cannonading, and will see the Yanks skedaddling up the Yazoo." He also said that Johnston's army consisted of the very flower of the South Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky troops. This was corroborated by a courier, who came in the same day, and reported himself as only three days absent from Johnston's camps. Joseph E. Johnston was our angel of deliverance in those days of siege, but alas! we were never even to touch the hem of his robe.

One memorable day two bombshells burst simultaneously in our small valley. This seems incredible, and still more incredible that none of us were killed. The ground was torn up, and the air was filled with flying splinters, clods, fragments of iron, and branches of trees. The earth seemed fairly to belch out smoke and flame and sulphur, and the roar and shock were indescribable. The tents were in ruins. One of the officers was astride a table, without any idea of how he got there, and one was flat on the ground, with his scalp slightly grazed and bleeding. The mess-cook, a white man, was on his knees, with his hands clasped to his back, frantically clutching his suspenders and howling dismally. He was with much trouble convinced that he had escaped without a scratch.

That evening, in the reaction from our fright, we had quite a merry time. We made taffy, and the "boys" sang us many a rollicking song. One young lieutenant had a beautiful voice, and gave us "Widow Malone" in fine style. Alas! he died of typhoid fever a few days after the siege ended. Another, his bosom friend, was an artist, and carved our profiles in basso-relievo on the cave walls. A candle was held so as to throw a shadow, and with a penknife the work was very cleverly done. Even the baby in her nightgown was immortalized in clay. So we passed the time trying to be gay, though every face was pale from the recent shock, and every heart heavy with grave anxieties. The entire force, except Cupid, the pony, slept in the cave that night, and before retiring we registered a vow to meet on every anniversary of the raising of the siege, and

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES DURING THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG. 927

have a feast and frolic in our stout little underground home.

I mentioned Cupid, and he merits a chronicle of his own. His body was fat and his legs were lean and short, and he was much more like a pug-dog than a pony, but, representing in his own person all the live stock of the united party, he was the idol of every child in the camp. He belonged to the musical lieutenant, and was named Cupid because *her* name was Archer, and Cupid was an archer! Every day his master rode him off to water, and he was always followed down the road by an admiring body-guard of youngsters and darkies. Cupid had something of the look and all of the peculiarities of a mule. He would buck and kick outrageously, and his capers provided fun for the whole camp. In the last days of the siege he disappeared. His fate was a mystery, over which, perhaps, we had better draw a veil, for men were hungry, and Cupid was meat.

There was really no excuse for the city of Vicksburg being so poorly provisioned. The planters of Warren County offered General Pemberton the contents of their well-filled smoke-houses and barns if he would furnish wagons and horses to bring them into town. His answer to the committee which waited on him was, according to common report: "Gentlemen, when General Pemberton desires the advice or the assistance of the planters of Warren County, *he will ask it.*" And so it was that the corn and sugar and bacon of rich plantations fed General Grant's army, while the defenders of Vicksburg starved.

Early in the morning of July 3 came a startling rumor to the effect that General Pemberton, General Bowen, and other officers were to have an interview with Grant. We were at that time sanguine of success and becoming accustomed to hardships, and our soldiers,—and we saw hundreds going and coming on the road through the valley, —though pale and wasted, were enthusiastic and determined. From what quarter came, then, the whisper that that interview foreboded surrender? At all events, there was no firing that night, but in the morning a faint sound of musketry reassured us; for silence meant defeat. Late the night before a statement had been circulated that the flag of truce was sent out to protest against the constant firing on the hospital, and, knowing such a protest was needed, our fears had been lulled to rest. It was therefore a great shock to us all when the rector,

pale as death, came into the cave, and said, with almost a sob, "Take the children home. The town is surrendered, and the Union army will march in at ten o'clock." We lost no time in preparations for departure, but, speechless with grief, gathered our few goods together, and, leaving them in charge of our friends, started to walk into town. When we reached the Jackson road we met group after group of soldiers, and stopped to shake hands with all of them. We were crying like babies, while tears rolled down their dusty cheeks, and eyes that had fearlessly looked into the cannon's mouth fell before our heartbroken glances. "Ladies, we would have fought for you forever. Nothing but starvation whipped us," muttered the poor fellows; and one man told us that he had wrapped his torn battle-flag around his body under his clothes.

When we reached our own home we found it almost uninhabitable, but few hearts in Vicksburg that day mourned personal loss. We stood at our shattered windows and watched the wreck of our army pass by. The men were pallid, emaciated, and grimy with dust, panting from the intense heat, and without their colors or arms. But they were our heroes, our brave defenders, and every child knew it was through no fault of theirs that they failed.

But the hardest trial of that bitter Fourth was the triumphant entrance of Grant's army, marching, with banners waving and drums beating, through streets plowed by their cannon-balls and strewn with the ruins of our homes.

The day of the surrender we were in a pitiable plight, having neither food nor candles; but within twenty-four hours we were, with many others, receiving rations as "a family in destitute circumstances"!

Just at first the Federal soldiers gave some trouble, trooping in and out of yards and houses, passing rough jokes with the colored women, and bragging not a little. But the officers were uniformly kind and considerate, General McPherson especially exerting himself to make the lot of paroled prisoners and unfortunate people more endurable.

About two hours after the grand entry, we found two men, common soldiers, on our back porch, turning over with their bayonets the contents of a basket of clean clothes. On being reminded that their presence was an intrusion into the privacy of a lady's house, one of them grinned, and said, pointing to gaping walls and starting planks, "Do

you call that a lady's house? You ought to keep it in better order." They were promptly ordered off by a man standing near, who wore shoulder-straps and seemed to have authority. After that day every family had protection papers from the provost marshal, and good order and discipline reigned.

I will finish this my true chronicle with an extract from a letter which gives a graphic history of the rest of our experiences with General Grant and his army, and has the advantage of having been written and posted on the spot:

George came in to-day, and such a description as he gave of the destruction and desolation in the county! Oakland, where our things were, was completely sacked. I had fitted up two rooms with my own furniture, lace curtains, and mantel and toilet ornaments. I left a pantry stocked with provisions for many months, a cedar chest full of handsome clothing, the rector's fine library packed in boxes, and even my little trunk full of sewing-materials, and my writing-desk and work-table just as they stood. The soldiers cut the carpets into strips with their penknives, and tore the lace curtains from the windows with their bayonets. Valuable books were torn from their covers and thrown to the winds. Our clothing was piled in a heap in the yard, and barrels of flour and molasses poured over it. The men stirred the heap with their bayonets, and called it a "rebel stew." They

tore my bonnets up, and tied the pieces to the bed-posts, and even went so far in wanton mischief as to kill a sheep in the parlor and cut it up on the handsome table. I had never believed the stories we heard of such things, looked upon them as newspaper items gotten up for excitement, yet ours was only one of many cases.

But I must tell you about our interview with General Grant. After much discussion it was decided that I had better go to Grant, and ask him to send us out with our soldiers as prisoners of war to New Orleans. We feared the exposure of the children to the heat of the July sun, after their underground life and scant fare and the hardships of travel in wagons. So Jennie and I called upon General Grant, who received us with every courtesy, and gave us papers which would secure us transportation through his lines. He behaved throughout our interview like a brave soldier and kindly gentleman. He expressed himself as being anxious to aid the people all he could, admired the heroism and self-sacrifice of our army as much as I could ask, and "as for the women of the South," he said, "they cannot be conquered." Those were his very words.

While we were there Admiral Porter entered, and we were introduced to the man who for eighteen months had been bothering us with bombs. On our way home we passed a wagonful of Confederate soldiers, who, when we bowed, as we always do when we meet them, filled the air with their cheers. Our whole army is devoted, every man of it, to the ladies who shared with them the trials and dangers of the siege.



CONCERNING ONE.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

HAD she any dower

When she came?

Yes; her face was like a flower,
And her soul was free from blame.

On her cheeks a rose-leaf flame
Ever fluttered. When she spoke,
Then for me the morning broke.

Wore she any crown

When she died?

All the earth seemed sodden brown,
Though 't was June; and children cried,
And placed flowers at her side;
And the paths that once she trod
Seemed the stepping-stones to God.



D'RI AND I

A Border Tale of 1812 Being the Memoirs
of Colonel Ramon Bell

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden" "The Master of Silence" etc

v.

I FOLLOWED the camp and took my place in the ranks at Ogdensburg. We went immediately into barracks—a structure long and low and weather-stained, overlooking the St. Lawrence. There was a fine level field in front of it, and a flag waving at the top of a high staff. The men cheered lustily that afternoon as they passed it, where stood

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General Jacob Brown, his cocked hat in his hand—a splendid figure of a man. My delight in the life of a soldier began that hour, and has never left me.

There was a lot of horse-play that night, in which some of the green boys were roughly handled. They told me, I remember, that all new recruits had to fight a duel; but when they gave me the choice of weapons I was well content. I had the sure eye of my father,

and the last time I had fenced with him, there at home, he said my arm was stronger and quicker than his had ever been. Indeed, I was no sooner tall enough to swing a sword than he began teaching me how to use it. In the wood back of the barracks that night, they learned I was not a man to be fooled with. The tall sergeant who stood before me saw his sword go flying in the gloom the second thrust he made at me, and ran for his life, amid roars of laughter. I had no lack of friends after that day.

It was a year of surprises in the Northern army, and D'ri was the greatest of all. That long, wiry, sober-faced Yankee conquered the smartness of the new camp in one decisive and immortal victory. At first they were disposed to poke fun at him.

"Looks a little tired," said the sergeant of the guard.

"Needs rest—that 's what 's matter o' him," said the captain.

"Orter be turned out t' grass a leetle while," the adjutant suggested.

The compliments he failed to hear soon came to him indirectly, and he had much to put up with. He kept his temper and smoked thoughtfully, and took it all in good part. The night after he came they put him on guard duty—a greenhorn, with no knowledge of any orders but gee and haw. They told him he should allow nobody to pass him while on duty, but omitted to mention the countersign. They instructed him in the serious nature of his task, adding that his failure to comply with orders would incur the penalty of death. D'ri looked very sober as he listened. No man ever felt a keener sense of responsibility. They intended, I think, to cross the lines and take his gun away and have fun with him, but the countersign would have interfered with their plans.

D'ri went to his post a little after sundown. The guard was posted. The sergeant, with his party of six, started back to the guard-house, but they never got there. They went as far as D'ri. He stood with his gun raised.

"Come another step," said he, "an' I'll let the moonlight through ye."

They knew he meant it, and they stood still.

"Come for'ard—one et a time," said D'ri. "Drop yer guns 'n' set down. Ye look tired."

They did as he commanded, for they could see he meant business, and they knew he had the right to kill.

Another man came along shortly.

"Halt! Who comes there?" D'ri demanded.

"Friend with the countersign," he replied.

"Can't fool me," said D'ri. "Come up here 'n' set down 'n' mek yerself t' hum. Drop yer gun fust. Drop it, er I'll drop you."

He dropped his gun promptly and accepted the invitation to sit down. This last man had some arguments to offer, but D'ri stood sternly and made no reply.

At eleven o'clock Captain Hawkins sent out inquiries for the sergeant of the guard and his relief. He could find nobody who had seen them since dark. A corporal was also missing. The captain sent a man to look for them. He got as far as D'ri and sat down. They waited for him in vain. The captain stood looking into the darkness and wondering about his men. He conferred with Adjutant Church. Then he set out with two men to go the rounds. They got as far as D'ri.

"Halt! Who comes there?" he demanded.

"Grand rounds," was the answer of the captain.

"Lay down yer arms," said D'ri, "an' come up here 'n' set down."

"Have n't time," said the captain, failing at first to grasp the situation.

"You tek time, er I'll put a hole 'n yer jacket," said D'ri.

One of the privates turned quickly and ran. D'ri sent a shot after him, that only grazed a leg, and he kept on. Then D'ri gave all attention to his new prisoners. They could see no amusement in dodging bullets; they threw their arms on the side-hill and sat down with the others.

The captain swore as he submitted.

"Don't rile yerself," said D'ri; "you need rest."

"No, I don't, nuther," said the captain.

"Ye'll hev t' hev it, anyway," said D'ri.

"This beats h—!" the captain answered, with a laugh.

A feeling of alarm began to spread. The adjutant was standing in a group of men at headquarters soon after midnight. They were ears under in the mystery. The escaped soldier came running toward them out of the dark. He was breathing heavily; his leg was bleeding and sore.

"Wall, what is it?" the adjutant demanded.

"D'ri!" the man gasped, and dropped down exhausted.

"D'ri?" the officer inquired.

"D'ri!" the man repeated. "It's thet air man they call D'ri. He's roped in everybody thet come his way. They're all settin' on

the hill up there beside him. Won't let a man move when he gits him."

The adjutant snickered as he spat an oath. He was made of iron, that man Church.

"Post a guard around him," said he, turning to an officer. "The dem fool 'd tek the hull garrison ef we did n't. I 'll go 'n' try t' pull him off his perch."

"He 'll lay ye up," said the returned private, baring his bloody leg. "Ef ye try t' fool with him ye 'll limp. See what he done t' me."

The adjutant swore again.

"Go t' the hospital," he commanded.

Then he strode away, but he did not return that night.

The moon was shining as the adjutant came in sight and hailed the group of prisoners.

"What ye settin' there fer?" he shouted.

"You 'll know 'n' a minute," said one of them.

"Halt! Who comes there?" D'ri demanded.

"Friend with—"

"Don't ye purten' t' be my friend," D'ri answered. "'T won't work. Come up here 'n' set down."

"Stop foolin', man," said the adjutant.

"I ain't a-foolin'."

"He ain't a-foolin'; he means business," said one of the prisoners.

"Don't ye tamper with me. I 'll teach you—" the adjutant threatened.

"Ain't a-goin' t' tamper with ye a minute," said D'ri. "If ye don't set down here quick I 'll put a hole in ye."

"Lunatic! wha' d' ye mean?"

"I mean t' turn ye out t' grass a leetle while," D'ri answered soberly. "Ye look tired."

The officer made at him, but in a flash D'ri had knocked him down with his musket. The adjutant rose and, with an oath, joined the others.

"Dunno but he 'll tek the hull garrison 'fore sunrise," he muttered. "Let 'em come—might es well hev comp'ny."

A little before daylight a man sick in the hospital explained the situation. He had given D'ri his orders. They brought him out on a stretcher. The orders were rescinded, the prisoners released.

Captain Hawkins, hot to his toes with anger, took D'ri to headquarters. General Brown laughed heartily when he heard the facts, and told D'ri he was made of the right stuff.

"These greenhorns are not nice to play with," he said. "They're like some guns—loaded when you don't expect it. We've had enough skylarking."

And when the sick man came out of hospital he went to the guard-house.

After we had shown our mettle the general always had a good word for D'ri and me, and he put us to the front in every difficult enterprise.

VI.

WE had been four months in Ogdensburg, waiting vainly for some provocation to fight. Our own drilling was the only sign of war we could see on either side of the river. At first many moved out of the village, but the mill was kept running, and after a little they began to come back. The farms on each side of the river looked as peaceful as they had ever looked. The command had grown rapidly. Thurst Miles of my own neighborhood had come to enlist shortly after D'ri and I enlisted, and was now in my company.

In September, General Brown was ordered to the Western frontier, and Captain Forsyth came to command us. Early in the morning of October 2, a man came galloping up the shore with a warning, saying that the river was black with boats a little way down. Some of us climbed to the barracks roof, from which we could see and count them. There were forty, with two gunboats. Cannonading began before the town was fairly awake. First a big ball went over the housetops, hitting a cupola on a church roof and sending bell and timbers with a crash into somebody's dooryard. Then all over the village hens began to cackle and children to wail. People came running out of doors half dressed. A woman, gathering chips in her dooryard, dropped them, lifted her dress above her head, and ran for the house. Unable to see her way, she went around in a wide circle for a minute or two, while the soldiers were laughing. Another ball hit a big water-tank on top of the lead-works. It hurled broken staves and a big slop of water upon the housetops, and rolled a great iron hoop over roofs into the street below, where it rolled on, chasing a group of men, who ran for their lives before it. The attack was an odd sort of comedy all through, for nobody was hurt, and all were frightened save those of us who were amused. Our cannon gave quick reply, and soon the British stopped firing and drew near. We knew that they would try to force a landing, and were ready for them. We drove them back, when they put off, and that was the end of it.

Next came the fight on the ice in February—a thing not highly creditable to us, albeit we were then but a handful and they

were many. But D'ri and I had no cause for shame of our part in it. We wallowed to our waists in the snow, and it was red enough in front of us. But the others gave way there on the edge of the river, and we had to follow. We knew when it was time to run; we were never in the rear rank even then. We made off with the others, although a saber's point had raked me in the temple, and the blood had frozen on me, and I was a sight to scare a trooper. Everybody ran that day, and the British took the village, holding it only twenty-four hours. For our part in it D'ri got the rank of corporal and I was raised from lieutenant to captain. We made our way to Sackett's Harbor, where I went into hospital for a month.

Then came a galling time of idleness. In June we went with General Brown—D'ri and I and Thurst Miles and Seth Alexander and half a dozen others—down the river to the scene of our first fighting at Ogdensburg, camping well back in the woods. It was the evening of the 27th of June that the general sent for me. He was at the mansion of Mr. Parish, where he had been dining. He was sitting in his dress-suit. His dark side-whiskers and hair were brushed carefully forward. His handsome face turned toward me with a kindly look.

"Bell," said he, "I wish to send you on very important business. You have all the qualities of a good scout. You know the woods. You have courage and skill and tact. I wish you to start immediately, go along the river to Morristown, then cut over into the Black River country and deliver this letter to the Comte de Chaumont, at the Château Le Ray, in Leraysville. If you see any signs of the enemy, send a report to me at once. I shall be here three days. Take Alexander, Olin, and Miles with you; they are all good men. When your letter is delivered, report at the Harbor as soon as possible."

I was on the road with my party in half an hour. We were all good horsemen. D'ri knew the shortest way out of the woods in any part of the north country. Thurst had traveled the forest from Albany to Sackett's Harbor, and was the best hunter that ever trod a trail in my time. The night was dark, but we rode at a gallop until we had left the town far behind us. We were at Morristown before midnight, pounding on the door of the Red Tavern. The landlord stuck his head out of an upper window, peering down at us by the light of a candle.

"Everything quiet?" I asked.

"Everything quiet," said he. "Crossed the river yesterday. Folks go back 'n' forth 'bout the same as ever. Wife's in Elizabethtown now, visiting."

We asked about the west roads and went on our way. Long before daylight we were climbing the steep road at Rossie to the inn of the Travelers' Rest—a tavern famous in its time, that stood half up the hill, with a store, a smithy, and a few houses grouped about it. We came up at a silent walk on a road cushioned with sawdust. D'ri rapped on the door until I thought he had roused the whole village. At last a man came to the upper window. He, too, inspected us with a candle. Then he opened the door and gave us a hearty welcome. We put up our horses for a bite, and came into the bar.

"Anything new?" I inquired.

"They say the British are camped this side of the river, north of us," said he, "with a big tribe of Injuns. Some of their cavalry came within three mile of us to-day. Everybody scairt t' death."

He began to set out a row of glasses.

"What 'll ye hev?" he inquired.

"Guess I'll tip a little blue ruin int' me," said D'ri, with a shiver; "'s a col' night."

Seth and I called for the same.

"An' you?" said the landlord, turning to Thurst.

"Wall," said the latter, as he stroked his thin beard, "when I tuk the pledge I swore et I hoped t' drop dead 'fore I see myself tek another drink. I'm jest goin' t' shet my eyes 'n' hold out my glass. I don' care what ye gi' me s' long es it's somethin' powerful."

We ate crackers and cheese while the landlord was telling of the west roads and the probable location of the British. He stopped suddenly, peered over my shoulder, and blew out the candle. We could hear a horse neighing in the yard.

"Some one et the window," he whispered. Then he ran to the door and drew the bolt. "Ain' much idee who 't is," he added, peering out of the window. "By gosh! more 'n a dozen folks out here, soldiers tew, most uv 'em on horseback. Come quick."

We followed him up-stairs, in the dark, as they began to pound the door. From the yard a light flashed up. They were evidently building a fire so that they would have better shooting if we came out.

"May set the house afire," said the landlord.

He quickly unwound a big hose that ran up to a tank in the peak above us.

"Plenty o' water?" D'ri whispered.

"Rivers uv it," said the landlord. "Tank's connected with the reservoir o' the lead-works on the hill up there. Big wooden pipe comes in the gable-end."

"Turn 'er on," said D'ri, quickly, "an' let me hev thet air hose."

The landlord ran up a ladder. D'ri stuck the hose out of the window. The stream shot away with a loud hiss. I stood by and saw the jet of water leap forth as big as a pike-staff. A man went off his horse, sprawling as if he had been hit with a club. The jet leaped quickly from one to another, roaring on man and beast. There was a mighty scurry. Horses went headlong down the hill, some dragging their riders. In the silence of the night, bedlam had broken loose. The shouting men, the plunging horses, the stream of water roaring on rock and road, woke the village. Men came running from behind the house to see what had happened, then rushed after their horses. Some fell cursing as the water hit them. The landlord put his mouth to my ear.

"Mek fer yer hosses," he hissed.

We were below-stairs and out of the door in a jiffy. Two men fled before us at the stable, scrambled over the fence, and went tumbling downhill. We bridled our horses with all speed, leaped upon them, and went rushing down the steep road, our swords in hand, like an avalanche. They tried to stop us at the foot of the hill, but fell away as we came near. I could hear the snap of their triggers in passing. Only one pistol-shot came after us, and that went high.

"Guess their ammunion's a leetle wet," said D'ri, with a shout that turned into laughter as we left the British behind us.

A party of four or five mounted and gave chase; but our powder was a bit drier than theirs, and for a time we raked the road with our bullets. What befell them I know not. I only know that they held up and fell out of hearing.

Crossing a small river at daylight, we took the bed of it, making our way slowly for half a mile or so into the woods. There we built a fire, and gave the horses half the feed in our saddle-bags, and ate our mess on a flat rock.

"Never hed no sech joemightyful time es thet afore," said D'ri, as he sat down, laughing, and shook his head. "Jerushy Jane! Did n't we come down thet air hill! Luk slidin' on a greased pole."

"Comin' so luk the devil they did n't dast git 'n er way," said Thurst.

"We wus all rippin' th' air 'ith them air

joemightyful big sabers, tew," D'ri went on. "Hed a purty middlin' sharp edge on us. Stuck out luk a haystack right 'n' left."

He began bringing wood as he sang the chorus of his favorite ballad:

Li toorul I oorul I oorul I ay, etc.

Thurst knew a trail that crossed the river near by and met the Caraway Pike a few miles beyond. Having eaten, I wrote a despatch to be taken back by Thurst as soon as we reached the pike. Past ten o'clock we turned into a rough road, where the three of us went one way and Thurst another.

I rode slowly, for the horses were nearly fagged. I gave them an hour's rest when we put up for dinner. Then we pushed on, coming in sight of the Château Le Ray at sundown. A splendid place it was, the castle of gray stone fronting a fair stretch of wooded lawn, cut by a brook that went splashing over rocks near by, and sent its velvet voice through wood and field. A road of fine gravel led through groves of beech and oak and pine to a grassy terrace under the castle walls. A servant in livery came to meet us at the door, and went to call his master. Presently a tall, handsome man, with black eyes and iron-gray hair and mustache, came down a path, clapping his hands.

"Welcome, gentlemen! It is the Captain Bell?" said he, with a marked accent, as he came to me, his hand extended. "You come from Monsieur the General Brown, do you not?"

"I do," said I, handing him my message.

He broke the seal and read it carefully.

"I am glad to see you—ver' glad to see you!" said he, laying his hands upon my shoulders and giving me a little shake.

Two servants went away with D'ri and Seth and the horses.

"Come, captain," said my host, as he led the way. "You are in good time for dinner."

We entered a great triangular hall, lighted by wide windows above the door, and candelabra of shining brass that hung from its high ceiling. There were sliding doors of polished wood on each side of it. A great stairway filled the point of the triangle. I was shown to my room, which was as big as a ball-room, it seemed to me, and grandly furnished: no castle of my dreams had been quite so fine. The valet of the count looked after me, with offers of new linen and more things than I could see use for. He could not speak English, I remember, and I addressed him in the good French my mother had taught me.

The kind of life I saw in this grand home

was not wholly new to me, for both my mother and father had known good living in their youth, and I had heard much of it. I should have been glad of a new uniform; but after I had had my bath and put on the new shirt and collar the valet had brought me, I stood before the long pier-glass and saw no poor figure of a man.

The great dining-hall of the count was lighted with many candles when we came in to dinner. It had a big fireplace, where logs were blazing, for the night had turned cool, and a long table with a big epergne of wrought silver, filled with roses, in its center. A great silken rug lay under the table, on a polished floor, and the walls were hung with tapestry. I sat beside the count, and opposite me was the daughter of the *Sieur Louis François de Saint-Michel*, king's forester under Louis XVI. *Thérèse*, the handsome daughter of the count, sat facing him at the farther end of the table, and beside her was the young *Marquis de Gonvello*. *M. Pidgeon*, the celebrated French astronomer, *Moss Kent*, brother of the since famous chancellor, the *Sieur Michel*, and the *Baroness de Ferré*, with her two wards, the *Misses Louise and Louison de Lambert*, were also at dinner. These young ladies were the most remarkable of the company; their beauty was so brilliant, so fascinating, it kindled a great fire in me the moment I saw it. They said little, but seemed to have much interest in all the talk of the table. I looked at them more than was polite, I am sure, but they looked at me quite as often. They had big, beautiful brown eyes, and dark hair fastened high with jeweled pins, and profiles like those of the fair ladies of *Sir Peter Lely*, so finely were they cut. One had a form a bit fuller and stronger than the other's, but they were both as tall and trim as a young beech, with lips cherry-red and cheeks where one could see faintly the glow of their young blood. Their gowns were cut low, showing the graceful lines of neck and shoulder and full bosom. I had seen pretty girls, many of them, but few high-bred, beautiful young women. The moment I saw these two some new and mighty force came into me. There were wine and wit a-plenty at the count's table, and other things that were also new to me, and for which I retained perhaps too great a fondness.

The count asked me to tell of our journey, and I told the story with all the spirit I could put into my words. I am happy to say it did seem to hit the mark, for I was no sooner done with our adventure than the ladies

began to clap their hands, and the *Misses de Lambert* had much delight in their faces when the baroness retold my story in French.

Dinner over, the count invited me to the smoking-room, where, in a corner by ourselves, I had some talk with him. He told me of his father—that he had been a friend of *Franklin*, that he had given a ship and a cargo of gunpowder to our navy in '76. Like others I had met under his roof, the count had seen the coming of the Reign of Terror in France, and had fled with his great fortune. He had invested much of it there in the wild country. He loved America, and had given freely to equip the army for war. He was, therefore, a man of much influence in the campaign of the North, and no doubt those in authority there were instructed, while the war was on, to take special care of his property.

"And will you please tell me," I said at length, "who are the *Misses de Lambert*?"

"Daughters of a friend in Paris," said the count. "He is a great physician. He wishes not for them to marry until they are twenty-one. *Mon Dieu!* it was a matter of some difficulty. They were beautiful."

"Very beautiful!" I echoed.

"They were admired," he went on. "The young men they began to make trouble. My friend he send them here, with the baroness, to study—to finish their education. It is healthy, it is quiet, and—well, there are no young gentlemen. They go to bed early; they are up at daylight; they have the horse; they have boats; they amuse themselves ver' much. But they are impatient; they long for Paris—the salon, the theater, the opera. They are like prisoners: they cannot make themselves to be contented. The baroness she has her villa on a lake back in the woods, and, *mon âme!* it is beautiful there—so still, so cool, so delightful! At present they have a great fear of the British. They lie awake; they listen; they expect to be carried off; they hear a sound in the night, and, *mon Dieu!* it is the soldiers coming."

The count laughed, lifting his shoulders with a gesture of both hands. Then he puffed thoughtfully at his cigarette.

"Indeed," he went on presently, "I think the invasion is not far away. They tell me the woods in the north are alive with British cavalry. I am not able to tell how many, but, *Dieu!* it is enough. The army should inform itself immediately. I think it is better that you penetrate to the river to-morrow, if you are not afraid, to see what is

between, and to return by the woods. I shall trouble you to take a letter to the General Brown. It will be ready at any hour."

"At six?" I inquired.

"At six, certainly, if you desire to start then," he replied.

He rose and took my arm affectionately and conducted me to the big drawing-room. Two of the ladies were singing as one played the guitar. I looked in vain for the Misses de Lambert. The others were all there, but they had gone. I felt a singular depression at their absence, and went to my room shortly to get my rest, for I had to be off early in the morning. Before going to bed, however, I sat down to think and do some writing. But I could not for the life of me put away the thought of the young ladies. They looked alike, and yet I felt sure they were very different. Somehow I could not recall in what particular they differed. I sat a time thinking over it. Suddenly I heard low voices, those of women speaking in French; I could not tell from where they came.

"I do wish she would die, the hateful thing!" said one. (It must be understood these words are more violent in English than they seem in French.)

"The colonel is severe to-night," said another.

"The colonel—a fine baroness indeed—*vielle tyran!* I cannot love her. Lord! I once tried to love a monkey and had better luck. The colonel keeps all the men to herself. Whom have I seen for a year? Dieu! women, grandpapas, greasy guides! Not a young man since we left Paris."

"My dear Louise!" said the other. "There are many things better than men."

"Au nom de Dieu! But I should like to know what they are. I have never seen them."

"But often men are false and evil," said the other, in a sweet, low voice.

"Nonsense!" said the first, impatiently. "I had rather elope with a one-legged hostler than always live in these woods."

"Louison! You ought to cross yourself and repeat a Hail Mary."

"Thanks! I have tried prayer. It is n't what I need. I am no nun like you. My dear sister, don't you ever long for the love of a man—a big, handsome, hearty fellow who could take you up in his arms and squeeze the life out of you?"

"Eh bien," said the other, with a sigh, "I suppose it is very nice. I do not dare to think of it."

"Nice! It is heaven, Louise! And to see

a man like that and not be permitted to—speak to him! Think of it! A young and handsome man—the first I have seen for a year! Honestly, I could poison the colonel."

"My dear, it is the count as much as the colonel. She is under his orders, and he has an eagle eye."

"The old monkey! He enrages me! I could rend him limb from limb!"

I could not help hearing what they said, but I did not think it quite fair to share their confidence any further, so I went to one of the windows and closed a shutter noisily. The voices must have come from a little balcony just under my room.

"My dear sister, you are very terrible," said one of them, and then the shutter came to, and I heard no more.

A full moon lighted the darkness. A little lake gleamed like silver between the tree-tops. Worn out with hard travel, I fell into bed shortly, and lay a long time thinking of those young ladies, of the past, of to-morrow and its perils, and of the further future. A new life had begun for me.

VII.

THE sun was lifting above the tree-tops when the count's valet called me that morning at the Château Le Ray. Robins were calling under my windows, and the groves rang with tournaments of happy song. Of that dinner-party only the count was at breakfast with me. We ate hurriedly, and when we had risen the horses were at the door. As to my own, a tall chestnut thoroughbred that Mr. Parish had brought over from England, I never saw him in finer fettle. I started Seth by Caraway Pike for Ogdensburg with the count's message.

Mine host laid hold of my elbow and gave it a good shake as I left him, with D'ri, taking a trail that led north by west in the deep woods. They had stuffed our saddle-bags with a plenty for man and horse.

I could not be done thinking of the young ladies. It put my heart in a flutter when I looked back at the castle from the wood's edge and saw one of them waving her handkerchief in a window. I lifted my hat, and put my spurs to the flank with such a pang in me I dared not look again. Save for that one thing, I never felt better. The trail was smooth, and we galloped along in silence for a mile or so. Then it narrowed to a stony path, where one had enough to do with slow going to take care of his head, there were so many boughs in the way.

"Jerushy Jane!" exclaimed D'ri, as he

slowed down. "Thet air 's a gran' place. Never hed my karkiss in no sech bed es they gin me las' night—softer 'n wind, an' hed springs on like them new wagins ye see over 'n Vermont. Jerushy! Dreamed I was flyin'."

I had been thinking of what to do if we met the enemy and were hard pressed. We discussed it freely, and made up our minds that if there came any great peril of capture we would separate, each to take his own way out of the difficulty.

We halted by a small brook at midday, feeding the horses and ourselves out of the saddle-bags.

"Ain't jest eggzac'ly used t' this kind uv a sickle," said D'ri, as he felt the edge of his saber, "but I'll be dummed ef it don't seem es ef I'd orter be ruther dang'rous with thet air 'n my hand."

He knew a little about rough fighting with a saber. He had seen my father and me go at each other hammer and tongs there in our dooryard every day of good weather. Stormy days he had always stood by in the kitchen, roaring with laughter, as the good steel rang and the house trembled. He had been slow to come to it, but had had his try with us, and had learned to take an attack without flinching. I went at him hard for a final lesson that day in the woods—a great folly, I was soon to know. We got warm and made more noise than I had any thought of. My horse took alarm and pulled away, running into a thicket. I turned to catch him.

"Judas Priest!" said D'ri.

There, within ten feet of us, I saw what made me, ever after, a more prudent man. It was an English officer leaning on his sword, a tall and handsome fellow of some forty years, in shiny top-boots and scarlet blouse and gauntlets of brown kid.

"You are quite clever," said he, touching his gray mustache.

I made no answer, but stood pulling myself together.

"You will learn," he added, smiling, with a tone of encouragement. "Let me show you a trick."

He was most polite in his manner, like a play-hero, and came toward me as he spoke. Then I saw four other Britishers coming out to close in upon us from behind trees.

He came at me quickly, and I met him. He seemed to think it would be no trick to unhand my weapon. Like a flash, with a whip of his saber, he tried to wrench it away. D'ri had begun to shoot, dodging between trees, and a redcoat had tumbled

over. I bore in upon my man, but he came back at me with surprising vigor. On my word, he was the quickest swordsman I ever had the honor of facing. But he had a mean way of saying "Ha!" as he turned my point. He soon angered me, whereupon I lost a bit of caution, with some blood, for he was at me like a flash, and grazed me on the hip before I could get my head again. It was no parlor play, I can tell you. We were fighting for life, and both knew it. We fought up and down through brakes and bushes and over stones—a perilous footing. I could feel his hand weakening. I put all my speed to the steel then, knowing well that, barring accident, I should win. I could hear somebody coming up behind me.

"Keep away there," my adversary shouted, with a fairness I admire when I think of it. "I can handle him. Get the other fellow."

I went at him to make an end of it.

"I'll make you squint, you young cub," he hissed, lunging at me.

He ripped my blouse at the shoulder, and, gods of war! we made the sparks fly. Then he went down, wriggling; I had caught him in the side, poor fellow! Like a flash I was off in a thicket. One of the enemy got out of my way and sent a bullet after me. I could feel it rip and sting in the muscle as it rubbed my ribs. I kept foot and made for my horse. He had caught his reins, and I was on him and off in the brush, between bullets that came ripping the leaves about me, before they could give chase.

Drums were beating the call to arms somewhere. I struck the trail in a minute, and, leaning low in the saddle, went bounding over logs and rocks and down a steep hillside as if the devil were after me. I looked back, and was nearly raked off by a bough. I could hear horses coming in the trail behind with quick and heavy jumps. But I was up to rough riding and had little fear they would get a sight of me. However, crossing a long stretch of burnt timber, they must have seen me. I heard a crack of pistols far behind; a whizz of bullets over my head. I shook out the reins and let the horse go, urging with cluck and spur, never slacking for rock or hill or swale. It was a wilder ride than any I have known since or shall again, I can promise you, for, God knows, I have been hurt too often. Fast riding over a new trail is leaping in the dark and worse than treason to one's self. Add to it a saddle wet with your own blood, then you have something to give you a turn of the stomach thinking of it.

When I was near tumbling with a kind

of rib-ache and could hear no pursuer, I pulled up. There was silence about me, save the sound of a light breeze in the tree-tops. I rolled off my horse, and hooked my elbow in the reins, and lay on my belly, grunting with pain. I felt better, having got my breath, and a rod of beech to bite upon—a good thing if one has been badly stung and has a journey to make. In five minutes I was up and off at a slow jog, for I knew I was near safety.

I thought much of poor D'ri and how he might be faring. The last I had seen of him, he was making good use of pistol and legs, running from tree to tree. He was a dead shot, little given to wasting lead. The drums were what worried me, for they indicated a big camp, and unless he got to the stirrups in short order, he must have been taken by overwhelming odds. It was near sundown when I came to a brook and falls I could not remember passing. I looked about me. Somewhere I had gone off the old trail—everything was new to me. It widened, as I rode on, up a steep hill. Where the tree-tops opened, the hill was covered with mossy turf, and there were fragrant ferns on each side of me. The ground was clear of brush and dead timber. Suddenly I heard a voice singing—a sweet girl voice that thrilled me, I do not know why, save that I always longed for the touch of a woman if badly hurt. But then I have felt that way having the pain of neither lead nor steel. The voice rang in the silent woods, but I could see no one nor any sign of human habitation. Shortly I came out upon a smooth roadway carpeted with sawdust. It led through a grove, and following it, I came suddenly upon a big green mansion among the trees, with Doric pillars and a great portico where hammocks hung with soft cushions in them, and easy-chairs of old mahogany stood empty. I have said as little as possible of my aching wound: I have always thought it bad enough for one to suffer his own pain. But I must say I was never so tried to keep my head above me as when I came to that door. Two figures in white came out to meet me. At first I did not observe—I had enough to do keeping my eyes open—that they were the Miles. de Lambert.

"God save us!" I heard one of them say. "He is hurt; he is pale. See the blood running off his boot-leg."

Then, as one took the bit, the other eased me down from my saddle, calling loudly for help. She took her handkerchief—that had

a perfume I have not yet forgotten—as she supported me, and wiped the sweat and dust from my face. Then I saw they were the splendid young ladies I had seen at the count's table. The discovery put new life in me; it was like a dash of water in the face. I lifted my hat and bowed to them.

"Ladies, my thanks to you," I said in as good French as I knew. "I have been shot. May I ask you to send for a doctor?"

A butler ran down the steps; a gardener and a stable-boy hurried out of the grove.

"To the big room—the Louis-Quinze," said one of the girls, excitedly, as the men came to my help.

The fat butler went puffing up-stairs, and they followed, on each side of me.

"Go for a doctor, quick," said one of them to the gardener, who was coming behind—a Frenchman who prayed to a saint as he saw my blood.

They led me across a great green rug in a large hall above-stairs to a chamber of which I saw little then save its size and the wealth of its appointments. The young ladies set me down, bidding one to take off my boots, and sending another for hot water. They asked me where I was hurt. Then they took off my blouse and waistcoat.

"Mon Dieu!" said one to the other. "What can we do? Shall we cut the shirt?"

"Certainly. Cut the shirt," said the other. "We must help him. We cannot let him die."

"God forbid!" was the answer. "See the blood. Poor fellow! It is terrible!"

They spoke very tenderly as they cut my shirt with scissors, and bared my back, and washed my wound with warm water. I never felt a touch so caressing as that of their light fingers, but, gods of war! it did hurt me. The bathing done, they bound me big with bandages and left the room until the butler had helped me into bed. They came soon with spirits and bathed my face and hands. One leaned over me, whispering and asking what I would like to eat. Directly a team of horses came prancing to the door.

"The colonel!" one of them whispered, listening.

"The colonel, upon my soul!" said the other, that sprightly Louison, as she tiptoed to the window. They used to call her "Tiptoes" at the Hermitage.

The colonel! I remembered she was none other than the Baroness de Ferré; and thinking of her and of the grateful feeling of the sheets of soft linen, I fell asleep.

VIII.

THE doctor came that night, and took out of my back a piece of flattened lead. It had gone under the flesh, quite half around my body, next to the ribs, without doing worse than to rake the bone here and there and weaken me with a loss of blood. I woke awhile before he came. The baroness and the fat butler were sitting beside me. She was a big, stout woman of some forty years, with dark hair and gray eyes, and teeth of remarkable whiteness and symmetry. That evening, I remember, she was in full dress.

"My poor boy!" said she, in English and in a sympathetic tone, as she bent over me.

Indeed, my own mother could not have been kinder than that good woman. She was one that had a heart and a hand for the sick-room. I told her how I had been hurt and of my ride. She heard me through with a glow in her eyes.

"What a story!" said she. "What a daredevil! I do not see how it has been possible for you to live."

She spoke to me always in English of quaint wording and quainter accent. She seemed not to know that I could speak French.

An impressive French tutor—a fine old fellow, obsequious and bald-headed—sat by me all night to give me medicine. In the morning I felt as if I had a new heart in me, and was planning to mount my horse. I thought I ought to go on about my business, but I fear I thought more of the young ladies and the possibility of my seeing them again. The baroness came in after I had a bite to eat. I told her I felt able to ride.

"You are not able, my child. You cannot ride the horse now," said she, feeling my brow; "maybe not for a ver' long time. I have a large house, plenty servant, plenty food. Parbleu! be content. We shall take good care of you. If there is one message to go to your chief, you know I shall send it."

I wrote a brief report of my adventure with the British, locating the scene as carefully as might be, and she sent it by mounted messenger to "the Burg."

"The young ladies they wish to see you," said the baroness. "They are kind-hearted; they would like to do what they can. But I tell them no; they will make you to be very tired."

"On the contrary, it will rest me. Let them come," I said.

"But I warn you," said she, lifting her

finger as she left the room, "do not fall in love. They are full of the mischief. They do not study. They do not care. You know they make much fun all day."

The young ladies came in presently. They wore gray gowns admirably fitted to their fine figures. They brought big bouquets and set them, with a handsome courtesy, on the table beside me. They took chairs and sat solemn-faced, without a word, as if it were a Quaker meeting they had come to. I never saw better models of sympathetic propriety. I was about to speak. One of them shook her head, a finger on her lips.

"Do not say one word," she said solemnly in English. "It will make you ver' sick."

It was the first effort of either of them to address me in English. As I soon knew, the warning had exhausted her vocabulary. The baroness went below in a moment. Then the one who had spoken came over and sat near me, smiling.

"She does not know you can speak French," said she, whispering and addressing me in her native tongue, as the other tiptoed to the door. "On your life, do not let her know. She would never permit us to see you. She would keep us under lock and key. She knows we cannot speak English, so she thinks we cannot talk with you. It is a great lark. Are you better?"

What was I to do under orders from such authority? As they bade me, I hope you will say, for that is what I did. I had no easy conscience about it, I must own. Day after day I took my part in the little comedy. They came in Quaker-faced if the baroness were at hand, never speaking, except to her, until she had gone. Then—well, such animation, such wit, such bright eyes, such brilliancy I have never seen or heard.

My wound was healing. War and stern duty were as things of the far past. The grand passion had hold of me. I tried to fight it down, to shake it off, but somehow it had the claws of a tiger. There was an odd thing about it all: I could not for the life of me tell which of the two charming girls I loved the better. It may seem incredible; I could not understand it myself. They looked alike, and yet they were quite different. Louison was a year older and of stouter build. She had more animation also, and always a quicker and perhaps a brighter answer. The other had a face more serious, albeit no less beautiful, and a slower tongue. She had little to say, but her silence had much in it to admire, and, indeed, to remember. They appealed to different men

in me with equal force, I did not then know why. A perplexing problem it was, and I had to think and suffer much before I saw the end of it, and really came to know what love is and what it is not.

Shortly I was near the end of this delightful season of illness. I had been out of bed a week. The baroness had read to me every day, and had been so kind that I felt a great shame for my part in our deception. Every afternoon she was off in a boat or in her *calèche*, and had promised to take me with her as soon as I was able to go.

"You know," said she, "I am going to make you to stay here a full month. I have the consent of the general."

I had begun to move about a little and enjoy the splendor of that forest home. There were, indeed, many rare and priceless things in it that came out of her château in France. She had some curious old clocks, tokens of ancestral taste and friendship. There was one her grandfather had got from the hand of Louis XIV—*le Grand Monarque*, of whom my mother had begun to tell me as soon as I could hear with understanding. Another came from the bed-chamber of Philip II of Spain—a grand high clock that had tolled the hours in that great hall beyond my door. A little thing, in a case of carved ivory, that ticked on a table near my bed, Molière had given to one of her ancestors, and there were many others of equal interest.

Her walls were adorned with art treasures of the value of which I had little appreciation those days. But I remember there were canvases of Correggio and Rembrandt and Sir Joshua Reynolds. She was, indeed, a woman of fine taste, who had brought her best to America; for no one had a doubt, in the time of which I am writing, that the settlement of the Compagnie de New York would grow into a great colony, with towns and cities and fine roadways, and the full complement of high living. She had built the Hermitage,—that was the name of the mansion,—fine and splendid as it was, for a mere temporary shelter pending the arrival of those better days.

She had a curious fad, this hermit baroness of the big woods. She loved nature and was a naturalist of no poor attainments. Wasps and hornets were the special study of this remarkable woman. There were at least a score of their nests on her front portico—big and little, and some of them oddly shaped. She hunted them in wood and field. When she found a nest she

had it moved carefully after nightfall, under a bit of netting, and fastened somewhere about the gables. Around the Hermitage there were many withered boughs and briars holding cones of wrought fiber, each a citadel of these uniformed soldiers of the air and the poisoned arrow. They were assembled in colonies of yellow, white, blue, and black wasps, and white-faced hornets. She had no fear of them, and, indeed, no one of the household was ever stung, to my knowledge. I have seen her stand in front of her door and feed them out of a saucer. There were special favorites that would light upon her palm, overrunning its pink hollow and gorging at the honey-drop.

"They will never sting," she would say, "if one does not declare the war. To strike, to make any quick motion, it gives them anger. Then, mon cher ami! it is terrible. They cause you to burn, to ache, to make a great noise, and even to lie down upon the ground. If people come to see me, if I get a new servant, I say: 'Make to them no attention, and they will not harm you.'"

In the house I have seen her catch one by the wings on a window and, holding it carefully, ask me to watch her captive—sometimes a great daredevil hornet, lion-maned—as he lay stabbing with his poison-dagger.

"Now," said she, "he is angry; he will remember. If I release him he will sting me when I come near him again. So I do not permit him to live—I kill him."

Then she would impale him and invite me to look at him with the microscope.

One day the baroness went away to town with the young ladies. I was quite alone with the servants. Father Joulin of the château came over and sat awhile with me, and told me how he had escaped the Parisian mob, a night in the Reign of Terror. Late in the afternoon I walked awhile in the grove with him. When he left I went slowly down the trail over which I had ridden. My strength was coming fast. I felt like an idle man, shirking the saddle, when I should be serving my country. I must to my horse and make an end of dallying. With thoughts like these for company, I went farther than I intended. Returning over the bushy trail I came suddenly upon—Louison! She was neatly gowned in pink and white.

"Le diable!" said she. "You surprise me. I thought you went another way."

"Or you would not have taken this one," I said.

"Of course not," said she. "One does not wish to find men if she is hunting for—for—" she hesitated a moment, blushing—"mon Dieu! for bears," she added.

I thought then, as her beautiful eyes looked up at me smiling, that she was incomparable, that I loved her above all others—I felt sure of it.

"And why do you hunt bears?" I inquired. "I do not know. I think it is because they are so—so beautiful, so amiable!" she answered.

"And such good companions." "Yes; they never embarrass you," she went on. "You never feel at loss for a word."

"I fear you do not know bears." "Dieu! better than men. Voilà!" she exclaimed, touching me with the end of her parasol. "You are not so terrible. I do not think you would bite."

"No; I have never bitten anything but—but bread and doughnuts, or something of that sort."

"Come, I desire to intimidate you. Won't you please be afraid of me? Indeed, I can be very terrible. See! I have sharp teeth."

She turned with a playful growl, and parting her crimson lips, showed them to me—white and shapely, and as even as if they had been wrought of ivory. She knew they were beautiful, the vixen.

"You terrify me. I have a mind to run," I said, backing off.

"Please do not run," she answered quickly. "I should be afraid that—that—"

She hesitated a moment, stirring the moss with one dainty foot.

"That you might not return," she added, smiling as she looked up at me.

"Then—then perhaps it will do as well if I climb a tree."

"No, no; I wish to talk with you."

"Ma'm'selle, you honor me," I said.

"And dishonor myself, I presume, with so much boldness," she went on. "It is only that I have something to say; and you know when a woman has something to—to say—"

"It is a fool that does not listen if she be as fair as you," I put in.

"You are—well, I shall not say what I think of you for fear—for fear of giving offense," said she, blushing as she spoke. "Do you like the life of a soldier?"

"Very much, and especially when I am wounded, with such excellent care and company."

"But your side—it was so horribly torn.

I did feel very sorry—indeed I did. You will go again to the war?"

"Unless—unless— Ah, yes, ma'm'selle, I shall go again to the war," I stammered, going to the brink of confession, only to back away from it, as the blood came hot to my cheeks.

She broke a tiny bough and began stripping its leaves.

"Tell me, do you love the baroness?" she inquired as she whipped a swaying bush of brier.

The question amazed me. I laughed nervously.

"I respect, I admire the good woman—she would make an excellent mother," was my answer.

"Well spoken!" she said, clapping her hands. "I thought you were a fool. I did not know whether you were to blame or—or the Creator."

"Or the baroness," I added, laughing.

"Well," said she, with a pretty shrug, "is there not a man for every woman? The baroness she thinks she is irresistible. She has money. She would like to buy you for a plaything—to marry you. But I say beware. She is more terrible than the keeper of the Bastille. And you—you are too young!"

"My dear girl," said I, in a voice of pleading, "it is terrible. Save me! Save me, I pray you!"

"Pooh! I do not care!"—with a gesture of indifference. "I am trying to save myself, that is all."

"From what?"

"Another relative. Parbleu! I have enough." She stamped her foot impatiently as she spoke. "I should be very terrible to you. I should say the meanest things. I should call you grandpapa and give you a new cane every Christmas."

"And if you gave me also a smile, I should be content."

More than once I was near declaring myself that day, but I had a mighty fear she was playing with me, and held my tongue. There was an odd light in her eyes. I knew not, then, what it meant.

"You are easily satisfied," was her answer.

"I am to leave soon," I said. "May I not see you here to-morrow?"

"Alas! I do not think you can," was her answer.

"And why not?"

"Because it would not be proper," said she, smiling as she looked up at me.

"Not proper! I should like to know why."

"It would make me break another engagement," she went on, laughing. "I am to go with the baroness to meet the count if he comes—she has commanded. The day after, in the morning, at ten o'clock, by the cascade—will that do? Good! I must leave you now. I must not return with you. Remember!" she commanded, pointing at me with her tapered forefinger. "Remember—ten o'clock in the morning."

Then she took a bypath and went out of sight. I returned to the mansion as deep in love as a man could be. I went to dinner with the rest that evening. Louison came in after we were all seated.

"You are late, my dear," said the baroness.

"Yes; I went away walking and lost something, and was not able to find it again."

(To be continued.)

MALARIA AND CERTAIN MOSQUITOS.

BY L. O. HOWARD,

Chief Entomologist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.



Charles Dickens had been gifted prophetically he would have added an important feature to the landscape of the much-advertised city of Eden when it burst upon the disheartened view of

Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley. To the cluster of rough cabins in a malarious swamp he would have added hungry swarms of mosquitos, all belonging to the now famous genus *Anopheles*, waiting to alight upon the newly arrived and full-blooded Englishmen, and to carry into their blood, in heartless compensation for that which they sucked out, the zygoblasts of the more recently discovered malarial germ. Both travelers were soon taken with chills and fever. Therefore, according to modern views, *Anopheles* must have been there and must have bitten the unfortunate hero and his irrepressible companion. Dickens's picture of an ague locality was a good one, and there still exist, in many portions of the United States, localities where quinine is a daily article of diet, and where the recurrence of the fever and the shaking-fit are as implicitly to be relied upon in most families as the rising and the setting of the sun. The emaciated form, the sallow coloring, the yellow eyeball, and the utter indifference to the world at large, which result from malaria when almost chronic, still characterize almost the entire population of certain more or less restricted portions of the United States.

And yet this country is not the home of malaria: it abounds in South Europe; it extends clear across southern Asia; it is found

throughout the northern half of the continent of Australia; and in tropical regions it becomes pernicious and malignant. It is the cause of the jungle-fevers as well as of the dreaded Roman fever, and is not stamped out by moderately high altitudes, but extends in a mild form far to the North, abounding in Holland and Belgium, and even occurring in certain ill-favored spots in Sweden, Greenland, and Siberia.

The disease is older than history. Early writers describe the symptoms in such a way that they can hardly be mistaken. Hippocrates gave a particularly lucid symptomatic description of malaria.

In temperate regions the mortality from malarial fever is not high. In 1860, in the United States, malarial fevers caused 3976 out of every 100,000 deaths from all causes. In 1880 the proportion was 2673 per 100,000. It is known that from 1887 to 1897 the average annual death-rate in Italy from malaria was 15,000, while in 1892 5,000,000 deaths in India were ascribed to "fever," and a high percentage of these fevers were malarial. But the death-rate from malaria is only a faint expression of the trouble and misery caused by these diseases. The number of people incapacitated for work from this cause, if there were any reliable way to estimate it, would unquestionably be startling. Nearly one third of the British army in India, in 1897, according to Ross, were treated in hospitals for malaria, while it is estimated that in Italy 2,000,000 suffer annually from this cause. In this country the writer knows communities where, throughout the summer, and especially in the autumn, there are two or three cases of malaria in every family. A

large share of the difficulty in securing data on which to base a good estimate is due to the fact that malaria is largely a rural disease. For one death from this cause occurring in the cities nearly three take place in the rural districts.

Since the time when, in 1880, Laveran, the French army surgeon, examining the blood of a fever-stricken soldier in Algiers, discovered the minute cause of this wide-spread ill, a small army of investigators have been working with the utmost enthusiasm and

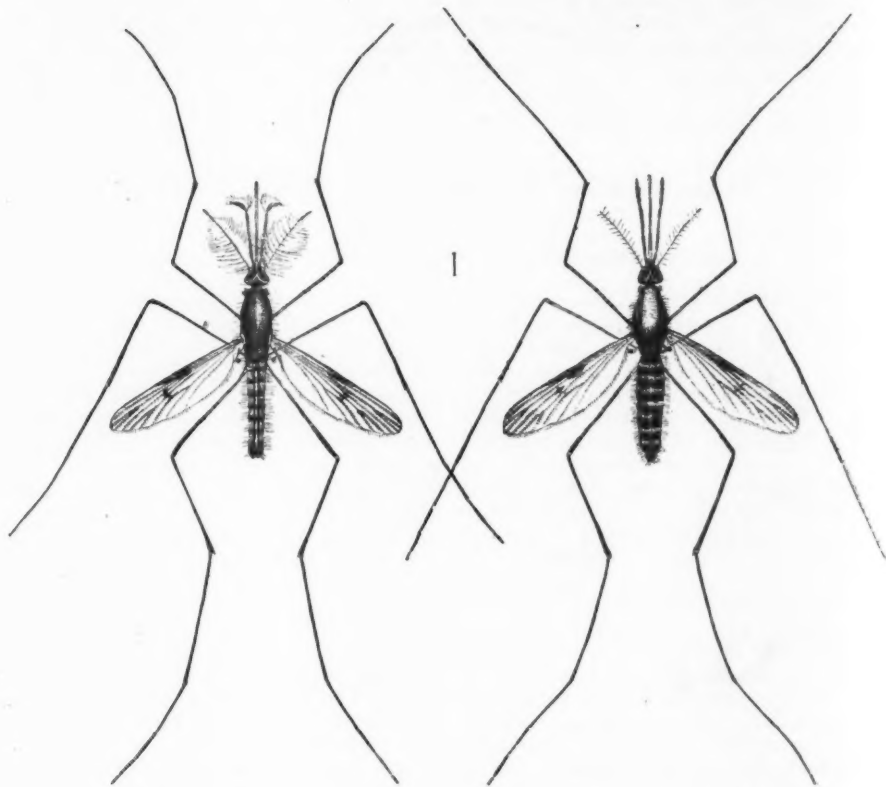


Fig. 1. *Anopheles quadrimaculatus (maculipennis)*, male at left, female at right.

In spite of the almost world-wide occurrence of malarial diseases, and in spite of the fact that physicians have been treating malaria since long before the days of Galen, and in spite of an enormous amount of theorizing, the true cause of malaria was not known until twenty years ago, and was not generally known and accepted until within the past decade. The cause is a micro-organism inhabiting the red corpuscles of the blood. This is beyond all question. How this germ reaches the blood, however, remained a matter of theory and speculation long after its discovery, and has practically been decided only within the last four or five years.

with all the skill which the recent marvelous developments in histological technology have placed at their disposal, and the results arrived at through the labors of Englishmen, Italians, and Americans have been little less than epoch-making.

The life-history of the organisms which cause the trouble seems like a fairy-story, and the triple relation between these organisms and certain mosquitos and human beings is not only astonishing to a degree, but has led to knowledge which will prove of inestimable value to the human race. We have long known how to treat malaria successfully. This has been known since the Coun-

tess of Chinchon, in 1640, brought back with her from South America the bark of a Peruvian tree, which, as the apothecaries experimented with it, became reduced to the now familiar substance known as sulphate of quinine. But far better than a remedy is a preventive, and however satisfactory it may be to be able to cure one's self of malaria, it is very much more satisfactory to know how to keep from getting malaria. The recent discoveries have shown us just when to take quinine as a remedy, and they have

shown us how, even in what are termed malarial localities, to avoid the disease entirely.

And now, without going into the historical sequence of the many discoveries made by the many workers, the results of whose labors, when fitted together, have brought us to our present condition of knowledge, let us tell the story of the life of the malarial germ. We must premise, however, by stating that there are three distinct types of malaria, each caused by a different species of micro-organism. The life-round of each, however, is much like that of the others. If a drop of blood is taken from a person recently infected with malaria,—say, from the lobe of the ear,—some of the red blood-corpuscles will be found to contain very minute, shapeless bodies in which a central spot, or nucleus, can with difficulty be demonstrated.

These little bodies, of which usually but one will be found in each blood-corpuscle, are unicellular, and resemble the low forms of life known as amœbas. In this stage the malarial parasite is known as the amœbula.



Fig. 2. *Anopheles punctipennis*.

Each of these amœbulae grows rapidly, absorbing and digesting the red coloring-matter of the red blood-corpuscle, and gradually showing in its interior certain excessively minute dark-colored spots, called pigment-spots, which represent the digested red coloring-matter. In the course of a few hours the amœbula will have grown so that it occupies the entire interior of the blood-corpuscle. Then, with some of them, the nucleus begins to divide and to subdivide, each subdivision gathering around itself a

certain amount of protoplasm, and eventually the entire interior of the blood-corpuscle is filled with a group of spores instead of a simple, large, unicellular body. Then the corpuscle breaks, and these spores are liberated into the blood-serum. Such of the malarial parasites as undergo these developments are called sporocysts, and from a single infection the spores of all of the sporocysts are liberated with great uniformity at about the same time.

The liberation of this mass of spores into the blood-serum causes a profound disturbance to the system of the patient, and the malarial fever immediately begins. In the case of what is called tertian malaria this liberation takes place every forty-eight hours, and therefore the fever recurs every forty-eight hours. With quartan fever the sporulation takes

place every seventy-two hours, and therefore the fever recurs every seventy-two hours. Suppose, however, that there has been a reinfection of the patient in the case of tertian malaria a day later



Fig. 3. a, red blood-corpuscle containing parasite of tertian malaria in the amœbula form; b, amœbula growing and containing pigment-spots.

than the original infection, or on one of the days when there is no fever. Then the sporocysts, developing and sporulating in forty-eight hours, will produce a fever on the



Fig. 4. *a*, same as in Fig. 3, nearly full size; *b*, same, beginning to subdivide into spores.

alternate day, thus giving rise to what is known as a daily, or quotidian, fever. The same complication may ensue with quartan fever, where there has been a reinfection upon one of the first or second days after the fever. This development of the form of the parasite known as sporocysts may continue indefinitely within the human body.

We have seen, however, that not all of the parasites develop into sporocysts. Some of them grow and fill the blood-corpuscles, forming pigment-spots in their interior, but develop no further. They die, and their remains, together with the remains of the blood-corpuscle which they inhabited, are devoured by the white corpuscles of the blood. If, however, the blood is taken from the human body and put upon the microscope-slide for study, or if it be sucked out by a mosquito, and presumably by any other insect, those parasites which do not make spores in the human body immediately begin a further and different development. Some at once give out long, slender arms or filaments, or flagella, as they are called, and this phenomenon is known as flagellation. Others swell somewhat, but do not give out these thread-like arms. This is the true

sexual generation of the parasite, the ones with thread-like arms representing the male sex, and the others the female sex. The filaments, or flagella, detach themselves from the parasite from which they have arisen, seek the female bodies, and fuse with them.

On the microscope-slide, in the bodies of most mosquitos and other blood-sucking insects, no further development takes place, but in the stomach of the mosquitos of the genus *Anopheles* an extraordinary thing happens. These fertilized female parasites, which have been called zygotes, immediately work their way through the mucous membrane of the stomach, and station themselves just within the outer, muscular stomach-wall. Here they begin to grow rapidly, until they reach a size five times larger than their original dimensions. Certain clear, round spots begin to be seen upon them, and around these

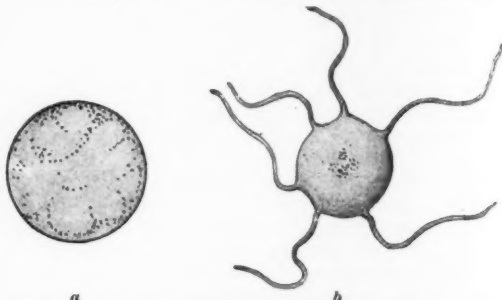


Fig. 6. *a*, female of sexual form, or gametocyst; *b*, male form with filaments, or flagella.

spots, which are known as centromeres, are rapidly formed excessively minute, dark, linear structures, looking like little, black, wavy lines, which, however, when excessively magnified, are seen to be slender, independent, spindle-shaped cells. These form about the centromeres in enormous numbers until the entire zygote is packed with them, and the centromeres disappear. Then the capsule breaks through the muscular wall of the stomach, and the innumerable numbers of these little, spindle-shaped cells, known as blasts, swim out into the body of the mosquito. Thence they find their way into the cells of the salivary gland and down into the salivary duct, whence they enter the proboscis of the mosquito, and, through this, the blood of the next human being which is bitten by the mosquito. The secretions of the salivary glands form the irritating poison which is inserted by the mosquito into the wound at the time it punctures the skin. Thus, in the form of these blasts, the parasite returns to

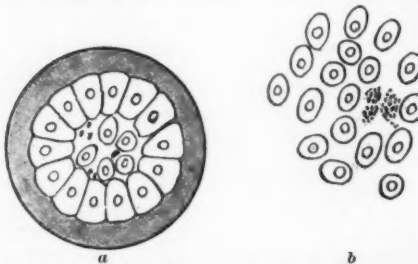


Fig. 5. *a*, same as in Figs. 3 and 4, sporulation nearly complete; *b*, spores escaping into the blood-serum.

the blood of the human being; the blasts enter the red corpuscles and become amœbulae once more in the condition with which we started this account.

It is now thought that there are three distinct species of malarial parasites—the one producing the so-called tertian malaria, the second the so-called quartan malaria, and the third the more dangerous fall fever generally known as the æstivo-autumnal fever, the varieties of the third producing the serious tropical malarial fevers, the results of which are often so fatal, especially to Europeans. All, however, require the bodies of mosquitos of the genus *Anopheles* in order to undergo this secondary development which has just been described. Thus mosquitos of the genus *Anopheles* are true secondary hosts of the malarial parasites of man, and all three of these parasites must pass through these mosquitos before they can go through their full life-round. The true sexual generation develops only in *Anopheles*, and it seems doubtful whether malaria is ever propagated in any other way than in the cycle just described.

As plain as this story is, the filling of all the gaps and the rounding out of all the details have taken years of patient work. Before Laveran's original discovery of the parasite became generally known, an American physician, Dr. A. F. A. King of Washington, propounded the idea that malaria is transmitted by mosquitos. His paper, read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, was a masterly one, and summarized in an admirable way the arguments favoring such a theory; and the long-delayed proof now comes as a triumphant vindication of the views of this eminent American physician, views which were at first received with general incredulity. Even of late the "mosquito theory," as it has been called, has met with strong opposition on the part of conservative physicians and laymen. The point is often made by such persons that malaria exists in localities where there are no mosquitos, that persons get malaria without having been bitten by mosquitos, and, stupidly enough, that mosquitos exist in numbers where there is no malaria. All opposition, however, has been forcibly met, and the con-

sensus of expert opinion is now united in the conclusion not only that the agency of mosquitos of the genus *Anopheles* is the only demonstrated method of the trans-



Fig. 7. a, cross-section of stomach of *Anopheles*, showing encysted zygotes; b, enlarged zygote, showing centromeres and blasts. (After Grassl.)

mission of malaria, but that it is, perhaps, even probably, and some say certainly, the only method by which the disease enters the human body.

The study of the distribution and habits of the mosquitos of this particular genus has therefore become one of great importance. Italians have undertaken this work with enthusiasm. The English have gone at it in the most practical and far-sighted way. Malaria is rare in England, but England has colonies in tropical regions in various parts of the world where malarial fevers form one of the great obstacles to colonization and civilized life. This accounts for the great interest which the British government is taking in this question. A great School of Tropical Medicine has been established at Liverpool, whence expeditions have been sent out to African colonies for the purpose of studying local conditions. The Royal Society of England has established a malaria



Fig. 8. a, stomach of *Anopheles*, showing protruding zygotes; b, portion of salivary gland of *Anopheles*, showing blasts which have entered. (a after Ross; b after Grassl.)

committee, and this committee has sent expeditions to West Africa. The natural breeding-places of *Anopheles* have been carefully studied, and measures have been taken looking to the abolition of breeding-places and to the extermination of this mosquito.

In the United States many physicians in malarious neighborhoods have taken up the question with enthusiasm, and persons living in mosquito-ridden localities are organizing and beginning exterminative work. At the present time there is probably more intelligent work being done or being planned against mosquitos in the United States than elsewhere in the world. The great brackish marshes of the Atlantic coast and the many inland swamps and pools have made many portions of the United States great breeding-places for mosquitos.

The vast majority of our mosquitos, however, are noxious only from their bite. Most of them belong to the genus *Culex*, and in the stomach of the mosquitos of this genus the malarial parasite dies and is digested. These mosquitos breed everywhere in standing water. They are found not only in the brackish marshes, in the great swamps, and in all ponds in which fish are not numerous, but they breed also in horse-troughs, in rain-water barrels, in water running slowly through open sewers, and even penetrate through the perforated sewer-traps in large cities, and breed in the sewers below the ground. A transient pool of surface-water left by heavy rains will breed a generation of mosquitos in a little more than a week. They will breed in the water collected in the hollows of old stumps, in old bottles or tin cans thrown on the dumps or in vacant lots; in fact, wherever still water stands for a week or ten days in the summer-time the females of some species of mosquito will lay their eggs upon it, and a generation will be produced. This water need not be perfectly uncovered, since a female mosquito, in her desire to find a place to lay her eggs, will enter through a very small orifice. Water-tanks, therefore, not perfectly covered, afford such situations. Old wells or cesspools, with board covers in which there are cracks wide enough for a

mosquito to enter, are often most prolific breeding-places.

The general question of mosquito control has been carefully studied. The writer conducted a large series of experiments a number of years ago, before the mosquito-malaria relation was established, with a view to giving the inhabitants of mosquito localities some relief from the attacks of these pernicious creatures. The three main remedies are: the drainage of swamps and standing pools where this is possible; the introduction of fish, and particularly of certain voracious species, such as the sticklebacks and the top-minnows, into fishless pools the water of which is used for watering live stock; and, third, the treatment of pools or ponds, or other bodies of water which cannot be drained, with kerosene. All these measures

are efficacious. A combination of all is usually found necessary in any given neighborhood. Drainage of swamps as a community measure is highly to be recommended from every point of view. The use of kerosene where

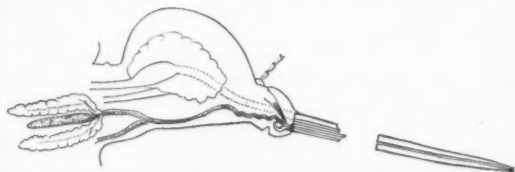


Fig. 2. Diagrammatic representation of head and thorax of a mosquito, showing salivary and poison glands and the entrance of the salivary duct into the beak. (The dark tube is the salivary duct.) (Reconstructed from Macloskie.)

drainage is impossible is perfectly efficacious in destroying the wigglers, or larvæ, of mosquitos. The amount to be used is about one ounce for each fifteen square feet of water surface, and the application should be repeated every fortnight. The kerosene not only kills the wigglers when they come to the surface to breathe, but kills the female mosquitos when they alight upon the surface of the water to lay their eggs.

The mosquitos of the genus *Culex*, which comprises our commonest mosquitos, lay their eggs in little raft-shaped masses on the surface of standing water, each egg standing on end and sticking closely by its side to the neighboring eggs, four to five hundred eggs constituting one of these masses. The little wigglers, or larvæ, hatch out from the bottom of the eggs and reach full growth in from six to ten days. They wriggle actively through the water, feeding upon micro-organisms floating in the water, and as they grow older descend to the bottom and feed upon the slime and other organic substances. When full-grown they transform to pupæ, from which, after two or three days, adult mosquitos emerge. The *Culex* larva must

come to the surface to breathe every two or three minutes. Although an aquatic animal, it is a true air-breather, and draws the air into its body through a long tube which

The differences are brought out much better in the cuts than they can be shown by words. The wiggler, or larva, of the malarial mosquito not only differs struc-

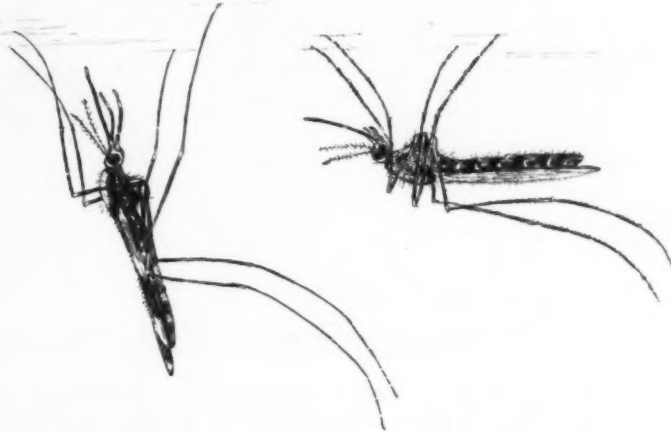


Fig. 10. Resting position of *Anopheles* at left, *Culex* at right, on horizontal ceiling.

issues from near the end of the abdomen. This tube must protrude through the surface film of the water to the open air, and it is in this way that the kerosene kills these larvæ. The breathing-tube is thrust into the kerosene film, and drops of oil enter the tracheæ, clogging them.

The malaria-carrying forms of the genus *Anopheles* differ decidedly in many respects from the commoner forms of the genus *Culex*. In the first place, the adult mosquito is different; it may be distinguished from the common mosquitos by the fact that its palpi are nearly as long as its beak, while in *Culex* they are very short. It may further be distinguished by the fact that its wings are usually spotted, whereas in *Culex* they are not spotted. Still further, when resting on the ceiling of a room the *Anopheles* holds its body nearly at right angles to the ceiling, while the body of *Culex* is held parallel thereto. Further, the singing-note of the female *Anopheles* is lower in pitch than the singing-note of *Culex*. The eggs of the malarial mosquito, instead of being laid on their ends in raft-shaped masses, as with the commoner forms, are laid upon their sides and in irregular groups.

turally from other wigglers, but also differs radically in habits. It swims customarily at the surface of the water, with its body extended just beneath the surface film. Its head is turned upside down, so that its mouth-parts, in constant vibration, are always directing everything which floats into a vortex formed by the mouth of the insect. Bits of dust, spores of algæ, and every minute floating particle thus enters the mouth of the creature. But it is from the spores of algæ that they derive their main nourishment. Consequently the places most frequented by malarial mosquitos are places where standing water is more or less covered with green scum.

The development of the malarial mosquito requires a somewhat longer time than does the development of other mosquitos; therefore its breeding-places, as a rule, are water-pools of a more permanent character than many of those which are utilized by the other mosquitos. Rock-bottomed pools which are supplied by springs or small streams, and from which the water is lost, not by drainage, but by evaporation, are favored breeding-places. Little, spring-fed, rather permanent

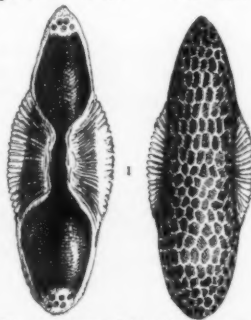


Fig. 11. Eggs of *Anopheles quadrimaculatus*.

streams running through shady places in woods and fields will, in lowlands, be found to harbor *Anopheles* larvæ in the still side-pools nearly always present. In any low-lying

protected investigators remained free from malaria, while malarial mosquitoes were carried to England and allowed to bite other experimenters, producing malaria in non-malarious

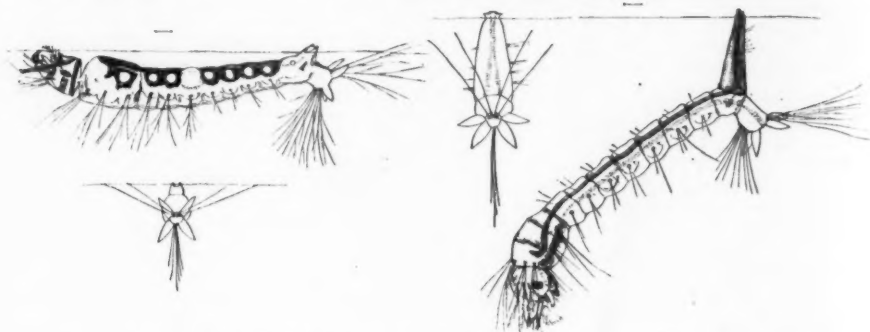


Fig. 12. Larva of *Anopheles* at left, at rest below surface of water; *Culex* at right, with respiratory tube projecting above surface of water.

region a fishless, rather permanent pool which carries a certain amount of green scum affords a perfect breeding-place for the malarial mosquito. By the words "rather permanent" is not meant that such pools must be always present, but that they must contain more or less water usually for several weeks. This allows not only the rather slow development of the *Anopheles*, but the growth of a sufficient quantity of the low forms of aquatic vegetation upon which the larvæ of *Anopheles* feed.

The great practical points of all this work are two in number: First, that malaria can be avoided, even in malarious localities, by avoiding the bites of mosquitos of the genus *Anopheles*, by careful screening, and by sleeping under mosquito-bars at night. Beautifully perfect experiments made during the summer of 1900, the best-known ones having been conducted in the Roman marshes, where

localities, have proved this point beyond cavil, even to those who had not followed the previous work. The second point is that malarious localities may be made non-malarious by abolishing the breeding-places of *Anopheles* through drainage, or by treating the breeding-places with kerosene, thus destroying the larvæ. Experimental work has demonstrated this point beyond all dispute.

The writer knows of one Maryland village where, during the summer of 1899, one or more cases of malaria existed in every household, and in this same village the expenditure of forty dollars in drainage, in the summer of 1900, resulted in the practical extinction of malaria in that community. Only one case was reported during the entire summer. Such instances as these might be multiplied. State swamp drainage and anti-mosquito work by communities are questions of vital importance for the immediate future.

In one town in Virginia police measures have already been adopted looking toward mosquito extermination. In Italy, Professor Celli, one of the foremost malaria investigators in that country, who is also a member of Parliament, has introduced a bill providing for drastic measures for the suppression of malaria in Italy. He would make punishable by law the neglect by landowners and all employers of labor to provide in malarial districts

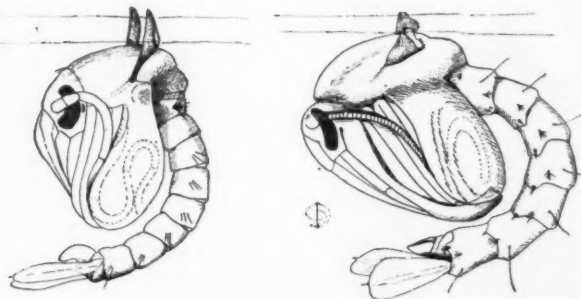


Fig. 13. Pupa of *Culex* at left, *Anopheles* at right.

every means of fighting fever. These are but beginnings of the practical work that soon will everywhere be undertaken as the result of the scientific discoveries of recent years.

The latest news, which comes to us with the authority of the Yellow Fever Commission of the United States Army, would seem to indicate that, great as are the discomforts which mosquitos occasion through their tormenting bites, and great as is their destructive effect upon human health through the

that mosquitos which have bitten patients suffering with the yellow fever may, and do, upon biting healthy persons, convey the disease. In this case, however, it is not *Anopheles* which is the active agent in the transfer, but a species of *Culex* known as *Culex fasciatus*, or *Culex taniatus*, a form which, while it has always been placed in the genus *Culex*, seems, according to Theobald, the English authority, to present structural differences of sufficient importance to

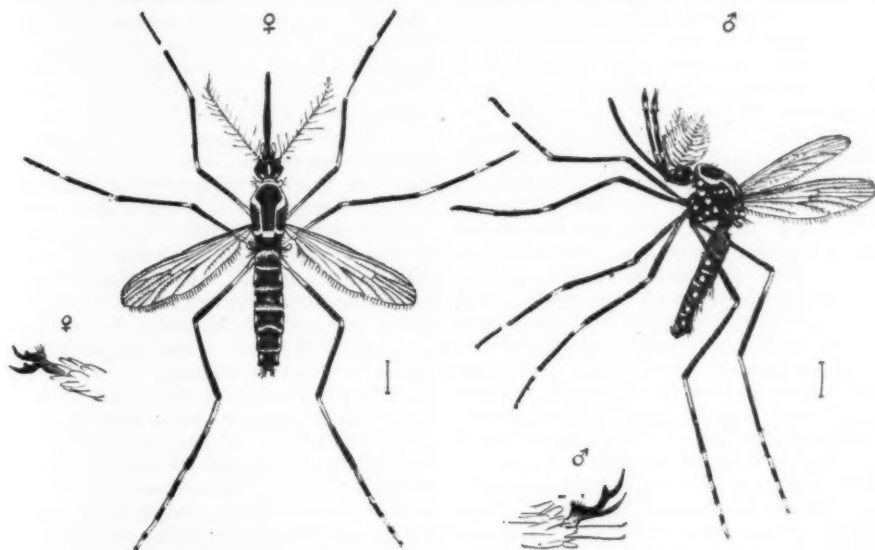


Fig. 14. Supposed yellow-fever mosquito, *Culex (Stegomyia) taniatus* or *fasciatus*.

transfer of malaria, they exert still another and most maleficent influence by the transfer of yellow fever. The immediate cause of yellow fever is still disputed. Neither the *Bacillus X* of Sternberg nor the *Bacillus icteroides* of Sanerelli now seems to be the causative organism of this terrible disease, and the true nature of the germ—for it is a germ-disease—is yet to be ascertained. The experiments of last summer and winter made in government hospitals in Cuba show with a reasonable degree of certainty

warrant the erection of a new genus called *Stegomyia*. Should the careful experimentation which will follow prove the validity of this discovery of our army medical men, the true germ of yellow fever will probably prove to be a protozoön—that is to say, an animal—instead of one of the bacteria—that is to say, a plant. Possibilities of the establishment of such a truth are far-reaching for inhabitants of tropical regions, and its influence upon some of our Southern ports and upon our new insular possessions will be great.



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE news of the death of Queen Victoria has brought up in my mind a very vivid picture of her and her surroundings as I saw her constantly in the summer of 1886, during my four weeks' peep into English court life, while temporarily forming part of the suite of an Illustrious Personage, a guest of the Queen's, at Osborne Cottage. The castle being too small to admit the lodging of any extra people after the very large royal household had been accommodated, the Queen was in the habit of lending this "cottage" and several others, built on her own grounds, to members of her family or to distinguished visitors. A cottage only in name, in reality it was a pretty little country house, with a large veranda running round it. There was a central staircase, and all the bedrooms opened out into a gallery overlooking the hall. The whole was daintily and simply decorated; the furniture very plain, old-fashioned, and stiff; but it was impressed upon us many times a day that we must be very careful of everything, as the Queen was most particular, and would notice the least damage done to anything, when, at the end of our visit, following her usual plan, she would come in person and look over the vacated house with a housekeeper.

There being only the one little drawing-room, we were not supposed to leave any personal things about. The chairs remained during our stay arranged exactly as we found them, also the books on the central table; anything that was picked up must be put down on the same spot. It was the only room into which the Queen or the princesses could be shown, and they were likely to come in at any moment; so it was kept more or less sacred to her Majesty, and we all used the dining-room or our own rooms. One royal housemaid belonged in the house as caretaker, but the temporary occupant had to provide all the other servants, carriages and horses, and silver. Most delicious French bread was brought us every morning from the royal bakery, and fruit from the Queen's hothouses. It seemed strange to see nothing on the walls but innumerable portraits and engravings of the

royal family, and to have everything in the house, even hot-water cans, towels, and sheets, marked with the Queen's familiar monogram, V. R., and the arms of England.

We took up our abode in the cottage a couple of days before the arrival in Cowes of our royal hostess, and in the interval we went all through the grounds of Osborne, and looked well at the castle itself, a modern building erected by Queen Victoria. It took us two and a half hours of steady walking to explore every corner. The park is magnificent, and the view of the sea through the foliage is beautiful. In front of the castle there are some trees planted many years ago by the Emperor and Empress of the French, and quite a forest of others, all put there by great personages. The names of most of the sovereigns and princes of Europe are inscribed on the little metal plaques which record the dates of planting.

Every one knows that the Queen was always fond of Osborne Castle, and that she spent a good part of her girlhood in the vicinity; but the details of her life there, coming as they did direct from her own lips to her illustrious guest, and repeated to us, were most interesting. After her father's death the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent lived in Norris Castle, a medieval structure, whose grounds adjoin Osborne, and which now belongs to the Duke of Bedford.

We were told a great deal about the Queen's young days—of the help which Leopold I of Belgium, her maternal uncle, had given in those times of poverty. Without him her mother could not have afforded to pay for the many professors and masters called in to give the young Victoria the serious and thorough education which helped so materially to form her judgment and make her in after days a good and useful queen. In the garden there is a small pavilion where the little princess had most of her lessons in fine weather.

Her Majesty's early training made her thrifty for life; but in spite of her saving, she did not accumulate the large fortune which most people attribute to her, as there have always been many private outlets for her wealth. She herself said, in 1886, that

every year she had been gradually paying off the enormous debts left by her father, and not until 1880 had finally succeeded. Princess Beatrice, she said, had long before (as a measure of precaution) been provided for, as, in case of her marrying after the Queen's death, she could not have obtained the marriage portion granted to the daughter of a king, but not granted to the sister of a king, as she would then be.

When the Queen arrived at Osborne Castle there was great clatter of horses and carriages, Highland regiments and bagpipes; and, from then on, everything was bustle and brightness. Mounted messengers coming to the cottage to announce the first royal visit, others, a few minutes later, bearing postponements and changes of plans, kept us constantly on the *qui vive*. It was not etiquette for any to be seen except those that the Queen had specially asked for, and it was still worse form to appear to be hurrying away: therefore, to avoid the dilemma, there was nothing for the ladies of the suite to do but to remain closely secluded; and many a long and tiresome wait did we have, shut up in our rooms, before the official visit was paid.

This event over, the Queen's daily calls became quite private and informal. She used to walk down through her grounds from Osborne alone, and across the road which separated our place from hers, through a small wicket-gate just opposite my window. At any hour in the morning we were apt to hear the key turn in the lock and see her come through the gate and walk into the cottage unannounced, with possibly one of her little grandchildren or her collie-dog for sole companion. Then I was always supposed quickly to give the alarm, "The Queen!" which promptly sent the rest of the household, Mesdames L — and A —, the Duc de B —, and others, scrambling to their various rooms to leave the coast clear.

If the morning visit failed, then her Majesty would send a messenger in the afternoon to say at what hour she would come to take tea, and many changes of plan were gone through again before that little social meal was finally *un fait accompli*. Her Majesty, and the princes and princesses who accompanied her, always had tea with their illustrious guest, while the ladies in waiting and other lesser mortals drank it with us.

The Queen, as she was then to be seen at any hour walking, or driving in a low pony-chaise with her cream-colored ponies and outriders, was an interesting figure. It was

strange that a woman short of stature, not slender, verging on extreme old age, and unbecomingly dressed, with few physical attractions, should have had such a dignified bearing and have been able to impress every one who came in contact with her by her queenly personality and charm. Her delightfully modulated voice and sweet, genuine smile had, I think, much to do with it; and the strong, sterling qualities of mind and heart made themselves felt in spite of the somewhat plain exterior. Her memory for names and faces was something marvelous. She took also a great, though impersonal, interest in persons that she had never seen, and probably never would see; made inquiries into the incidents of their lives; and, years after, might surprise people by her remembrance of the details of interest or romance that had been given to her.

The Queen, in many ways so domestic and simple, was always a great stickler for etiquette and precedent, and certain forms of deference were insisted upon in her presence. This must have tried her ladies in more ways than one: for, possessing great physical strength herself, she saw no reason why they should not stand in her presence; and they were expected to take long walks, in all weathers, with their royal mistress. In later years the Queen's outings in her private grounds were taken in a Bath chair drawn briskly by a favorite donkey; and a lady who had walked by her Majesty's side on various occasions, and who was unable to keep up the conversation from lack of breath, told me that the Queen had appeared surprised at the occurrence. She was evidently unaware of the hardships that these things were to more delicate women, for, when she understood, nobody could have been more considerate, kind, and sympathetic.

As an instance of her thoughtfulness, a foreign guest of hers, who told me about it, was much surprised at Windsor, one Friday, at finding a whole maigre dinner specially prepared for her. The service was so quietly and beautifully arranged that the many courses of the two dinners went on simultaneously, without anybody's noticing anything unusual but the one to whom the dishes were presented. This same guest showed us how the Queen ate her orange, and advised us to imitate her, which we did ever after, cutting a small hole in the top, removing the central pith with a very sharp knife, and then scooping out the pulp with a spoon, leaving the rind intact. The

Queen alone, at her own table, ate it thus; none of her ladies would have dared depart from the conventional way, unless encouraged to do so by her Majesty, who, to their regret, did not so encourage them.

When, after a nine-fifteen dinner (over at ten) and social reunion of the royal household (every one standing the while), they retired to their apartments at 11 P.M., the Queen then regularly settled down to several hours of serious work, which did not prevent her from being up betimes, and it behooved her ladies not to be lagging, either. If she made others work hard, she at least was not behindhand with them: every state document passed under her own eyes, and was thoroughly mastered by her. It is interesting to know that the Queen kept well up with all current English literature, besides that of France and Germany, and was an excellent linguist, as were, indeed, all the other members of the royal family with whom I came personally in contact.

Her love of fresh air and cold was phenomenal: a window was always a little open, wherever she sat, and this was often hard on the ladies in waiting, who, of course, in the evening, had to be décolletée in all seasons. An eye-witness told me an amusing little anecdote about Princess Beatrice, who, one particularly chilly evening, rather mischievously ran into the drawing-room ahead of her royal mother, quickly put the thermometer outside the window for a few moments, and then hung it deftly back again in its accustomed place. The Queen, on entering the room, glanced mechanically at the thermometer, looked puzzled, and expressed her surprise at the low temperature registered. As soon as she had turned her back, the mercury naturally rose, but the Queen, satisfied by her glimpse at the thermometer, sat down perfectly unaware of the trick played upon her, and the chilled ladies had a more comfortable evening in consequence. This same eye-witness, when staying at Balmoral Castle, near Abergeldie, in the Highlands, has more than once drunk tea in the open carriage, with the snowflakes falling into her cup, when, as was their wont during the afternoon drive, the royal party made a halt for that little refreshment, the Queen perfectly comfortable all the time and enjoying it. One night during our stay at Osborne, a lady fainted at the Queen's table, and her Majesty, in great distress, and attributing it to the heat, turned to Princess Beatrice and said: "You see, you will keep the

room so warm!" So, though a cold wind was blowing in on Mme. A——'s back already, more windows had to be opened.

The following little anecdote, told by the Queen herself, will show her independence of character. Very fond of primroses, and finding none in the royal gardens, she sent word to have some planted. The gardeners, the Queen said, made many objections, and finding, shortly afterward, that her wishes had not yet been carried out, she despatched a messenger inquiring the reason. "I suppose Queen Anne had none," she said, "so they did not think it proper for me to have any; but I sent them word promptly that Queen Victoria would have some—and she did."

The royal family was exceedingly domestic and affectionate; but there had developed among its members and the people connected with the court a strange surface dread of meeting the Queen, which was perfectly incomprehensible to outsiders. It was quite real on the part of her children, and was probably a remnant of their rather stern bringing up. The efforts they made to vanish into thin air when the Queen came upon them unawares were most ludicrous. From them the entourage caught the same spirit, which led to many amusing incidents.

We were coming home from Whippingham church, designed and built by Prince Albert, and where Princess Beatrice had been married the year before, when we suddenly came upon a royal group walking leisurely ahead toward Osborne Cottage. Naturally we slackened our pace, when, to our dismay, we saw looming up in the opposite direction certain white ponies and outriders. Caught between two fires, we paused a moment, took in the situation, and decided quickly that we had just time to scramble in safely before the Queen's carriage could draw up at the door. Seeing that the advance party had already turned into the vine-covered porch, we gave wings to our heels and bolted in, too, and there suddenly came upon the whole company saying good-by to one another, nearly knocking them over in our mad haste. Prince — and H. R. H. the — of —, seeing our breathless condition, and at the same time hearing horses' hoofs approaching, quickly guessed what the frightful danger was, and left their conversation unfinished, having in common with us only one idea, that of getting out of the Queen's sight at once. —, who knew his way about the cottage, waited for no one, but dashed off through our small pri-

vate gate; but the —, less fortunate in his geography of the place, turned appealingly to me, asking piteously to be shown some way out. A few seconds later I had hastily guided him through our hall and dining-room and out by the long French window, and he was madly careering down our garden, leaving the aides-de-camp to get away as best they could.

Poor people or perfect strangers the Queen never minded seeing at all. It was only those whom she knew about that she did not care to encounter, as it would put her in the awkward position of being discourteous and passing them by, or else force her to stop and talk with them, when she felt disinclined to do so. Hence, out of deference to the Queen's supposed feelings, arose the etiquette prescribing that one must never be seen on her path. This grew into a stereotyped rule.

Princess Beatrice, so well inured herself to all court etiquette, was kept on thorns by her husband, Prince Henry, who had none of the outward fear of the Queen that her own children exhibited; and her Majesty allowed him liberties that others would never have dreamed of taking.

We heard some stories about Prince Henry: how he stopped the chimes, so that his unpunctuality might not be noticed; and a tale of his once not being able to get back in time for the royal dinner. Out sailing, and being becalmed, the time slipped away, and he saw with terror the dinner-hour approaching. At last, after much manoeuvring and rowing his little sailing-boat part of the way, he was able to struggle to land several miles from Osborne, and got some kind of broken-down conveyance to take him to the castle. Arrived at the lodge, the vehicle was refused admittance; to the prince's despair, he was obliged to get out and show himself before they would open the gates, he chafing the while at the waste of precious minutes. In spite of all his efforts, when he finally reached the castle he found the royal party already seated at table. There was no remedy, and so, making the best of a bad job, he walked quietly into the dining-room, just as he was, in his rough, wet yachting-suit, and made his apologies to the Queen so simply and was so bright and pleasant about it that he

was able to carry off what would have been an absolutely unpardonable offense in another.

After four eventful weeks at Osborne, which took in the gay Cowes week, a splendid naval review, much yachting, and many things of interest, the last day of our visit finally arrived. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and several maids of honor came to the cottage to take leave of their distinguished guest, after a little private conversation with whom the Queen passed into the hall, where she shook hands with the Duc de B—— and the ladies, and kissed the latter, herself handing them into the carriage. Lady B—— and others were in waiting at Trinity Pier, and Prince Henry remained on deck talking till the signal for starting was given, then bowed, shook hands with us all, and went ashore.

The little yacht *Alberta* was put at our disposal. Its white-and-gold fittings and the scarlet druggel on the gangway looked very gay and made a good groundwork for the uniforms of the naval officers and the crew, drawn up to receive us. The short journey from the Isle of Wight was over only too soon. Major B—— accompanied us to Southampton. On landing we were attended by the station-master and part of the crew, numbers of people lining the way, for they had seen the royal yacht and were curious to find out who the travelers might be. A special saloon-carriage, which was waiting, was attached to the main train, and carried us rapidly to our destination.

As I think over this pleasant return journey taken fourteen years ago, and have a vivid mental picture of the gay little *Alberta*, the contrast with recent circumstances forces itself strongly upon me. How changed, how sad was everything, when, on Friday, February 1, that same little yacht bore once more across the Solent its beloved royal mistress, this time on her last earthly voyage!

These are only slight occurrences, but they seem to me to reveal the character and idiosyncrasies of Queen Victoria, always a strong, vigorous, earnest woman, who took her life's responsibilities seriously and strenuously, and who was always a true and loyal friend to those who had the honor of close intimacy.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Two Victorian Reigns.

AS a rule, our American newspapers, in their comments on the accession of a new sovereign in England, have shown a just conception of the place of the so-called hereditary "ruler" in a constitutional monarchy like that of England. They are not deceived by the official "I," which, in a king's or queen's speech before Parliament, has to the unused ear a sound of such colossal egotism and assumption, but which is merely a legal fiction perfectly well understood by those to whom it is addressed. It is, of course, the premier and the cabinet, representing the majority opinion of Parliament, that truly govern. Yet the actual influence of an English monarch upon governmental action, especially that of an international character, can be so great, inside of constitutional limits, that the personality of the monarch is of very real importance in affairs of actual government, while, of course, socially and otherwise, it must be widely influential.

It may be said that, as a matter of fact, during the ostensible single incumbency of Queen Victoria, England has had, not one, but two reigns—that of the Prince Consort with the Queen, and that of Victoria alone (for the brief period that the Queen reigned as a girl before her marriage need hardly be considered). Without doubt, during the Queen's reign as a widow she carried on faithfully the rules and traditions of her earlier, married years; but it was almost another reign, although Prince Albert really continued to affect the last part of her reign also, as in like manner Queen Victoria will affect the reign of her successor, Edward VII.

And this leads us to the reflection that one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that ever happened to England was the choice made of a consort to the young Queen. The original good fortune was in the character of the Queen herself, but next in degree was the personality of Prince Albert.

Prince Albert has been subject to prejudice by reason of the apparent Philistinism of his taste in art. Those who do not know his actual character and record have been, furthermore, prone to look upon the Queen's worship of him as exaggerated,—something implying a certain dullness in herself, or at least infatuation,—exhibited, among other ways, in monuments oppressively inartistic. But a study of the history and character of Prince Albert leads one to the conclusion that he was not only a man of fine personal accomplishments, in whom the love and advocacy of good music quite offset any lack of keenness in the plastic arts; but that he was, also, in practical affairs one of the ablest men of the nine-

teenth century. Those who sympathize with other ideals of art can easily account for any lack in that direction on the Prince's part by reason of his German origin—an origin which may account also for his decided musical taste and talent. Take him all in all, his clearness of judgment, his precocious wisdom, his statesmanlike tact, his clarity of statement, the nobility of his ideals, and his unselfish and lofty devotion to duty, are traits that unite to form a unique personality—one, as we have said, most fortunate for England.

It will be seen that the more highly one exalts her consort, the more justifiable appears the Queen's great regard for him, and the more one must respect Victoria for her deference to so noble a character, and her assuageless grief for a loss so great and so untimely. Her desire to have all the world know him for what he was explains, to a large degree, her willingness that so much of an extremely private and personal nature, as well as so many secrets of state, should be made public concerning him, from her and his own diaries and from other intimate and confidential sources. Of him she said, without exaggeration as to fact or as to her own sentiment, that he was her "husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser, and guide."

Prince Albert had three highly difficult tasks: first, to advise the Queen so that she might reach decisions useful to the state without transgressing constitutional usage, or failing to subordinate her private wishes to the final decision of her cabinet; second, to act thus as her one permanent minister and secretary without intruding his personality unduly upon either the cabinet or the public; third, so to carry himself as to allay the natural prejudice against a foreign prince forced to remain close to the sources of royal power. That he was substantially successful in all these undertakings would alone mark him as a man of peculiar parts. But he had a creative mind as well, a fact recognized behind the scenes, and which was manifested, also, in his public connection with educational, philanthropical, and other non-political affairs. It was not only what he did that was noteworthy,—for instance, in establishing the first of the long and distinguished line of World's Fairs, in helping to reform the educational system of one of the great universities, and in averting the threatened war between England and America in 1861,—it was, we say, not only what he did, but what he refused to do, that made him remarkable: notably his wise resistance of the Duke of Wellington's earnest desire that he should succeed the duke as commander-in-chief of the British army, for the admirable reason that he had assumed the duty of advising and assisting the Queen as to all her functions, and had no right to withdraw

his energies into a single public channel of usefulness, no matter how important.

Those who have never acquainted themselves with the caliber of "Albert the Good" can do no better than to read his admirable letter to the duke on this subject in the second volume of Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." It is a model of good judgment, right feeling, and lucidity of expression. Incidentally, he brings out a fact that now, after Victoria's marvelous career is ended, is patent to all, but which in 1850 was doubtless not generally appreciated, namely, that Victoria's sex was an advantage, rather than a handicap. From it we quote as follows:

"I have come to the conclusion [said the Prince] that my decision ought entirely and solely to be guided by the consideration whether it would interfere with or assist my position of consort of the Sovereign, and the performance of the duties which this position imposes upon me. This position is a most peculiar and delicate one. Whilst a female sovereign has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king, yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position, on the other hand, has many compensating advantages, and, in the long run, will be found even to be stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his *own individual* existence in that of his wife—that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself—should shun all contention—assume no separate responsibility before the public, but make his position entirely a part of hers—fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions—continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal. As the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs, sole *confidential* adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he is, besides, the husband of the Queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the Sovereign, and her permanent minister. . . . But whilst [if accepting the position] I should . . . perform duties which, I am sure, every able General Officer, who has gained experience in the field, would be able to perform better than myself, who have not had the advantage of such experience, most important duties connected with the welfare of the Sovereign would be left unperformed, which nobody *could* perform but myself. I am afraid, therefore, that I must discard the tempting idea of being placed in command of the British army."

The plan pressed upon him by the duke must have had great temptations to a man of such proved capacity in executive affairs. Here was a chance to escape honorably from that position of suppression to which he had dedicated his talents; but for the reasons named, and perhaps for others unnamed, he withstood the allurements.

We have referred to Prince Albert's service in averting the war which threatened between England and America in 1861, apropos of the affair of the *Trent*. As will be remembered, Lord John Russell's angry despatch, intended for Seward, concerning the arrest on an English vessel of the Confederate emissaries Mason and Slidell, came

back from the Queen a very different and much more pacific document. The British cabinet need not have adopted the Queen's suggestions, but it was convinced of their wisdom, and it did adopt them, and a way was thus made for the United States to withdraw with dignity (and, by the way, on additional grounds not referred to by Sir Theodore Martin). Nothing in Sir Theodore's "Life of the Prince Consort" is more suggestive than the account of the dying Prince's interest in this despatch, reshaped by him, in his last illness, with trembling hands. It was enough for the Queen to know that "Albert did not approve" Lord Russell's proposed action. The facsimile of the Prince's draft, with some slight changes in the handwriting of the Queen, is a most significant document, marking as it does the last public act of the reign of Victoria and Albert.

The "Life of the Prince Consort" is the history of the Queen's reign up to 1861. The story of the reign of Victoria alone is yet to be written. It will reveal, but perhaps with less full a record of the events from within, the long widowed reign, which bore, doubtless, to the very end traces of the training received by the Queen by the side of an extraordinary and masterful man. Taking what we are calling the two reigns together, the whole history of Victoria will be a psychologically curious as well as a most interesting and exemplary record, the final part of which will have no cross-lights thrown upon it from any single, intimate companionship, as was the case with that portion set down in Sir Theodore Martin's genial work.

In saying so much of the Prince Consort we have not meant to derogate from the Queen, but rather to add to her claims for applause. It is impossible to imagine what she would have been without the Prince's companionship and tutelage; but that she appreciated these and profited by them is altogether to her credit. Her individual traits—her statesmanlike abilities, her judgment, good feeling, industry, sympathy, purity of heart, simplicity—have been fully attested. The spontaneous and unprecedented outburst of sympathy throughout America at the time of her death surprised no one who was aware of the respect and regard Americans entertained for that good woman, who, while others came and went, was the one fixed central personage of the world for the greater part of the nineteenth century.

Literary Form and Style.

In an address recently given before the Wisconsin Historical Association, Mr. Charles Francis Adams did a much-needed service to letters in accentuating the distinction between literary form and style, and in insisting upon the value of form as a preservative of historical writing. Lowell called humor "the antiseptic of literature," but he did not mean by this happy phrase to ignore the fact that the world's great poetry, for instance, has owed its continued life to its spirit of "high seriousness," as Matthew Arnold would say. When the reader comes to history, thankful as he may be for the relieving play of humor, what

he most desires of the writer is literary form. When this is wanting, he is apt to betake himself to the refuge of historical fiction. That the dust of neglect has accumulated upon so many tomes of history is, as Mr. Adams intimates, largely due to this lack of form. He denies the desirable quality to Macaulay (indeed, in terms so sweeping as to provoke dissent), and, to account for the persistent popularity of that writer, cites the marked attractiveness of his literary substance and of his imagination. It is in the course of doing this that Mr. Adams gives us his admirable definition of form:

He [Macaulay] was incomparably the greatest of historical raconteurs, but the fascination of the story overcame his sense of proportion, and he was buried under his own riches. For it is a great mistake to suppose, as so many do, that what is called style, no matter how brilliant or how correct and clear, constitutes in itself literary form; it is a large and indispensable element in literary form, but neither the whole nor, indeed, the greatest part of it. The entire scheme, the proportion of the several parts to the whole and to each other, the grouping and the presentation, the background and the accessories, constitute literary form; the style of the author is merely the drapery of presentation. Here was where Macaulay failed; and he failed on a point which the average historical writer, and the average historical instructor still more, does not as a rule even take into consideration.

What is here said of form in historical writing may well be kept before the student of general literature. One may have style without the larger framework of form, and certainly one may have form without the literary *cachet* we call style. There are certain kinds of writing into which the consideration of form does not seem to enter. Who was it who said that any one could write Pope's "Essay on Man" who could measure tape? Lamb, with all the individual charm of his desultory writing, would have cut a sorry figure as a historian. Emerson, whose keen insight and soaring imagination made him a teacher of teachers in his generation, and whose prose style, at its best, is simple, compact, and vital, often by his very monotony throws one back upon his glaring absence of form. Style can delight and inspire, but it is to form that one must look for the power to convince. Matthew Arnold's large influence upon his time is chiefly due to the perspicacity, not of his style, but of his organized argument. When you have finished one of his essays you feel that you have listened to a well-proportioned consideration of the topic by a candid writer, who has presented definite conclusions, of the justice of

which you are prepared to judge. The aim of criticism, as well as of history, being to form just conclusions, this sane and rare power of presenting things in their perspective is much to be coveted and emulated. It is the business of form to save the reader the labor of toiling to apprehend ill-presented ideas, leaving him free to consider their reasonableness. We tolerate the absence of form in a writer, as we tolerate a defect of manners in an acquaintance, only because of some compensating interest.

What is the prospect for the development among us of these two qualities—which may be called the body and soul, the bone and marrow, of literature? At the beginning of the nineteenth century the United States had not a single poet, nor a single writer of distinguished style. Indeed, the stiffness of the literary expression of that day seems to us fairly archaic. At the beginning of the twentieth we have in prose alone a record to be proud of—including Cooper, Poe, Irving, Motley, Lowell, Curtis, Warner (to name only the dead), nearly all writers of an urbane style. To-day the standards of both writer and reader are tending steadily upward. The increasing average of good writing in this country has lately been remarked by an authoritative critic. The attention given to the English classics in college and university education is beginning to tell on the taste of the people, despite inferior influences which show among large numbers who are merely on the way to culture. As for writers, there is still room at the top of the ladder, though one can hardly get near the bottom for the crowd. As Mr. Adams points out, there is not yet upon the roll of our dead a single historian whose sense of form was equal to the demands of the profession. But let us not despair. The next quarter-century should have great things in store for us. And whatever one may think on the mooted question whether style can be taught, it would seem certain that form can. The influence of society is increasingly in the direction of its development. The study of logic and mathematics, and the progress of architecture and the plastic arts among us,—all of these influences tending to develop form,—may lend their aid to letters in the production of distinguished critics and historians. If ever a theme can evoke a writer, then have we the wand of *Prospero* at hand. Our Civil War is a theme worthy of all the powers of a great philosophic historian. When such a one comes he will find his materials near enough to be judged with accuracy, far enough away to be judged with candor, and full enough to be judged as a whole.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Policeman Flynn's Adventures.

V. HE SECURES A CONVICTION.

"IF I had me wa-ay," said Patrolman Barney Flynn, with conviction, "ivery wan iv th' po-lis magisthrates iv th' city w'd be out carryin' a locust fr to prepa-are thim fr their juties on th' binch."

"Locust" being a technical name for a policeman's club, the full import of this remark must be readily apparent, and Patrolman Flynn had good reason for making it. His beat at the time lay in a district where there was a most troublesome gang of hoodlums. Among them were some who had passed from what may be termed "hoodlumism" to actual crime, although of a somewhat petty nature. Just on the verge of manhood,—possibly about eighteen years of age,—they had lived in that atmosphere of lawlessness where youths develop early, and they not only led the younger ones in a sort of general rebellion against law and order, but they were personally guilty of many troublesome and occasionally costly depredations. Naturally, they made life a burden to Patrolman Flynn. They played tricks on him, they got up mock fights to fool him, they jeered at him, and finally they began to amuse themselves by throwing stones at him whenever they could do so with reasonable safety. He knew that they were responsible for the minor crimes of which complaint was frequently made, but he lacked evidence, and it was not until he had narrowly escaped being brained by half a brick that he finally took two of the ringleaders to the station.

"What's the charge?" asked the police magistrate the next morning.

"M-m-m, well, they's a bad lot, an' they was heavin' r-rocks at me," answered Patrolman Flynn.

"Did they hit you?" demanded the magistrate. And when the policeman admitted that he had succeeded in dodging the missile, the magistrate added: "Oh, well, boys will be boys, and we must n't be too hard on them. If they'd hit you, it would be different. Discharged."

"Luk at that, now," commented Patrolman Flynn. "A big chunk iv a brick come r-right fr me head, an' I duck, an' that lets thim go free. 'T me fr me, I sup-pose, to ha-ave me head shplit open fr to ma-ake a case. Oho! 't is a fine thing, is th' la-aw iv th' magisthrates. 'Ha-ave ye ye-er head with ye?' says his honor. 'I ha-ave,' says I. 'Ye ha-ave no bus'ness to,' says he; an' thim he says, 'This day-findent is discha-arged fr th' reason that Officer Flynn comes into coort with his head on, thereby vi'latin' th' la-aw.' I'd like to ha-ave a ton iv that la-aw fr to throw in

th' river. Ye've got to ha-ave th' iverdence, a ca-art-load iv it. 'T is like this: A felly comes cr-reepin' up behind a ma-an with a knife in his ha-and. 'T is me juty,' says I to meself, 'fr to arrist him.' 'Wait,' says th' la-aw to me, 'fr may-be he'll kill th' ma-an, an' thim ye'll ha-ave a good case.' Oho! 't is a gr-reat thing to 'know th' la-aw."

Fortunately, however, these remarks were not made in the hearing of the court, and Patrolman Flynn returned to his beat. Naturally, his troubles were not lessened by his failure to secure a conviction, for the gang became bolder and more demonstrative than ever. But the policeman patiently awaited his opportunity, and before long he had the same two in custody again, with what he believed to be a good case against them.

"T was like this," he explained in court the following day: "Th' door iv th' groc'ry is open, an' th' two pris'ners is r-runnin' awa-ay. I follies thim an' shtumbles over a ham, which they dr-ropped."

"Did you see them drop it?" asked the boys' lawyer.

"Iv coorse not," answered Patrolman Flynn, "but 't is not to be sup-pose th' ham wa-alked down th' alley be itself. They's a lot iv fruit, too, leadin' all th' wa-ay to where th' byes is r-rounded up, an' they have a pocketful iv cha-ange taken from th' till."

"How do you know it was taken from the till?" demanded the lawyer.

"Because 't is not in th' till now," replied Patrolman Flynn.

"Oh, well," said the judge, at the conclusion of the hearing, "there is nothing to show that they are the ones who dropped the ham and the fruit, and they give a very plausible explanation of the possession of so much small change. The evidence is purely circumstantial, and to send them up would be only to start them on the downward path. I'll give them another chance."

"Sta-art thim down be sindin' thim up," muttered Patrolman Flynn to himself as he left the court-room. "Oho! 't is a hum'rous ma-an th' judge is. 'T is a sha-ame he's not editin' a comic pa-aper, it is that. Sta-art thim! Why, 't is thim same la-ads that's r-ridin' a tandim bi-sickle on th' down'ard pa-ath now with th' br-rake br-roke."

That night, as usual, he told his troubles to his wife, but he got little sympathy from her.

"If ye're an injane-yus ma-an," she said, "ye'll la-and thim fellies with th' goods on thim. 'T is th' only wa-ay, an' ye're long enough on th' foorce fr to know it. Don't talk to me iv th' judge. He knows what he wa-ants, an' 't is fr you to give it to him."

Patrolman Flynn shook his head with the dole-

ful air of a man who thought the whole world was against him; but he always shows best in adversity. In his own language, he "wint out afther thim la-ads," and he got them. He marched

with th' goods on thim, an' I'll not l'ave thim put th' things down till th' magistrate sees thim. I've wa-alked thim from a mile awa-ay, an' they 'll not be out iv me sight this night."



DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

"TWO MORE DEJECTED SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY NEVER APPEARED THERE."

them into the station one night about two weeks later, and two more dejected specimens of humanity never appeared there. One of them was carrying a mantel clock heavy enough seriously to tax his strength, and the other was loaded down with brass andirons. One of the officers in the station made a motion to take the booty away from them, but Patrolman Flynn instantly interfered.

"L'ave thim alone!" he cried. "I ha-ave thim

"Walked them!" cried the sergeant. "Why did n't you call the wagon?"

"T w'u'd n't do," answered Patrolman Flynn. "I c'u'd n't kape me eye on thim. I follied behind thim with a gun in me ha-and, an' ma-arched thim all th' wa-ay, an' they 's no wan takes thim things till th' judge sees thim. Oho! I ha-ave th' ividence this time. I caught thim comin' out iv a house with th' goods on thim."

"But they can't possibly hold those things until

they get into court," urged one of the other officers. "It would wreck an Atlas."

"M-m-m, well, I'm not poshted on jography, but I know a bit iv po-lis coorts, an' I've l'arned a few things iv ividence," returned Patrolman Flynn.

"Me back 's near broke, an' me arms is fallin' off," whined one of the culprits.

"Shtand up, there!" commanded Patrolman Flynn. "Ye've been playin' ta-ag with me long enough. Put th' clock on ye-er other shoulder an' shift ye-er fut. 'T will give ye a bit iv a r-rest. Oho! ye had a good laugh on Barney Flynn fr not bein' able to put ye over twict before, but 't is not th' sa-ame now."

"You 'll kill them, Barney," said the sergeant. "Either of those loads would tire a Samson out in fifteen minutes."

"I 'll show thim to th' judge with th' goods on thim," persisted Patrolman Flynn, doggedly. "I 'll ha-ave no more monkey-foolin' with thim la-ads."

"I 'll draw a picture of them, and you can show that to the judge," suggested a policeman of artistic inclinations.

Patrolman Flynn hesitated. He had no desire to inflict unnecessary hardship on his prisoners, but he did not wish to take any chances. He could not forget that they had been discharged twice before.

"Will ye all sign it an' shwear 't is th' wa-ay I br-rought thim in?" he asked.

"We will," was the prompt reply.

And when the evidence was produced in court the next day it was pronounced conclusive.

Elliott Flower.

Archæological.

I 'VE wondered, sometimes, wandering
With reverential mind
Among the very curious things
The excavators find,

If they who dig us up will know,
From what is brought to view,
As much of us as we about
The ancient Aztecs do.

And if, "restored," the poster girl,
Perchance, or purple cow,
May pose as samples of our art
Three thousand years from now!

Or under glass, in museums,
For wondering crowds to see,
The fragments Bridget made, as our
Esthetic pottery!

Catharine Young Glen.

Welcome Hame.

FRAE land o' groats an' gorse an' heather,
Of gladdened landlords, drizzlin' weather,
Of gawpin' cockneys' silly blether,
An' guide-books red,
Welcome hame, friends, an' tell us whether
Ye weel hae sped.

All summertide hae ye been farin'
Where Burns an' Scott an' Ian Maclaren
Hae kept the torch o' Genius flarin'
A century long;
Where rings ilk crag wi' deeds o' darin'
In lilt and song.

Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush
Saw ye the wild-grape clusters lush,
An' watched the torrent's hurtlin' rush
The brig beside,
O'er which the doctor's horse wad push
On each lone ride?

An' hae ye "pu'd the gowan fair,"
The crimson-tippèd daisy, where
Yon shinin' plough o' Burns in Ayr
The sod turned under?
His very hame ye 'll hae seen there,
I shouldna wonder!

Losh! When I think where you were strayin',
The gudeman an' yersel', the twain,
The drop o' Scot's blood in each vein
Just leaps an' dances,
An' every thocht that should go plain
To meter prances.

Mayhap ye met some frien's I knew:
Rob Roy, MacIvor, Roderick Dhu,
Or Jeanie Deans, so leal an' true,
An' bonny Chairlie?
For sure yon glens they wander through
Still, late or early.

Losh, losh! I'm glad to think o' a'
The sights an' marvels that ye saw,
The growin' gorse and hazel shaw
Where blackbirds whistle.
Was there no purple bloom ava
On Scotland's thistle?

An' did you see the heather bloom
Before you turned to hasten home?
I doubt for that too soon you 'd come;
But surely whiles
You 'd smell the scent o' fern an' broom
For miles an' miles.

They tell me now that tourists canter
As wild as e'er did Tam o' Shanter
The Trossachs through! An' each bauld ranter
In suit o' tweed
Skirls louder than the bagpipes' chanter
Through glen an' mead.

An' wad the licht o' romance stay
Where trapesin' loons frae Lunnon aye
Let in the licht o' common day
On brake an' burn?
Nay: Poesy an' Romance away
Frae such must turn.

Weel, weel, just let them rove that can;
But as for me, wi' Rob an' Ian

An' brave Sir Walter, canny man,
At hame I 'll bide;
Yon shelf will gather a' the clan
Round my fireside!

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Improved Proverbs.

A LIVING gale is better than a dead calm.
A CHURCH fair exchange is often robbery.
A MAN is known by the bank-account he keeps.
ONLY a fool never minds his change.
MAKE love while the moon shines.
It's a wise child who knows less than his own father.
A LITTLE loving is a dangerous thing.
THE love of money is the root of all pessimism.
OF two weevils choose the smaller.
SEIZE Time by the love-lock.
NONE but the brave go to a fair.

Carolyn Wells.

Nonsense Rhymes.

I.

THERE was a young maid of Passaic,
Who with coughs was each night kept awa-ic;
Till the doctor, for fee,
Prescribed a troche,
And she now snores in measure trochaic.

II.

A POET whose first name was Peter,
On the edge of Fame often did teeter;
But he sadly lacked might,
And his verse was so light,
It was measured by common gas-meter.

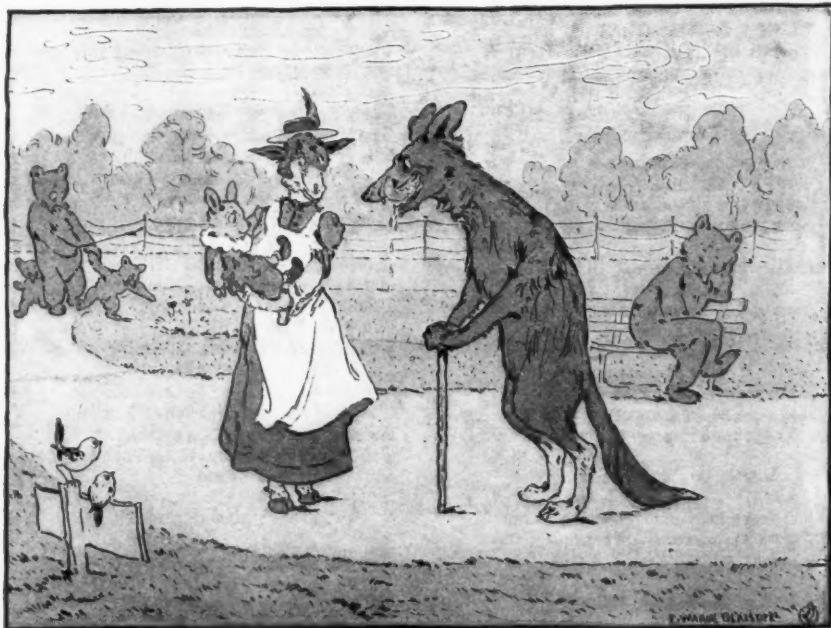
III.

A WISE man exploring the Nile,
Said, "The Sphinx is, no doubt, all the style,
But yonder there be
Other ruins, I see,
And I 'll peer-amid those for a while."

IV.

SAID a youth, as the sleigh-bells did jingle,
"All the blood in my veins is a-tingle
When I think that for me
You my fair bridle be."
But she said, "I remain, dear sur-cingle!"

Blanche Elizabeth Wade.



DRAWN BY E. W. BLAISDELL.

MRS. SHEEP: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BABY, MR. GRAY?
MR. GRAY (LICKING HIS CHOPS): HE CERTAINLY DOES LOOK VERY SWEET AND TENDER.

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"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."

*The motto of "Nature and Science,"
in "St. Nicholas."*

WHEN "ST. NICHOLAS" WAS ESTABLISHED

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While the magazine cannot change its policy or broaden the application of its guiding principle, it can widen the field of its efforts, it can give more to its readers, and it can specialize by grouping. Modern education has made the child of to-day a being of broader intelligence and wider scope than were the children of the past.

Recognizing this mental growth in its readers, "St. Nicholas" has recently been increased in size and has added three new departments.

In the order of their appearance they are these: "Books and Reading"; "The St. Nicholas League"; "Nature and Science." A few paragraphs will explain to old and

young exactly the purposes of these three departments, and the field occupied by each.

WITH the number for November, 1900, the "St. Nicholas Magazine" began its twenty-eighth volume. During twenty-seven years it has continued consistently the policy laid down for it at the beginning—a policy there has been no reason to change in any essential.

young exactly the purposes of these three departments, and the field occupied by each.

BOOKS AND READING.

To help young folks to discriminate between the good and the bad in literature is the object of the "Books and Reading" department. It is meant to give, or to increase, a taste for the best books, and to guide, advise, and warn young readers. It has called upon every reader, upon librarians, parents, teachers, and friends, to recommend lists of books for the reading of children. From children's letters it has learned the taste of its young readers themselves, and it has, by means of a prize competition, secured the best six lists of twenty-five books for a children's library. It has examined several hundreds of submitted lists, and by their aid has compiled and published the list of one hundred "Best Books for Young Folk."



A PRIZE WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.

*Made by a fifteen-year-old boy for
"St. Nicholas League."*

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YOUNG FOXES AT THE MOUTH OF THE DEN,
WAITING FOR DINNER.

From "Nature and Science."

and all readers of the magazine who approve of its principles are welcomed into the League ranks.

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NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The "Nature and Science" department suggests observation and guides untrained observers; answers the questions of eager scientific students, whether these query "Why?" or "How?" It piques curiosity, and shows how facts become science when brought together, explained, and related.

Photography, the newest handmaid of research, is called upon to record and to display the wonders, the beauties, the laws of the natural world. Experiments are devised to make clear to children principles that seem obscure, and experts are ready to share their knowledge with the young learners who must one day carry on the work the fathers must leave to their successors in work—the next generation.



A PRIZE DRAWING.

In the "St. Nicholas League."

Both in the League and in this department young people are urged to make pictures of wild woodland things, to study life rather than to destroy harmless animals with gun or trap.

Art, literature, and science in their more technical phases here find room which cannot be granted to them in the body of the magazine, which must ever bear in mind its primary purpose of entertainment and recreation by means of pen and pencil.

To fulfil their purposes these departments need the continued favor of old and young; and to that end they ask the willing coöperation of all to whom the development of the younger generation is a charge and a responsibility, since they are supplements to school, home, and outdoor training.



AFTER C. D. GIBSON

A CHILD'S VERSION OF "IS A CADDY ALWAYS NECESSARY?"

Drawn by a thirteen-year-old girl for "St. Nicholas League,"

(With Mr. Gibson's permission.)

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ROMANCE AND TRADE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY ARTHUR I. STREET.

ILLUSTRATED BY LILLIAN D'ANCONA.

JOIN a land of romance and myth to a land of civilization and commerce by modern travel facilities, and the romance and the myth become the common property of an international public. The charm and the mystery of distance and inaccessibility metamorphose into the delights of a long-coveted familiarity.

If the land be such a one as the famous

have sent pearl shells to the boudoirs and chambers of the rich. They have furnished cocoanut and vanilla for the cuisines of the chefs. They have sent oranges and bananas and tobacco and sugar to the ports of all nations. But it has been a long journey to reach them. A sense of ocean loneliness has enveloped those who have tried to live among them, and they have remained practically an



THE LAND OF PERPETUAL COMFORT.

Tahiti, where characters memorable in fiction and books that are imperishable have been written by men of the genius of Loti and Stevenson, the public is put into virtual possession of a region which it has long since learned to love, and whose joys and whose profits it has long been waiting for an opportunity to absorb.

For more than a century the group of warm, rich, peaceful islands in the Pacific, of which Tahiti is the center and the best, have been yielding to the people of the commercial countries fruits that almost fall from the trees into the mouth of the traveler. They

unused gate to the "island kingdom of the Pacific."

In November of last year, however, one of the transpacific steamship companies, by arrangement with the French government, included the islands within the routes of its steam-vessels, and the entire situation was altered. Where formerly the islands could be reached only by sailing-vessel and a tedious journey of thirty to sixty days, they were rendered accessible by steamship and a trip of only ten to twelve days. As if by a stroke of hand, popular travel began, business enlarged, and Tahiti became recognized

as one of the preferred points of travel in the Pacific Ocean, and one of the most assuring points for commercial development. It was transferred to a position similar to that which was the good fortune of Hawaii more than thirty years ago, of New Zealand still longer ago, and of Australia when it first entered upon the phenomenal career which has recently resulted in the formation of the Australian Federation.

Unless the future may not be predicted by the past, Tahiti may be expected to duplicate, with reasonable rapidity, the history of older insular regions of the Pacific. She lies at the southeastern entrance to the great

domain of islands which stretches from the Asiatic coast almost to South America. She is directly in the path chosen by the British and French governments for their respective Pacific cables. Her climate and her physical beauty invite with more charm than does the quiet warmth of the Mediterranean. She has big, safe harbors for all transpacific ships. Her hospitable native folk, always peaceful, never apt to be a hindrance to progress, are adapting themselves in industrious willingness to the ways of civilization. Her orange-trees and her banana-fields, her coconut-farms, her tobacco, her cotton, and her

sugar plantations, which have yielded large monetary returns in the past, extend inducements to those who have eyes for business, or to those who seek new homes and occupation among the insular beauties of the semi-tropics.

Tahiti is the land where Loti, "My Lord Disdain," wrote his beautiful "Rarahu," and where one may still hunt out the places in which Rarahu's "dear little husband," whom she greeted "in the true faith,"—reputed to be none other than the great writer himself,—walked with and loved her, and where one who cares for the sadder side of the same story may wander off to the island in which the disheartened girl died in half-demented solitude after the return of Loti to France.

It is the most exquisitely beautiful of all the islands of the Pacific, and living in it at any season of the year is like a summer's dream. The Tahitians were the first among the Pacific islanders to give welcome to the missionaries, and it is among them that the foreigner and traveler still find a greeting that has no comparison in other portions of the world. To visit the islands is and always has been to rest and recreate in atmospheric luxury and scenic glory, surrounded and administered to by a people who have never known what it is to be anything but happy, chivalrous, and contented.

It is to be said of Tahiti that it alone of

the islands of the Pacific has preserved its native simplicities and kept alive its graceful and alluring superstitions in the face of its own steadily increasing adaptation to the ways of modern civilization. Nothing so well illustrates this as the spontaneous joy and enthusiasm with which in July of each year the natives join with the French in the annual observance of the fall of the Bastille, and nothing among all the festivities in the islands of the Pacific compares with the resulting demonstration. Inhabitants of the Society, Marquesas, and neighboring insular groups assemble from points as far distant as



FAMOUS TATTOOED LEG OF THE QUEEN OF THE MARQUESAS, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT PIECES OF TATTOOING EVER DONE IN THE SOUTH SEAS. THIS WORK IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF THE ART AND WAS EXCLUSIVELY A MARK OF ROYALTY.

five hundred miles, and, together with the inhabitants of Tahiti itself, indulge in a celebration that is one of the most memorable that travelers can witness in any part of the world. For the time being the celebrants become utterly oblivious of the fact that the habits of modern times have affected them, and simply immerse themselves in a revival of the superstitions and pastimes, the dances and orgies, the music and revelry of the old times, making a complete reproduction of the life and conditions of the South Pacific before they were touched by civilization. Once in every two years the celebration is more than doubled in size and zeal, it so happening that the present year will witness perhaps the largest that has been held during the past decade.

Another of the picturesque evidences of the fusion of the past and present is the gathering of the natives in the market-places in the evenings, where they sing their *himines*,—"fascinating chants, different from any-

seems to wander, but never destroying the harmony of the whole."

Upon the material side Tahiti constitutes a region to which France has clung for more than sixty years, and out of which her people



THE "SOFT LANGUOR OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS."

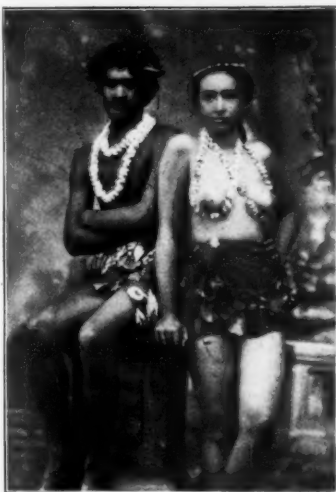
thing that one can hear anywhere else in the world,—wild, somber, low-pitched harmonies, with the voices of the women scarcely distinguishable from those of the men, and with each one singing pretty nearly as she likes, her voice going wherever her sweet will

have made money. Her resources have given rise, notwithstanding the island's remoteness and its isolation, to a city of nine thousand inhabitants, called Papeete—a city with modern stores and modern streets and modern travel facilities. From end to end of the

island evidences of nineteenth- and twentieth-century progress have extended themselves. Hotels, which, though small, are provided with the essential comforts and finesse of latter-day hosteleries, with French chefs and cuisines,—one of them with a bathing-pool of fresh running water within a quarter of a mile of the ocean, and with ocean-bathing facilities only a quarter of a mile distant,—have become located in the most interesting and available districts. Wharves and dock facilities, small factories and industrial plants, have grown into self-sustaining condition.

The natural inference is that, as the intimacy of connection with the nations of the world through the operation of the steamship service increases, there will be demand for new enterprises—new hotels, new wharves and docks, new warehouses, new factories, new stores, new accommodations for passing vessels and cargoes. Some enterprising and experienced man may erect a big hostelry and find it lucrative. Men of means and familiarity with the sea may erect wharves and enter into the innumerable lines of occupation associated with growing commerce. Contractors may build roads to add to the already beautiful and well-macadamed ones that extend throughout the island. Street-cars, trolley-cars, short lines of railroad, may be laid out and made profitable. In fact, all phases of development customary among modern peoples may be expected to be applied to the islands.

It is Tahiti's fortune to lie, as it were, within a stone's throw of Samoa, where the United States has a naval headquarters and established one of its first island proprietorships. Steamships connect it with New Zealand and Australia, and make it possible for travelers who wish to visit Tahiti to arrange a tour of almost all important points in the Pacific without once doubling on one's tracks. The new steamer service takes the traveler from San Francisco to Tahiti; from Tahiti steamers ply to New Zealand by a ten days' beautiful



A NATIVE COUPLE WEARING CIRCLETS OF SHELLS SUCH AS GROW ON TAHITIAN TREES.

journey through the historic Cook, Rarotonga, and Kermadec islands; from New Zealand it is only a short trip to Australia; and from either New Zealand or Australia steamers and sailing-vessels radiate to every island of the ocean. A traveler can make headquarters at Sydney or Auckland, acquaint himself with both the scenic grandeur and the remarkable civic achievements of "Newest England," the modern Utopia, with the immense realm that lies behind and makes up the prosperity and the prestige of the Federation of Australia, and can

then make a return journey without change of ship from either of these points through Samoa and the islands of Hawaii to San Francisco. Ten weeks to three months—only long enough away from business or home or occupation to escape the heat of an Eastern summer or the cold of an Eastern winter—will be sufficient for the entire journey.

Within recent months the same company that has extended its steamers to Tahiti—viz., the Oceanic Steamship Company—has increased and improved its service to Hawaii, New Zealand, and Australia by the completion of vessels as large and as swift as some of the best of the ships that cross the Atlantic, and in addition has so included Samoa within its course that the journey from San Francisco to Auckland and Sydney via Samoa can be made without change of boat, or so that, after the journey has been made to Tahiti and thence to Sydney and Auckland, the return journey to San Francisco can be made via Samoa and Hawaii without change.

Information concerning the July festivity and all other features of Tahiti, as well as information concerning Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, and Australia, and the steamship facilities to and fro, can be obtained by addressing Mr. E. F. Burnett, 427 Broadway, New York City, or the Oceanic Steamship Company, San Francisco, California.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

WINNING THE SEVEN-DAY FIGHT.

A CONTEST BETWEEN WHAT WAS AND IS IN WEEKLY JOURNALISM.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



HALL CAINE.

THEY called it hopeless only a short time since, this fight of editors and publishers to please people with papers that come out every seven days (instead of every thirty), printing pictures and stories and something of the news. People did n't want weekly papers, would n't buy weekly papers, said the wise ones, and looked with al-

most commiseration on each new champion of such a venture, prophesied his downfall, wagered on the nearness of it, demonstrated that he *must* be ground to ruin between the ten-cent monthly and the one-cent daily.

Now, when all is different, and the fight is practically won, I find pleasure in considering the new conditions of weekly journalism, and contrasting them with old conditions, pointing out what is apparent now, though the wise ones ignored it, that the weeklies of a few years back failed in the main *because they deserved to fail*, because they were bad in illustration, worse in text, and dull, dull, so dull that a man would scarcely look at one of them if it were sent him free, much less spend money for it.

But the way to better things has been pointed out and followed in at least one case, which I would take now as my text. Here is COLLIER'S WEEKLY, strong and prospering to-day, but counted of modest worth or consequence not so long ago. Why? How comes it that this periodical has opened the century with a paid circulation that has increased from 36,000 per week in January, 1896, to 250,000 per week in January, 1901, with an advertising revenue that has increased from \$10,000 in 1896 to \$200,000 in 1900? Is it luck? Is it a fad of the public? The wise ones know there must be more than that.

The secret of this sudden growth is a very simple one. With the dawn of 1898 the management came to the conclusion that people know the difference between real and sham, that they want solid excellence and are willing to pay for it. Solid excellence in a weekly illustrated magazine meant, to their mind, fiction by the foremost writers of fiction, no matter the cost; also articles on current topics by the men best qualified to speak on them, no matter how highly placed; also drawings by artists of literally the first repute; and, finally, a presentation of the world's most

noteworthy happenings by correspondents on the spot and able to turn the world upside down or inside out to get them. That was the program, nothing less, and clever young men of the right sort (ah, but this is a young man's age!) were brought in to help in its execution. I think we may dwell with advantage upon the plans conceived by these young men and the manner of their carrying out.

GREAT NAMES IN FICTION.

LET us see, first, what happened in fiction, for here indeed was a departure from traditions of the weeklies. Up to this time it had been a close race between short story and serial, which could show the lesser merit. Most weeklies printed fiction, but it was such fiction as they could get for very little money, and no novelist ever dreamed of offering a manuscript to a weekly until it had been generally refused by the high-class monthlies, that is, branded as a pretty poor manuscript. Imagine, then, the surprise and dismay of rival seven-day concerns and the delight of readers when COLLIER'S WEEKLY started in its present policy of printing stories by Rudyard Kipling, Henry James, Gilbert Parker, S. R. Crockett, W. W. Jacobs, Robert Chambers, Maarten Maartens, Bret Harte, Quiller-Couch—a list to challenge any of the monthly magazines, the strongest names in the field of letters.

Whereupon authors began to prick up their ears. It was bruited about that there were first-class prices at COLLIER'S for first-class wares, and in came "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford, an immensely popular novel, as every one knows, and it ran for months in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, to the chagrin of outwitted monthlies, that would very much have liked this novel for themselves. And quite recently we have seen the first installment of Hall Caine's new novel, "The Eternal City," in the pages of COLLIER'S, where for weeks to come (and in no other pages) a million of readers will enjoy this long-expected work.

They took another step forward in seven-day journalism, these young men, in their handling of great wars, great discoveries, the great news of the world, which, by the solid-ex-



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



JULIAN RALPH.

cellence program, must be caught on the wing, pictured and presented as it flies, though this be in a distant corner of the earth. Is the land afire with longing for the treasures of Cape Nome? Then off with some dashing, daring fellow (one trained to observe and interpret, if may be); let him fare to this frozen fortune-land and tell us all about it. This thing Tappan Adney did.

Again, there are murmurings in Cuba, the *Maine* is destroyed, war is upon us. Here, indeed, is a news crisis, two campaigns to be followed, one on land, one on the sea. There must be photographs, drawings, descriptions; the people must see the battles, must see the cruisers go into action, must have the whole story, step by step. Now rise up, seven-day journalism, young men with vigorous ideas, and show what you can do!

This is what they did: They followed the fleets and armies with correspondents like James H. Hare, who actually served with Gomez in the Cuban campaign, and took pictures under fire at Santiago; they followed the fleets and armies with artists like Frederic Remington and Reuter-



WALTER WELLMAN.

dahl, who—well, what man knows his horse and trooper better than Remington, or his battle-ship better than Reuter-

dahl? And there were other artists in the field for COLLIER'S, plenty of them: Thulstrup, Yohn, Gaul, Leigh, and Sonntag; and there were other correspondents in the field: Harold Martin, Edwin Emerson, Lieutenant W. Nephew King, Lieutenant Ackerman, and Gilson Willetts. There was

WHAT A NEWS BEAT COSTS.

MEANTIME Frederick Palmer was with Dewey in the Philippines, gaining the admiral's confidence, so that finally he faced an ordeal worse, he declared, than the battle of Manila Bay, faced a camera for COLLIER'S, and the people had their first good look at the national hero. Then China began to show her teeth, and off posted Palmer to the new storm-center, and went through the fighting at Tientsin, watched the deadly attack on the native city, when our Ninth Infantry lost one man in every four, and snapped pictures in the midst of it. Then he started for the sea to get his copy off. This shows the kind of thing provided for in the new program. It was any way to catch the mail—a tugboat down the river, a French gunboat to Chefoo, and a German tramp to Shanghai. Ten hours in Shanghai before the Hongkong liner started for the States, just time enough to interview Li Hung Chang and have films developed by a Chinese photographer. And the "copy"? Half of it was written, done somehow on the way, but the other half? Now we see at what cost and pains COLLIER'S WEEKLY was able

to print its detailed story of the Tientsin fight two weeks ahead of all competitors. Palmer traveled six days to put this story on the steamer with his own hands. Had he sent it by



FREDERICK PALMER.

messenger, as other correspondents did, there would have been a fortnight's delay. But alas! though he reached the steamer in time, his story was unfinished. The steamer would not wait, and Palmer took passage on her, sailed across to Nagasaki, where she touched, and wrote like a madman all that day. When the steamer drew out of Nagasaki harbor the next morning, and

pointed for America, she carried a thick envelop for COLLIER'S, and she left the man who had filled it on the shores of Japan, eight days from where he was supposed to be, yet fairly pleased with himself; for by this little move he and seven-day journalism had scored a beat on all creation. And he got back to the relief column in time to "cover" that too. All of which stands out in rather refreshing contrast to the sleepy second-hand methods of the old weeklies.

And this is but a single instance. The Boer war was "covered" from South Africa by Julian Ralph, a magazine writer of note, who in peaceful times represents COLLIER'S in London (together with Edgar Fawcett), just as other able men are stationed in other foreign capitals,—Gribayedoff, for example, in Paris,—all watching, waiting, ready for events to call them here or there.

Always watching, always ready, always anticipating events, such is the tireless policy of COLLIER'S. At Washington is Walter Wellman, feeling the national pulse, pointing out signs of the times. And where the signs point, there quickly follow the men, providing for contingencies that may or may not arise, *providing for them anyhow*. Thus, recently, Guy H. Scull was despatched to Venezuela with James H. Hare and his plucky camera, this on the chance that the smoldering troubles might flame into serious ones. And Richard Harding Davis, who knows his Venezuela well, was commissioned to write on the same subject. There can be no question that such articles add greatly to our knowledge of foreign affairs, and supplement in admirable fashion the meager



GUY H. SCULL.

and often inaccurate cable reports of the daily papers. Go back from this to the old days, not so far distant, either, when our illustrated weeklies scissored out their best European features from the European mail-bag.

NEW THEORY OF SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No less marked is the contrast between the once accepted method of getting special articles and that adopted now by COLLIER'S. The old notion was, and widely remains, that

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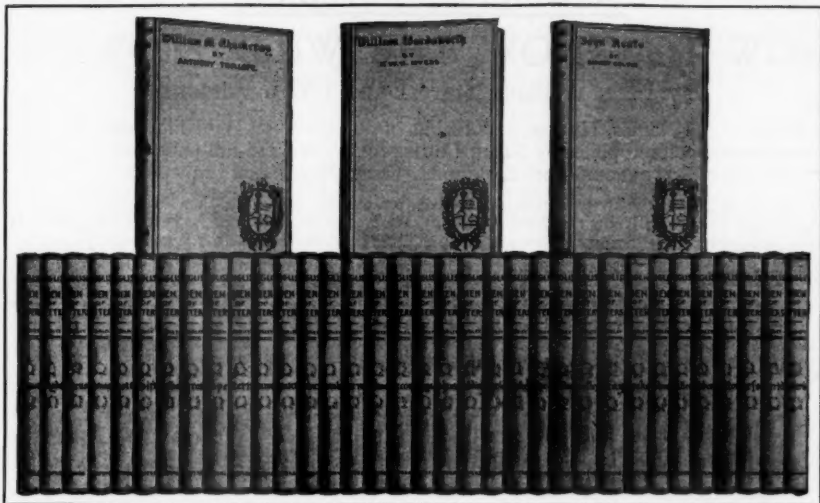
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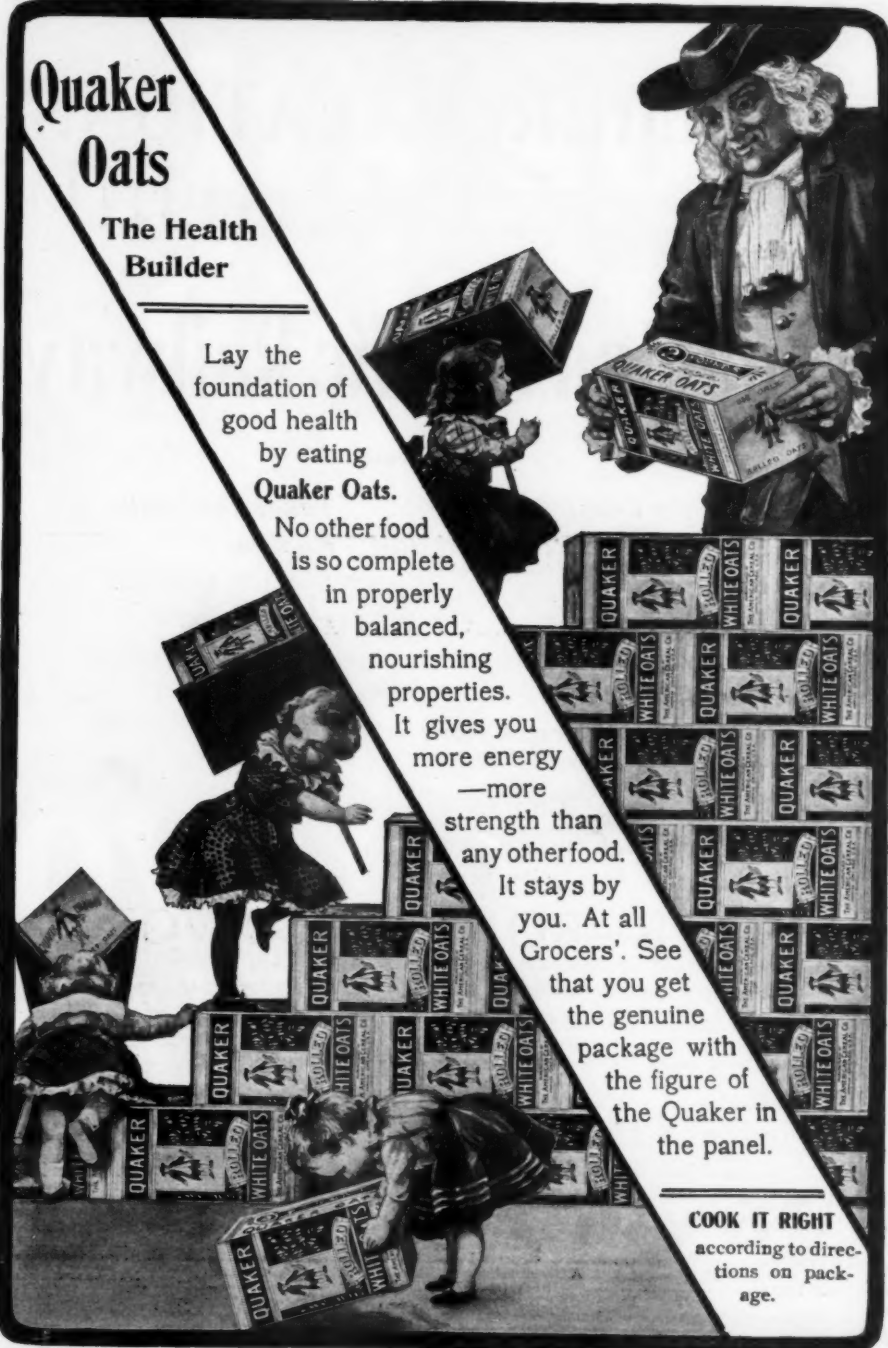
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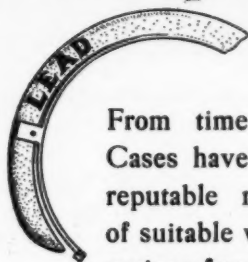
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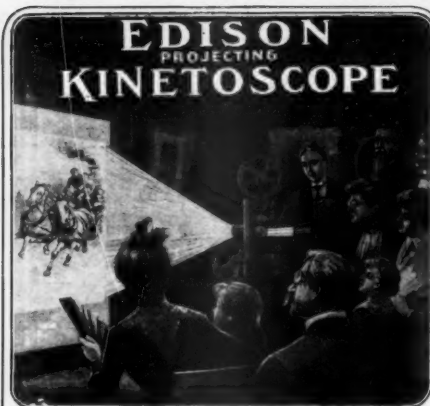
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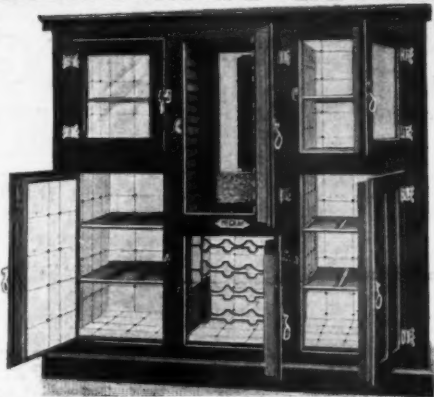
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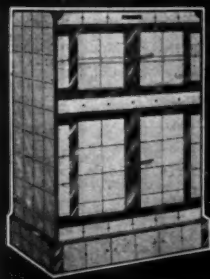
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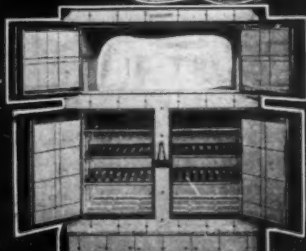
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Apr. 1901.



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Systems—now erected
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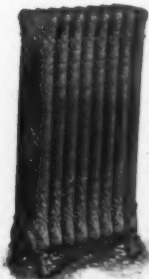
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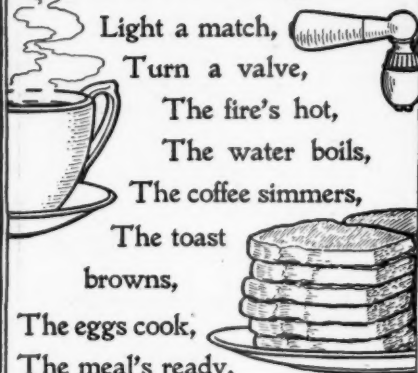
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Getting Breakfast on a DETROIT JEWEL Gas Range

Light a match,
Turn a valve,
The fire's hot,
The water boils,
The coffee simmers,
The toast browns,
The eggs cook,
The meal's ready.



Turn the valve,
The fire goes out,
The kitchen cools,
The work is done,
and the cook is through until lunch time.



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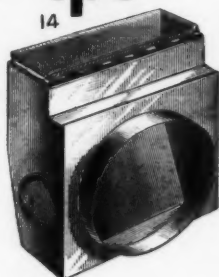
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14



Architects and builders everywhere are specifying this double pipe with air space between. It gives to the family a feeling of absolute security against fire from defective flues. Is its slight additional cost over ordinary pipe too much to pay for what may mean the difference between life and death?

Will you not insist upon its use in your house?

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we have successfully treated all forms of

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Tumors and other new growths except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs and the Thoracic Cavity

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 45

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Insure yourself against POISON.

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Agate Nickel-Steel Ware IS SAFE.

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are also made in combination for wood, coal and gas, with or without water connection, in a variety of styles, sizes and prices to meet any need. Our booklet, "A Model Kitchen," sent free for the asking, will tell you all about Majestic Ranges and Malleable Iron, and how to arrange a kitchen to get best results from a range. **DON'T BUY A RANGE** until you have read this book. Two Million people are using the Majestic Range. It is not the first cost of a range that should be considered—it's the working qualities and lasting qualities. Majestic Ranges outwork and outlast all others.

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS

46

Your Credit is Good with Us

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"PRACTICAL" Trousers Hanger and Press

Use it for 30 days; then suit yourself—send us a check for \$5.00, or return it; we will pay the express charges both ways. Sign and send us the coupon and your request will receive prompt attention.



The "Practical" Trousers Hanger and Press keeps trousers "smooth as if ironed;" increases closet capacity; greatly adds to the user's comfort and convenience, saving clothing, time and patience. It is the **only device** that absolutely takes out the marks and creases caused when trousers are turned up in wet weather. The construction and finish is substantial and elegant. The parts that engage the cloth are of quartered oak, therefore the garment will not be rust stained.

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Our 100-page descriptive Book, with the endorsements of over 3,000 well known men, free on request.

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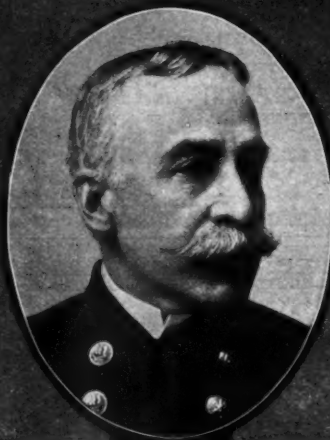
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Cleans the scalp
Dispels dandruff
Prevents baldness



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I have used Coke Dandruff Cure for the past year and have found it an excellent preparation.

Very truly yours,

Admiral Dewey

Two awards at
The Paris Exposition
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Or \$1 per bottle
By express prepaid
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 47

Furniture Made Grand Rapids Famous



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To protect themselves and the buying public the **Seventeen Leading Manufacturers** have adopted this

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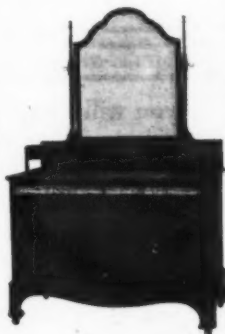
These firms make all sorts of furniture—parlor, dining room, bed room, office, library, etc., etc., and many different woods, grades and prices are produced. But they are all guaranteed to be made of honest material, properly constructed, correctly finished, and to be just what they are represented.

Sold Through Retail Dealers Only

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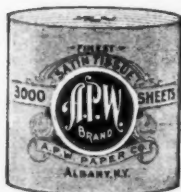
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Six Sterling Silver-handled Nut Picks (5½ inches long)

and Nut Cracker, with handles to match, in dainty white leatherette case 8¾ x 9¾ inches.



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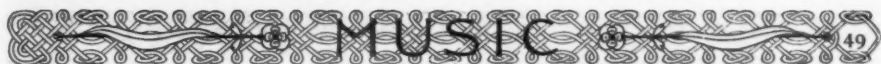
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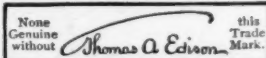
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 50



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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 51

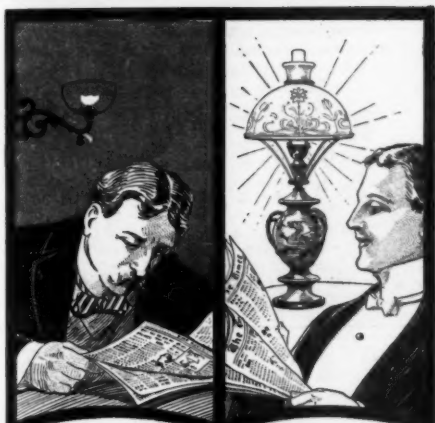
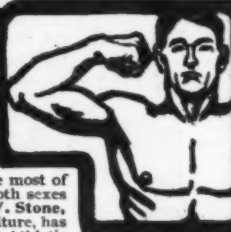


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Requires only a few minutes a day, before retiring, with no apparatus. Your individual condition carefully considered, and mild, medium or vigorous exercise prescribed exactly as your particular requirements and mode of living demand. Intelligent exercise will cure most of the ills to which the flesh is heir. Does not over-tax the heart. Both sexes and all ages—from 15 to 85—are alike benefited. Mr. Frederick W. Stone, director of Athletics of Columbia College, The Knickerbocker Athletic Association, New York, and is at present with the Chicago Athletic Association. Costs nothing to investigate. Illustrated Booklet, Testimonials and Measurement Blank sent FREE.

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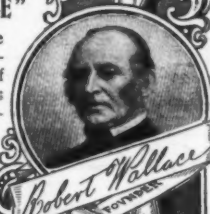
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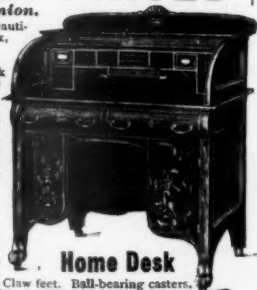
THE DESIGN of this desk is almost perfection for a home desk. It combines all the practical features of a regular office desk—roll top, book stalls, plenty of drawers, pigeon holes, ball-bearing casters, etc.—and in a way that is graceful, artistic, and full of style. It is made of the best quarter-sawed oak.

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Note.—See our other advertisement in this magazine.

How to Set a Table

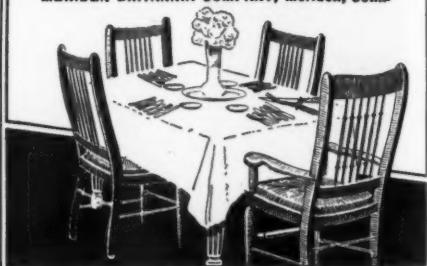
To do it effectively, you must have *pretty* silver. To keep the table beautiful year after year with the same silver, you must have *good* silver. In

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Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., are combined the finest examples of design, with a degree of quality attained in none of the many imitations. To get the genuine, "*Silver Plate that Wears*," remember the number—"1847"—as well as the name—"Rogers Bros."

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It is not a problematical theory but a system of physiological exercise based upon absolutely scientific facts.

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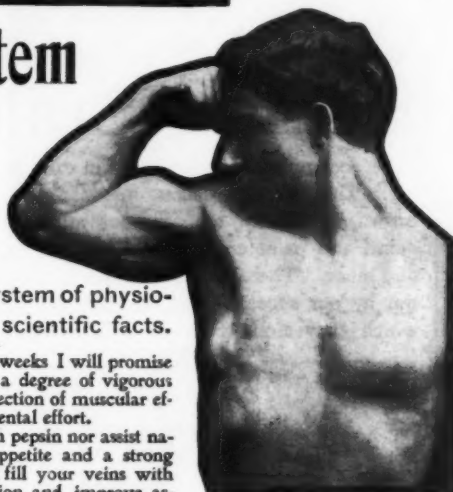
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Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
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... and revitalizes the whole body ...**

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My System is Taught by Mail Only, and with Perfect Success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but a few minutes time in your own room just before retiring.



Pupils are both sexes ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six and all recommend the system.



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	At beginning.	In 60 days.
Chest normal	33	38½
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" expanded	34½	39½
Waist	29	29
Neck	13½	14
Biceps	10½	13½
Forearms	9½	10½
Weight	137	150
Height	5 8½	5 8½

In addition to this large increased muscular development my general health is decidedly improved. Thanking you for what you have done for me and with best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Very sincerely, T. O. JENNINGS, Contg. Frt. Agt.

By this condensed system more exercise and benefit can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

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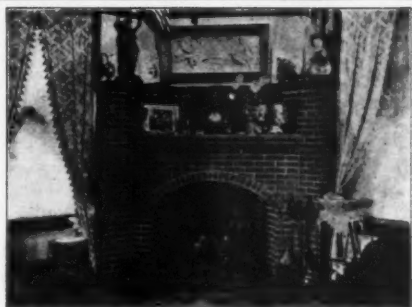
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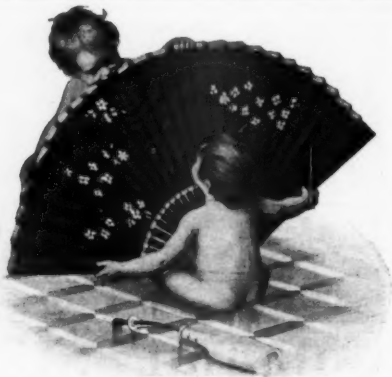
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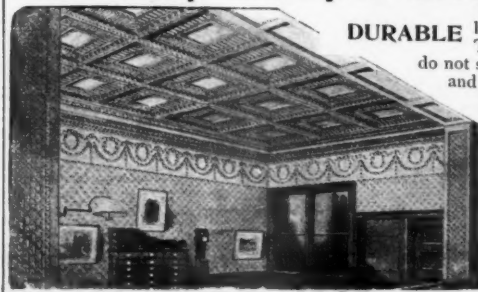
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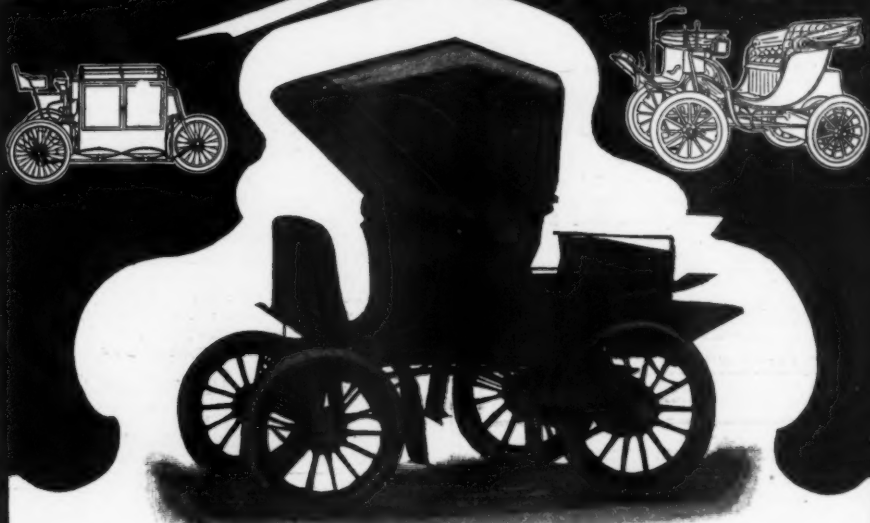
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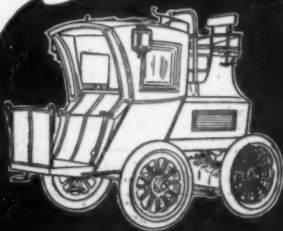
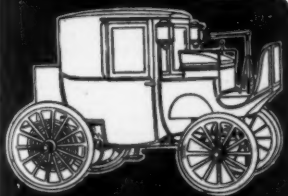
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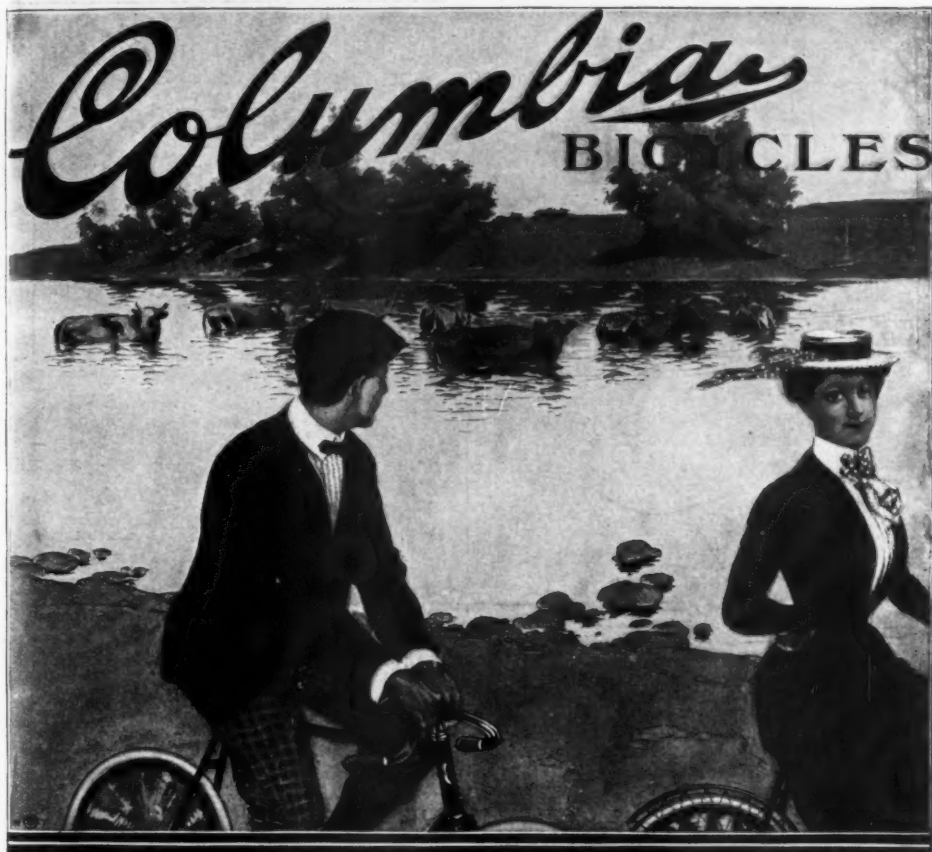
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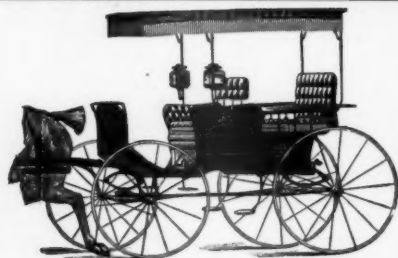
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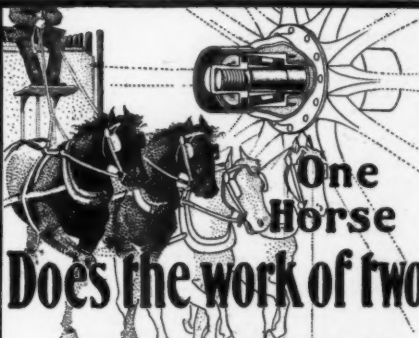
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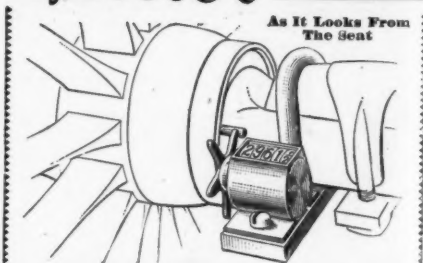
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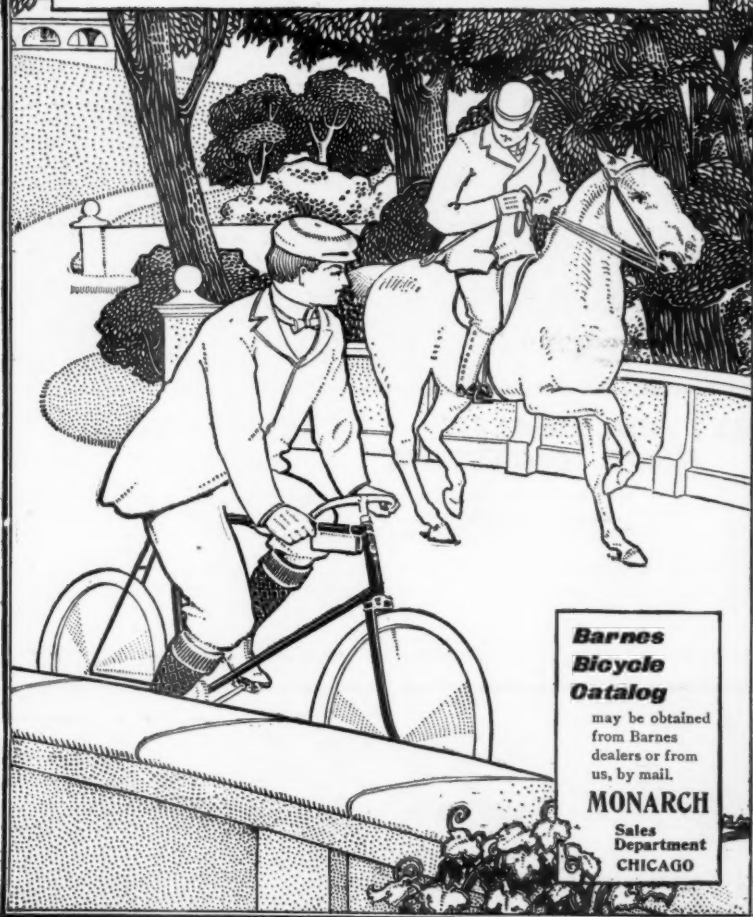
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MISCELLANEOUS 67

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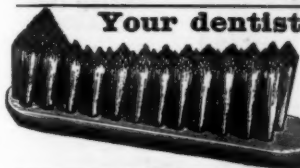


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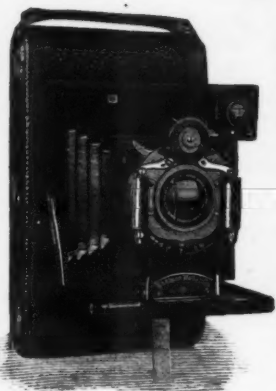
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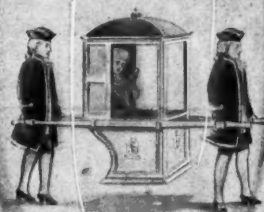
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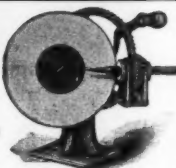
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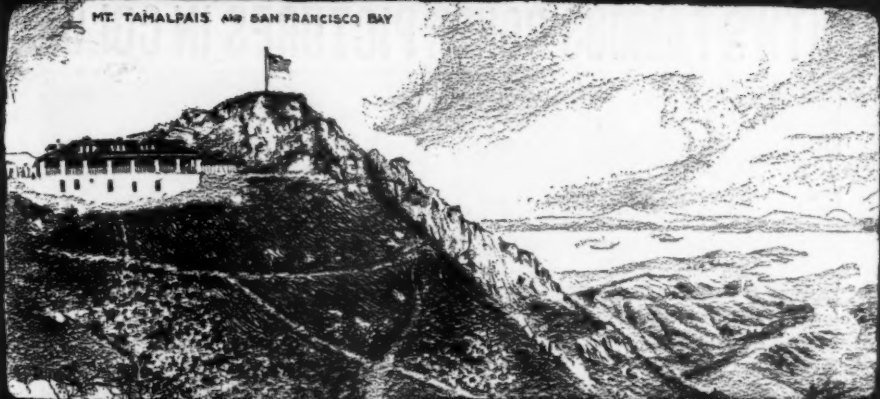
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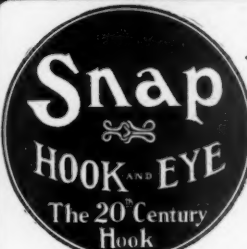
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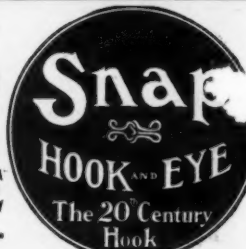
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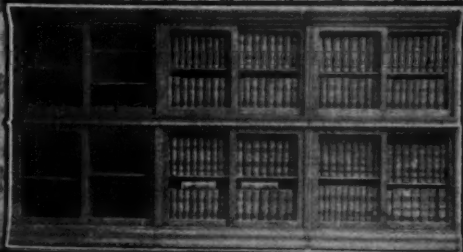


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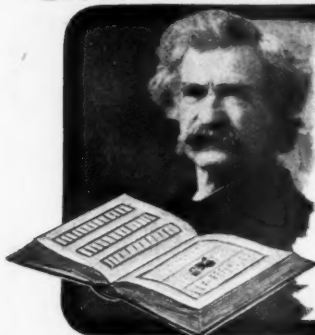
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CLEAREST DEFINITION
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OPTICIAN

WRITING MACHINES 85

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Solid, one-piece frame.
Wide Ball-Bearings at typebars.
Individual, adjustable key tension.
Two shift keys, with two shifts each.
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Wheel escapement giving ordinary spacing, speed action and double spacing.
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Visible Writing,
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Speed, Touch

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Apr. 1901.

1800



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Nineteenth Century will
save *Many Centuries* of
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True, above all things, of the

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TYPEWRITER

No labor-saving in-
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appeals so strongly to
the brain worker.

It enables him to do
twice the writing with
half the labor and in
half the time.

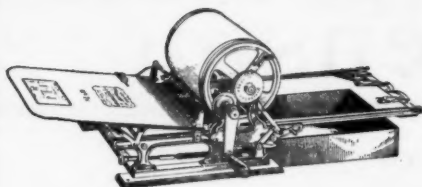
**Grand Prix,
Paris, 1900
Outranking
all medals**

1900



Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict
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WRITING MACHINES 86



Duplicates Typewriting Quickly

Write your original on a stencil sheet—just as you write a letter. Put the stencil on this mimeograph, feed the paper and turn the crank. All the rest is automatic. You can make fifty copies per minute—seventy when you are used to it.

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Branch: 47 Nassau Street, New York.

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Why condemn fountain pens, when you can secure a perfect instrument in

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

embodying all the latest patented improvements in feeding devices? Waterman's

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overcomes the last and only objection.

A Safety Valve

which positively prevents the ink from blotting.



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City writes: I have used several quarts of

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and like it better than any I have ever had. It is just as you advertise it, and does not "smooch," a valuable item in public records which will be appreciated a hundred years hence. It is very satisfactory."

Our goods please the most critical users.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT
or send 10c. for prepaid sample by mail to

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has only two uses: It may be
lived UPON or lived UP TO

B. T. BABBITT'S BEST SOAP

has a Reputation that has been lived UP TO and constantly improved for generations.

Do not ask whether this policy has been changed after 64 years of success—

Rather give "Best Soap" a trial and discover that it is without question

The Purest Soap

It hurts neither hands nor clothes.

The most Economical Soap

It is the easiest to work with, does the work best, and in addition it lasts the longest.

Made by B. T. Babbitt, New York.

Sold by grocers everywhere.

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Adams and Clark Sts.

C h i c a g o

Is one of the popular restaurants of that city. Its trade is made up largely of prominent business men, who "lunch at White's," but breakfast and dinner are also served to excellent patronage. Mr. White serves the best of everything—among other "best things,"

Blanke's Faust Blend Coffee

Faust Blend is used exclusively by the following first class hostleries:

Imperial, New York.
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Arlington, Hot Springs, Ark.
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Hotel Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Col.
Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, Col.
Denver & Rio Grande Dining Cars.
Burton F. White's Cafes, Chicago.
The Moraine, Highland Park, Ill.
Cotton Belt Parlor Cafe Cars.

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Schenley Hotel, Pittsburg.
Shanley's Cafes, New York.
New York Central Dining Cars.

Your Money Back if it doesn't Suit You.

If you want to try FAUST BLEND on their recommendation and our guarantee, send \$1.30 (if your dealer doesn't keep it) for a three-pound can, whole, ground or pulverized. Make coffee from it a few mornings and if you don't find it all we claim, let us know and we will instruct disposition of same and return your money.

Finest Playing Cards Ever Made.

They would retail for \$1, but as an advertisement of Blanke's Coffee, a pack in a fine leatherette case will be sent to any address on receipt of fifteen two-cent stamps.

C.F. Blanke Tea and Coffee Co. *St. Louis,*
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No other condiment or similar preparation has so many uses. It may be used hot or cold, it never separates, is good until used, is composed of absolutely the very best of everything, and by its use an almost endless variety of Salads, Sandwiches and side dishes may be prepared. Our Calendars serve to show how.

When you buy a bottle, you buy in one package, blended in the most careful and perfect manner, what if bought separately would amount to a great number of distinct packages, some almost impossible to obtain in an ordinary store.

Send 6 cents for weekly Calendar in colors giving many recipes for Salads, Deviled Dishes, Basting for Fish, etc., to

E. R. DURKEE & CO.
534 Washington St., New-York.

When buying

KNOX'S GELATINE

Speak the name KNOX plainly. This is important because unfair competitors take similar names to trade on my reputation. Remember, please, that **Knox** is spelled

K=N=O=X

and that my gelatine is perfection. Its transparency proves its purity. It is granulated—measure with a spoon like sugar.

I WILL MAIL FREE

my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send a two-cent stamp.

For 5c. in stamps, the book and full pint sample.

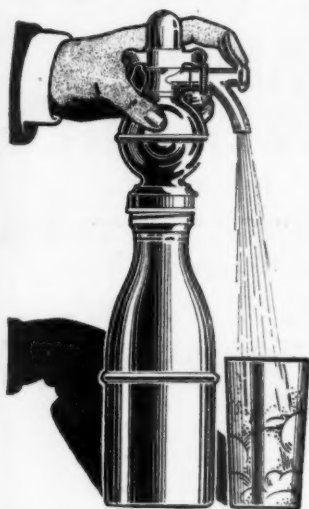
For 15c., the book and full two-quart package (two for 25c.)

Each large package contains pink color for fancy desserts. A package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts of jelly.

CHARLES B. KNOX
10 Knox Avenue
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In Every Sick Room

no matter what the cause
or reason for the sickness,
one of the indispensable things is a




Sparklet Bottle

It gives that life to milk, beef tea, water,
wine or whatever the patient demands,
which is at once palatable and appetizing.

Get a bottle at your druggist's
or at the store, 1127 Broadway

FOOD PRODUCTS 91



O, you can eat "anything," can you! Some day it will be different if you don't look out. Lots of people have talked about "ostrich digestions," then found out that it pays to "eat with reason."

As long as you can get an easily digested food that is appetizingly delicious, and strengthens your constitution, why not eat it?

Pettijohn's Breakfast Food is good to eat—good for the overworked digestive organs—good for the underworked muscles—good for the health. At all Grocers'.

It can be made into a variety of tempting dishes.

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Here is something that is said to "take the place of all other cook-books." The *Home Journal* calls it "at once the most comprehensive and concise cook-book that we know of." Six hundred pages of the very best and most practical receipts known, with *photographs of the dishes described*.

Price \$2.00.

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A special feature is in the illustrations, showing the manner of preparing various kinds of food for cooking, the garnishing of dishes, the decoration of the table, and so forth, and often conveying a suggestion more clearly than could be done by words.

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One of the most complete and useful cook-books ever published.

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As a cook-book it is simply perfect.

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She points out what we ought to learn and can learn from: the French, that is, how important a factor is garnishing in the preparation of an appetizing meal. In this country especially, cooks do not realize what a large satisfaction, at small cost, is a prettily garnished dish, and it is left to the tables of the wealthy, when it is even more necessary on tables that cannot have beautiful and elegant decorations.—*Springfield, Mass., Republican.*

Best Natural Aperient Water

Hunyadi János

is a "friend indeed" (the next morning) to diners-out.

It cures CONSTIPATION and BILIOUSNESS.

Be sure it's—"Hunyadi Janos"—use the full name.

Label on bottle is BLUE with RED CENTRE panel.

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Are you interested in moderate priced, cozy homes? Get Ideal Homes, containing fifty-six modern and up-to-date house designs. Free to any one sending one dollar for a year's subscription to that unique magazine, *What To Eat*; to others fifty cents, postpaid. *What To Eat* is a marvel in the magazine field—the delight of home and club alike. "It tells you how to entertain." "A most artistic and excellent magazine."—*Paris Edition, New York Herald*. Ten cents a copy, one dollar a year, at all newsdealers or send direct to the publishers. Present subscribers may take advantage of this offer by sending one dollar, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from date of expiration. Send for our Premium List and see what beautiful things you can get for obtaining a few subscriptions, or sending a few copies of *What To Eat*.

THE PIERCE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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HOME ECONOMICS,

By MARIA PARLOA.

"HOME ECONOMICS" is "a guide to household management," including the proper treatment of the materials entering into the construction and furnishing of the modern house, telling how to take care of modern plumbing, hardwood floors, and all the latest economical appliances. The list of what a young couple needs to start housekeeping is worth ten times the price of the book. Full of pictures and diagrams. In rich binding, \$1.50.

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Union Square, New York.

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White Rock
LITHIA WATER


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"La Mexicana" and

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Are exceedingly choice brands, the fillers and binders being personally selected from the finest product of the famous "San Andreas-Tuxia" district of Mexico; wrappers from that highly prized Vera Cruz stock "Capa Valle Nacional." A Clear Mexican Cigar is a revelation to him who has never smoked one. We invite connoisseurs to send us a postal-card for a list of dealers handling our stock, with price-list; or send us \$1.00 and receive, prepaid, a box of one dozen Clear Mexican Cigars. Address **EL PASO CIGAR MFG. CO., El Paso, Texas.**

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BOSTON BAKED
PORK & BEANS.



Prepared with tomato sauce.
Pleasing and Satisfying.
Sold by your grocer. Sample can and
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HIRES Rootbeer is the ideal spring tonic
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fits you for the summer's heat.

To be had everywhere in carbonated form or in packages. A
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20 VARIETIES.
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"From Tree to Table," a
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other products, mailed free.

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The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

Beware of Imitations

Butlers in the best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE. *Lea & Perrins*

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settles the candy question. Candy lovers all agree on the special goodness of

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS.

They're sold everywhere. Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate makes a delicious drink in a minute.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
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COOK'S FLAKED RICE.



- How to prepare.*
1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
 2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
 3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
 4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.



COOK'S FLAKED RICE has the endorsement of the family physician, the specialist, and the athletic instructor as a perfect food for every member of the family. Light, nourishing and easily digested.



COOK'S FLAKED RICE tempts the most capricious and satisfies the strongest appetite.

COOK'S FLAKED RICE is not advertised specifically as an infants' food, nevertheless it is a perfect one.

Book of tested recipes in every package. All Grocers.



A New Thing!

For making
Chocolate-dipped
Bon-Bons at
Home



Nothing
like it

LOWNEY'S MEDALLION

(sweet) CHOCOLATE is a new product.

It is the most delicious eating chocolate possible—just as it comes from the package—and is also the ONLY preparation of chocolate suitable for coating home-made candies. It requires only to be melted. The candies thus made will have that glossy surface characteristic of fine chocolates, and a most delicious quality.

A cake (1/4-lb.) and a 16-page book, containing recipes for making chocolate-dipped bon-bons at home, sent post-paid on receipt of 35 cents. The Receipt Book alone sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.,

Makers of Lowney's Chocolate Bon-Bons,

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FOOD PRODUCTS 96



AGE 3 WEEKS.

AGE 2 1/2 YEARS.



NAOMI VON SCHMIDT, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

NAOMI, raised from infancy on MELLIN'S FOOD, is now a strong, healthy, handsome girl 6 1/2 years old; the three pictures tell the story.

A sample of Mellin's Food sent free upon request.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,

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van Houten's Cocoa



Van Houten's Cocoa, the Best for Children.

The extremely nourishing qualities of Van Houten's Cocoa recommend it for children. It is a powerful aid in promoting the growth and strength of the young. It furnishes the necessary material for forming blood, brain, bone and muscle. Children and adults love it, because it is so nice. Suitable at all times, in all places, at all seasons, and easily and rapidly made ready. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," then also the mothers who nourish their children with Van Houten's Cocoa, lay the foundation for a future sturdy nation.

Don't forget to order it from the Grocery Stores next time.

Cream of Wheat

A little green spear like a blade of grass,
Came up thro' the dark brown mould,
And wondered why it had come at all,
If the world was so windy and cold.

But the wind blew strong,
And the blade grew long,
And throve in stress of weather,
And found a lot of other blades all growing
big together.

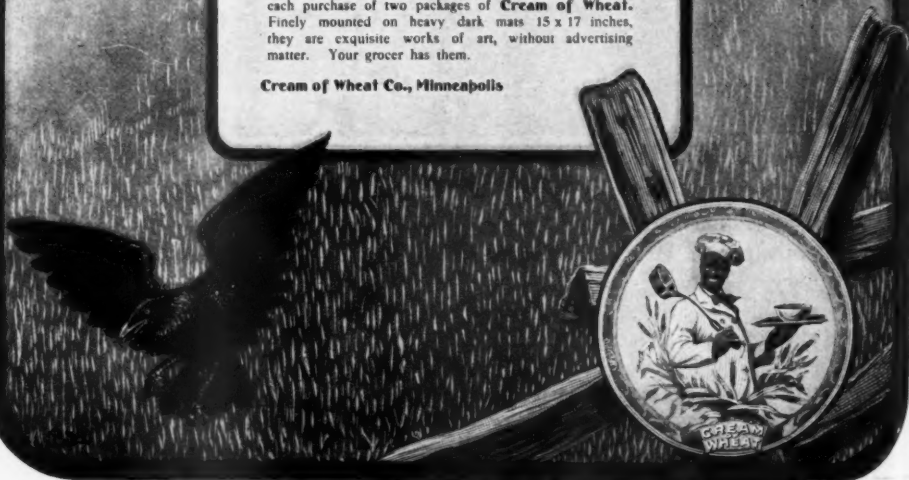
The first little blade asked the other blades,
Whatever they meant to be —
When quite grown up and able to choose,
Grain or grass or tree?

So all the Spring they thought and thought,
Until one fine warm day,
They looked at each other and found their heads
With much hard thinking had filled and swelled
With fine gray matter that men call meat,
And they all had grown into

Cream of Wheat

We give an elegant picture of Northwestern scenery with each purchase of two packages of **Cream of Wheat**. Finely mounted on heavy dark mats 15 x 17 inches, they are exquisite works of art, without advertising matter. Your grocer has them.

Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis



Silver Leaf Lard

*U. S.
Gov't
Inspected*

*Gold
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Paris
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*Sold in
3, 5 and
10-lb.
air tight
pails*

No other brand of Lard is so popular with the American housewife; she has learned to rely upon its uniform purity and high quality.

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Packing Plants at Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul
Over Two Hundred and Fifty Branch Houses in the United States



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Nothing so dignifies a family as the elegant and valuable articles which descend from generation to generation. The best of its kind is always worthy — always respected, always valuable.

***Libbey* Cut Glass**

is made for all time and will be as elegant a hundred years from now as it is today.


Libbey

engraved on
every piece.

Send for book "*Things Beautiful*," which
shows many elegant and exclusive Libbey designs.

The Libbey Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Royal



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—They Destroy Health

A PERFECT FOOD BAKER'S CHOCOLATE



**COSTS
LESS THAN ONE
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EXAMINE THE PACKAGE
YOU RECEIVE
AND MAKE SURE THAT
IT BEARS OUR
TRADE MARK.

TRADE-MARK

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900.



Coffee Toppers.

More of that kind than belong to the whiskey class. No criticism offered if the drug agrees with the system, and it does with some. About one in three are unpleasantly affected in some organ of the body, and the proof is found by the disease leaving when coffee is left off.

Postum Cereal Coffee furnishes perfect nourishment and quickly rebuilds a broken down nervous system. Proof is in trying. Grocers furnish at 15 and 25 cents.

Best Seed Catalogue Ever Made.



FOR TEN CENTS WE WILL MAIL THIS TWO-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-TWO-PAGE CATALOGUE, WITH EITHER A 15-CENT PACKET OF BURBANK'S UNIQUE FLORAL NOVELTY OR BURPEE'S NEW DWARF, MEATY, BRIGHT-RED, EARLIEST TOMATO.

